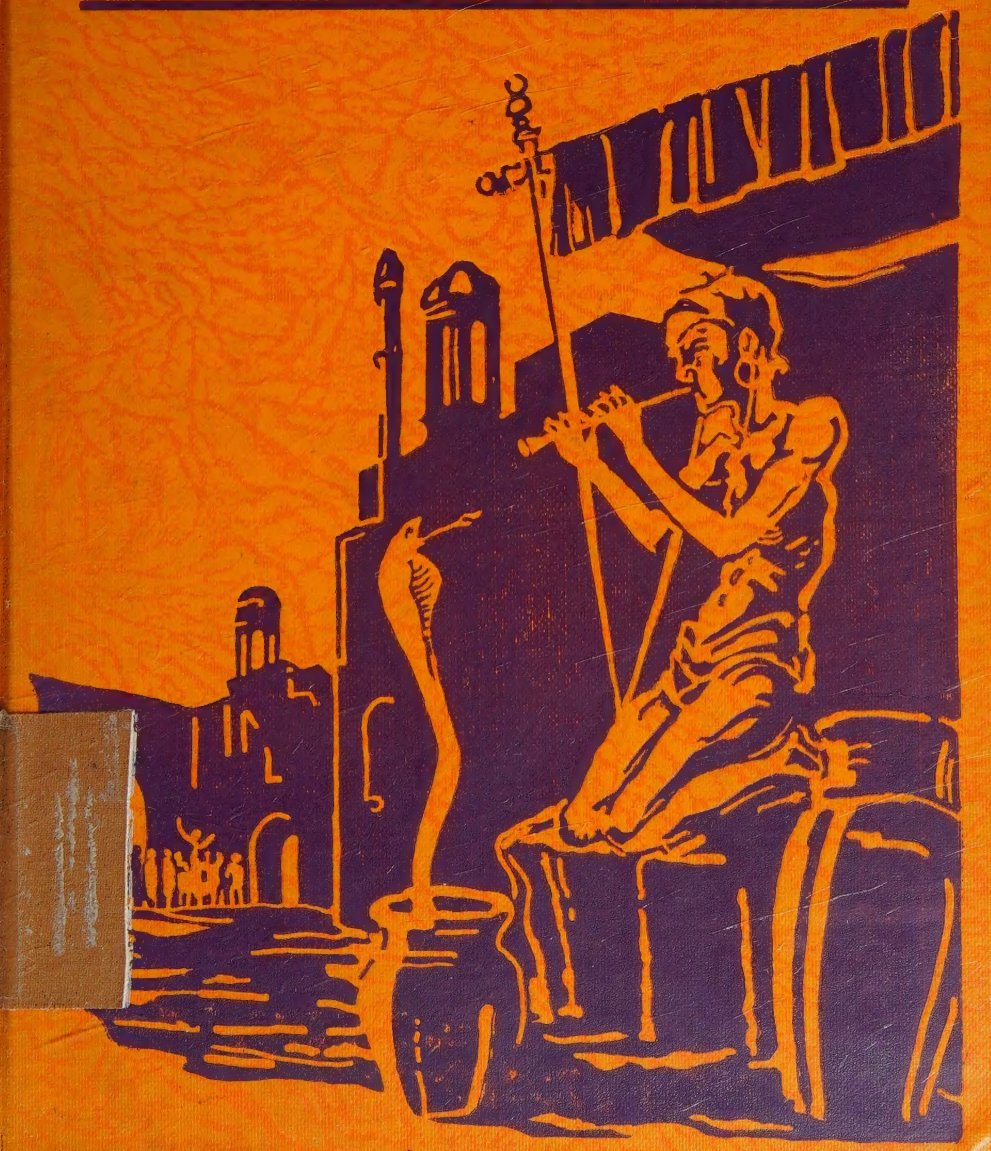
SADHU HAGENSTEIN

A WHITE MAN AMONG THE BROWN



From M. R. Drury

(B

To Dr. P. W. Drury and
the U. B. delegation at the
Havana 1929 Conference —
With fraternal greeting in the
name of the F. M. Board of
the Evangelical Synod.

Paul A. Mengel.

Aug. 24. 1930.

SADHU HAGENSTEIN

A White Man Among the Brown

The Record of
A MAN OF GOD

By
MARTIN P. DAVIS
AMERICAN EVANGELICAL MISSION
Parsabhader, Baloda Bazar,
Central Provinces, India

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Rev. Hagenstein (1919), Ruth and Margaret Davis

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DEDICATION

TO

EVANGELICAL MEN AND WOMEN
WHO
WOULD HAVE THEIR
BOYS BECOME
MEN

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Note:—The conference picture was taken by the Rev. J. C. Koenig, all others by the author.—Pen drawings are by Messrs. G. Mertens, J. Tomkins and D. Schultz, all of Buffalo, N. Y., from original photographs taken by the author.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
Board of Foreign Missions

With deep emotion several members of the Board read on from page to page, as the manuscript of Sadhu Hagenstein became available for their perusal. Incidents and developments well known to them, in the life of their sainted coworker, passed review; others, new and of absorbing interest, were revealed in the course of reading. Anew they felt the joy that is aroused every time one sees unfolded the blessed rule of the Christ in a life yielded to Him. Brother Hagenstein was, indeed, a soul born anew, yielded to the Master in unusual degree. His one, all dominating desire, next to serving the Lord himself, was to bring others under the same blessed control.

Dealing with him at long distance and through correspondence only, it took some time to get a correct and comprehensive understanding of his personality. What one noticed at once was his freedom from self-interests, his strong sense of duty, faithful attendance on details, simplicity of living, honesty of thinking, frankness. The finer shadings of the picture, so to speak, were only revealed gradually. His frankness was carried to such lengths that one was liable, now and then, to mistake it for harshness, lack of consideration, severity. Yet the very ones who stood closest to him and knew him longest, are most intent on correcting this erroneous impression if it were necessary. Note the biographer's own convictions, those of Dr. Gass like-

wise, to which ought to be added the emphatic remarks made, years ago, by another of our Indian missionaries, K. W. Nottrott. "No, no," he exclaimed in the course of a conversation on the work at Parsabhader—"Hagenstein's outstanding trait is love. The moment you get into real touch with him, you are impressed, not only by his perspicuity of character, his wholeheartedness and truthfulness, but by an almost woman-like tenderness. You quickly learn to overlook little peculiarities and oddities, under the definite consciousness of his deep concern for yourself and, in fact, everybody. Hagenstein is, above all things, a man of loving spirit."

The Board of Foreign Missions, speeding the book on its way, can only wish that it may find a place in many, many homes; in many of our Sunday school and missionary society libraries; in the studies of our pastors. "Sadhu Hagenstein" cannot help but arouse anew, in every reader, the wholesome ambition of being Christ-like, speaking as well as living "truth with love," of exemplifying every Christian virtue. The book, apart from being a biography, gives us a more comprehensive view than we can get anywhere else, of true, inward conditions in our Indian field, weaknesses in our mission church, goals still to be attained. It is full of elements calling forth thought and urging to action. We recommend, that it be made the basis of united reading and study, in society meetings and study circles. The result will be a stimulation of our own

faith life and a consequent benefit to our whole work as a Church, at home and abroad.

The work abroad requires, in many directions, new visions, new methods, work of a type suited to conditions which did not obtain in the days of Brother Hagenstein. Our missionaries are learning to think in terms of the field, instead of the mission stations; of the Church instead of little flocks; the leading of others into spiritual and social independence, instead of mere upholding and supervision. Pioneer days, in short, are coming to a close. But, however much new conditions may require new adjustments, they will all have to be made on the same foundation, Christ, and in the same spirit in which our beloved Brother Hagenstein lived and labored, the heart afire with—

We love Him for He loved us first.

FOREWORD

It was with much pleasure that I read this interesting biography of Rev. Hagenstein, spending again as I read it, hours of intimate fellowship with my old friend whose character and personality the author so happily portrays. Having had the privilege of working together with Rev. Hagenstein longer than any missionary now on the field (28 years), and of counting myself one of his closest friends, I feel myself greatly indebted to Rev. Davis for having placed into our hands so complete a life-story of our friend and fellow-worker. He again stands before us as we knew him in life and as we love to remember him now that he is gone. The author is indeed to be congratulated on having accomplished his difficult task so well.

When I arrived in India in 1893 it was Rev. Hagenstein who came to greet me at the little station of Hatbandh where I had to leave the train and exchange it for a bullock cart to take me on to Bisrampur, our oldest mission station about ten miles from the railroad. I still remember the incident very well. There I saw him for the first time, a slender man six feet tall, wearing a long black beard which matched his long black hair. His face was deeply tanned from exposure to the tropical sun of India; the expression on his face was that of a very earnest and sincere man. Grasping my hand he gave me a hearty welcome as soon as I alighted from the train and wished me God's blessing in the work I had come to take up. Sitting together in

the bullock cart we soon found ourselves engaged in a lively conversation regarding mission work. Occasionally Rev. Hagenstein would interrupt my remarks and say smilingly: "Brother, what you say is all very fine and good, but you will often have to alter your opinions out here." Many were the hours I was privileged to spend in similar conversations and discussions with this unique personality during the first period of my stay in Bisrampur, and deep was the impression he made upon me, so that I well remember vividly many of the things he said.

About two months after my arrival he invited me to accompany him on a preaching tour into the interior. He wished to reach the more distant villages and at the same time to seek land for a new mission station. In each village we passed through Rev. Hagenstein went to the market-place and preached to the people who flocked around us. As a newcomer I could not understand what he was saying, but I invariably asked him all about it as we sat together in our tent during the evening hours. I wanted to know what he had said and what they had answered. Thus I learned to know his method of approach. Later I often accompanied him to the villages and took turns with him in preaching. Never did I tire listening to the discussions he would have with the people. He never was at a loss to know what to say in reply to their questions, but quick as a flash he always replied with a pithy and pertinent answer. To most of us the correct answer occurs later as we wend our way

homeward, and we realize then, too late, what we should have said. This is not the mark of genius. Not so Rev. Hagenstein, however, for he was a genius in this respect and possessed the gift of repartee to a remarkable degree. Spellbound, people listened to him. To this day the countryside is full of his sayings and illustrations, as the biographer found to his great joy, for he was able to gather much material for this book from common village folk who knew and loved their sahib well. Yet he never used his gift merely to win an argument or to silence an opponent—he used it, as all of his gifts, in order to witness for Christ. To engage someone in conversation was to direct the discussion to a religious topic. And having begun, he had no difficulty in maintaining the interest of his hearers for hours. Skillfully he led them to ask question after question and thus did very effective personal work wherever he went. Often he came to Raipur for supplies and then spent most of his time in the bazaar. When questioned about this he would say: "Oh, I had a long conversation with so-and-so about Christ and salvation." The shopkeepers still remember him after all these years, for they were always ready to listen when he came to see them. There was something original in all that he said, nothing borrowed or copied or artificial, and none could escape the impression that what he said came from his heart.

Rev. Hagenstein was well gifted intellectually, quick to understand people whom he met, and quick

to sense any change in attitude and to adapt himself to his hearers, making his point clear with illustrations that suited the listener as well as the point that needed to be explained. Yet there was no pride in him, for he had passed through a very deep spiritual experience in his youth. All that he was and possessed had to serve one purpose only, namely the service of his Lord. He was very sympathetic and considerate. His own conscience being very tender, he was most careful not to offend the conscience of others. His great humility never permitted him to seek honor for himself, in fact he evaded any possibility of being honored. Seldom did he attend any of the large missionary conventions held annually in India, nor did he ever desire to secure a place of leadership in our own mission. He was, however, not a recluse in the sense that he avoided contacts with others; on the contrary, he was well befriended with a large number of missionaries in other missions and loved to have people visit him. Nothing was allowed to interrupt his work, however, and he never took a vacation nor went on home furlough.

He never married and for this reason was all the more esteemed and respected by the Indians as one who had entirely renounced the world for the sake of God and religion. His life's motto was:

"Fuer einen ew'gen Kranz, Dies arme Leben ganz."
(For an eternal crown, this life and all I own.)

May the story of this sincere Christian and effective missionary kindle and fan into flame missionary interest in the hearts of all who stop to read this well written book.

J. Gass.

Raipur, C. P., India.
June 20, 1929.

"How prudently most men remember themselves into nameless graves, while only now and then one or two forget themselves into immortality."—*W. Phillips.*

"To know the truth in a man's character, observe details!"—*Unknown.*

"Be sure and don't leave anything out because it is trifling; for it is out of the trifles only that it is possible to reconstruct character, sometimes, if not always."

—*James Russell Lowell* to James T. Fields.

CHAPTER I

THE END

The end of Hagenstein brings back to remembrance an incident during my year in the Bielefeld Theological Institution, Germany. Among the graduate students was Adam Meyer, a rather proud representative from the "Domstift" in Berlin. To be a "Dom-stiftler" (a student of that particular institution) and perhaps even a future court preacher was naturally an honored privilege, dangerous for anyone already having the impediment of superfluous pride. Against his will, Adam was sent to Bodelschwingh's Colony of Mercy at Bethel, Bielefeld, in order to take a course in practical and theoretical home mission and social work. With great vehemence Adam reminded the superintending nurse that he was a member of the Domstift, and that no one could expect *him* to perform menial tasks. A soiled patient and bed remained untouched. All excited, Adam ran to Pastor von Bodelschwingh and complained about the insult heaped upon him, a Domstifter. Apparently horrified, the over-busy Bodelschwingh, minister, superintendent of an institution with 3,000 inmates, member of the "Reichstag", personal friend of the Kaiser, walked silently beside Adam the long mile from his home to the hospital to look into the matter. Arriving on the second floor, he was directed to the unfortunate patient. Quietly removing his coat, he rolled back his shirt-sleeves, called for a pail of water, and gently

began to remove the patient's clothing. It was enough. Adam now understood this great man's idea of service. He had entered into a new world and became a changed man. When his period of study and service was over, the students gave Adam Meyer a rousing farewell. His parting words were in harmony with the facts: "The old Adam who came here is no more; I leave here a new Adam—not Adam the 'Domstiftler', but Adam the servant." Such was the glorious "End" of old Adam.

August Hagenstein did not miraculously, in the twinkling of an eye, become *Sadhu* Hagenstein,—and yet, when he glided out of his boyhood days into the period of youth, while intertwining fragrant flowers into a memorable wreath, it was the End of Hagenstein and the beginning of the Saint. At the same time it presaged the End to which he was henceforth to elevate his selfless efforts. It was in that time that the *Sadhu* seed germinated.

Any young man who voluntarily leaves his fatherland, which he loved to the end, and becomes attached to a strange country, like many others who crossed the Atlantic during the last century in order to find a new home with greater opportunities,—any young man who learns to love this adopted country as his own motherland, and again voluntarily bids it farewell for ever, never to see it again, to disappear in the heart of India and labor incessantly and single-handed throughout thirty-one long, hot seasons, without a vacation, without a furlough, without hearing the faintest echo of applause from

the outside world, striving against an apparently impregnable fortress, ever retaining a strong assurance of victory and the firm hope that India will also become an integral part of Christ's Kingdom,—surely such a young man is worthy of being made known to his Evangelical Church, even though he would be the first to resent such an undertaking unless it actually would contribute to the honor of Him whom he served so whole-heartedly and devotedly.

To this end is the Church at home given a glimpse into his life as another sees it, and for this reason only are the following pages written—written in the same corner-room which served as his trysting place, where he received sustaining strength and enjoyed continued divine fellowship, as a result of which he so ably translated the love of God the Father into practical service for his brown fellowmen, interpreted to them the unknown Christ and demonstrated anew the truth that "the deepest sympathy with man springs out of the loftiest communion with God."

"The greatness of a man's power is the measure of his surrender.—*William Booth.*

"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way;
And the High Soul climbs the High Way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go."

—*John Oxenham.*

"Wherever we look, whithersoever we go, Christ has been there before us. In the salvation of our souls God has taken the initiative. The communion for which our souls were made, and without which they must go hungry, owes nothing to our own origination or desert, and everything to His prevenient, pursuing, self-sacrificing Love."

—*R. N. Flew, M.A., D.D.*, in an essay on Clement of Alexandria.

CHAPTER II

AN ORPHAN BOY
(In Germany)

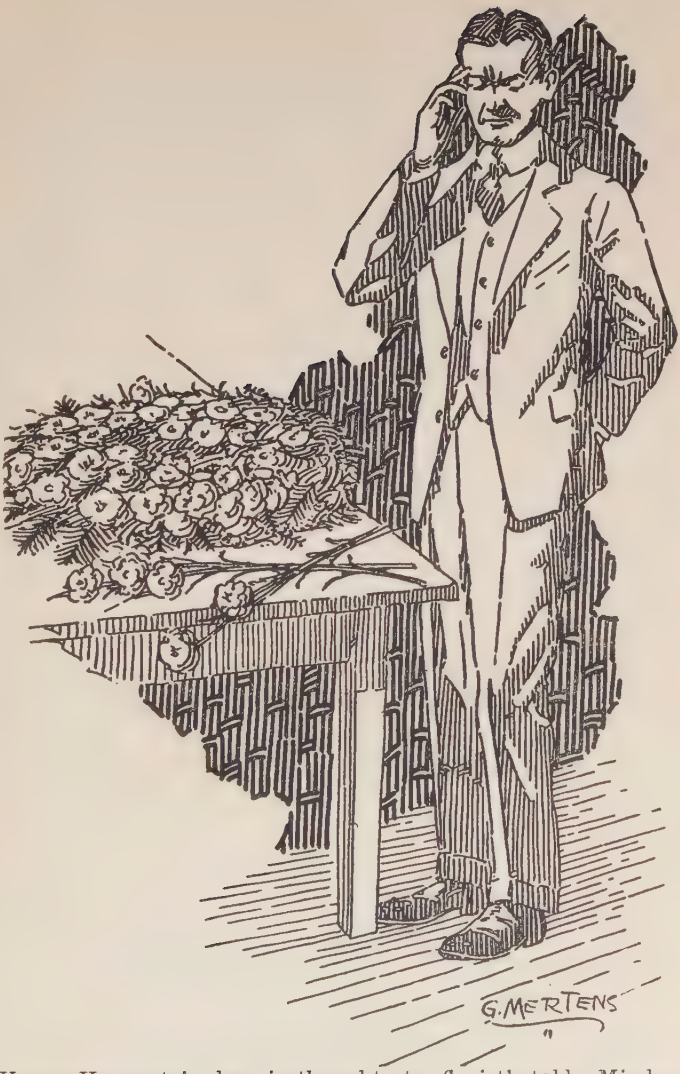
Hagenstein's name does not appear in any copy of "Who's Who." Gangsters did not kidnap him from the cradle to extract a ransom from distracted parents. No popular magazine featured him as "once a poor boy who became fabulously rich." Pressmen did not disturb the peace of his hermitage. No Indian dacoits fell upon him in the darkness of night to commit thuggery. No manufacturers sought his name or face as a trademark to profit thereby for their particular product. And even though a preacher, he was spared the ceaseless visits of book agents, get-rich-quick hawkers of spurious bonds and investments, and correspondence law courses. In short, he belonged to that fortunate and privileged upper group of mankind the members of which have the rare opportunity of living and developing a normal, natural life, unnoticed, and without being twisted and contorted into a monotonous, uniform and often abnormal mold by custom and tradition. He grew up, as he wished to, heedless of the opinions of others, even though by so doing he ran counter to custom. This he could safely afford to do, for both reason and conscience were continually being submitted to and enlightened by Him who is the Light of the world. In his growth he could dare to be different from others,

because his sincere and consistent aim was to have "Christ gain form" in him.

In one respect, at least, we are more fortunate than the biographers of Homer, who found seven Greek cities contending for the honor of being the place of his birth. Hagenstein was born August 11, 1858, in the insignificant village of Kienitz on the Oder, Prussia. His mother was of French descent. Baptized as William August, he never informed us, nor is it essential, why he dropped his first name, and always signed only A. Hagenstein. Perhaps to shorten it, as any boy would do under similar circumstances. His boyhood days were uneventful; in fact, August was not different from the ordinary boy in America today. Because the opportunities in his youth were so few, it is all the more remarkable that he later should have become a *Sadhu,* a saint to thousands of people in an oriental country.

He spoke very seldom about his youth or his relatives. When only twelve years of age, he lost both father and mother. An uncle and an aunt then cared for him several years; but it was a grandmother who was primarily responsible for the encouragement he received in religious matters. Being an only son and having no sister, there were few persons to whom he felt closely attached in the home village. It was therefore with no great difficulty or pain that he later left Kienitz and became a "Wanderbursche", a traveling apprentice.

Judging from his own remarks, his early environment and the example of others were not favor-



Young Hagenstein deep in thought at a florist's table, Minden

able during the first sixteen years of his life. He lived in Prussia's critical period, before there was a united German nation, when internal constitutional conflicts caused considerable political restlessness,—when outside powers took advantage of the situation and endeavored to prevent the formation of a united German nation. Large numbers were migrating to the Americas, with the expectation of enjoying a larger measure of political freedom, a quieter life and less military service. War with Austria in 1866 and with France in 1870 brought the hardships of all wars. Religious turmoil was no less rampant. Delegates returned from the historical church conference in Rome, where most of the German delegates voted against the Pope's claim to infallibility (1870), only to recant later on. Bismarck's long-drawn "Kulturkampf" with the Pope's forces was beginning to cause anxiety on both sides. The German labor movement and the socialist party were gaining headway and causing the crowned heads considerable worry. There was still an undercurrent of dissatisfaction among some church leaders, to whom the union of Reformed and Lutheran Churches appeared to be a matter of coercion. In many church circles cold intellectualism was rated higher than the warmth of active spiritual life. Frequently Hagenstein related incidents to show that religious life was at a low ebb in his youth. His parents observed a more or less formal Christianity; schoolmates and confirmation classmates did not treat religious and sacred matters

with respect. Again and again he alluded to the superficial and immoral conversations of the young people on the way to and from school and church. Religious life in him was developing under adverse circumstances. But it was not his nature to face an essential issue half-heartedly. Although many others treated it lightly, confirmation was to him a matter of importance. In youth, as well as throughout his whole life, sincerity did not allow him to play with religion. Even though in his riper years we find him judging his youth with severity, it was not because he had been irreligious, but just because he was religiously inclined and had failed to reach his ideal.

Soon after confirmation he became an apprentice to a gardener and florist in Gutzow, not far from his home village. Among the letters he received twenty years later, we find one from a friend of those days, who vividly reminds him of the happy time they spent together in the garden and hothouse. Apparently it was not all drudgery. Having served the required numbers of years, he became a "Wanderbursche"—a wandering apprentice spending several months or a year here and there with experienced and successful gardeners, who continued to train him in the art of raising vegetables and flowers. His travels finally brought him to Minden in Westphalia. In this western German province religious life was in the process of rising to higher levels than was the case in other parts of Germany. Well does the writer remember the statement made

by Pastor Bodelschwingh: "Not I, but blind Hermann made this great Bethel institution with its 4,000 patients possible, for was it not he who brought back the Gospel in this part of Ravensberg? It was he who listened to the sermons of the few faithful Gospel-preachers, and with the aid of his remarkable memory delivered them regularly in all of the surrounding villages. Year after year he did it, drawing the Westphalians closer to God. His preaching laid the foundation of Bethel." Minden also profited by this religious awakening, as did Hagenstein who came under the direct influence of this refreshing spiritual wave. There now happened to him what frequently happens with outstanding personalities who in a crisis face life squarely, irrespective of the results and costs. He had to make a definite choice. This conscious act he considered his conversion.

There are many paths along which Christ wins men to himself. The realization of death is one. It was along this path He won the great St. Augustine and Martin Luther, both of whom were affected by the loss of a friend. It was the death of a soldier companion who had taken his place as sentinel and was shot that deeply impressed Bunyan at the age of nineteen. And so it happened to Hagenstein that when he was about twenty years of age, an intensely vivid realization of death marked an epoch in his life which completely altered his whole future. It is not vital to know whether the factor of fear or of sadness predominated. The fact re-

mains that his life's course was radically changed because the thought of death gripped his mind. While arranging a floral piece for one who had died, he said to himself: "If in the place of the one for whose funeral I am shaping this wreath, I lay in the coffin—what would be the fate of my soul?" It was not the mere repetition of a pious phrase, but sober reflection, combined with the positive Gospel preaching which he was hearing, reenforced by a background of religious training and instruction received in boyhood, which took form in the conclusion that he could best be saved himself if he helped to save others; that it would be more desirable to serve people while they are alive, than to arrange floral pieces for them after they are dead.

This far-reaching decision was not the result of a sudden religious spasm; not the resolve of a straw-fire type, brought about under the spell of an enthusiastic religionist during a revival campaign. Such outbursts of religious emotionalism were foreign to his nature. It was rather the fruition of seeds sown in a receptive soul during childhood days, seeds of the Living Word, which had been lying dormant and were now sprouting forth through the crust of temporary youthful indifference. Consciously and carefully he now nourished the growth —not as one sheltered in a hot-house, but out in the open where it might develop into a sturdy plant and weather life's storms. A wise and successful apprentice he was, taking instructions from the Divine Gardener himself. He responded to the call to be-

come a co-gardener in the great vineyard, grafting others on to the Christ-vine. Thus began his life-long attachment to Christ, the secret of his detachment from the world.

Forty-one years later in India we find the echo of an episode of his youth which deserves notice. While disposing of several old photographs found among his modest possessions shortly after his death, a number of mission teachers were present. Among the pictures they found one which at once attracted their attention. This is the story they told: "When we were still boys in the orphanage Rev. Hagenstein showed us this picture several times and asked: 'Do you know who this proud young man is with a high hat, a colored silk muffler, a cane, shining shoes and fine new clothes?' None of us knew. Then he told us. 'He was a young man whom I knew many years ago—puffed up with vanity and fond of worldly things. His name was August Hagenstein. But that young man is no more. When he surrendered to Christ, all those things lost their value, and every time I look at this picture it makes me sad and ashamed.' "

In a strange city, several hundred miles from home, he did not wait to confer with "flesh and blood," but forthwith turned his decision into action. With an independence and firmness characteristic of all he thought and did, August determined to enter definite Christian service. His decision led him on no easy path; not because others interfered or because he lacked funds, but because his ideal was

high. The exactions he demanded from himself made the quest for fulfilment a long and hard but happy journey. It was no more natural for him to be good than for the ordinary youth of his age, but his will and determination to grow served as a powerful stimulus. He had now become a conscious seeker after God. But even before he began to seek, God had been seeking him—and he permitted himself to be found.

Like his namesake St. Augustine, 1500 years before him, he could confess regarding his youthful waywardness: "Yet was I steered by Thee, though very secretly." It was not clear to him whither God desired to steer him, but being now consciously sensitive to the divine touch, he trustingly responded to the Helmsman from day to day. Lacking the education that would have permitted him to enter a university, he directed his steps to Basel, Switzerland, where for about a year he served as superintendent of an asylum for inebriates, and then applied for admission to the theological seminary at St. Chrischona. Here he studied as a day student, paying all expenses from his own savings. Whenever spare time permitted, he was active as a member of a charitable organization, which carried on extensive city-mission and evangelistic work. Through Chrischona his attention was directed to America, where he might continue to study and then work among the many German settlers in need of spiritual leaders. He went. For some unknown reason he had been exempted from army service.

"Thank God! A man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God! A man can grow!

—*A. T. Pierson.*

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellowman sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

—*H. Van Dyke.*

"Ich glaube, dass in Wendepunkten des menschlichen Lebens oft unbewusste Unterstroemungen der goettlichen Fuehrung vorhanden sind, die den Menschen dahin treiben, wo seines Lebens Glueck liegt."—*J. Rahn,* Bielefeld.

CHAPTER III

THE YOUNG MAN
(In America)

In 1881 he entered the Lutheran college at Mendota, Illinois, and after graduation in 1883, the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He did not complete the full course.

In his student days he put forth great effort to learn English, a wise course which, even at a much later date, not all students from Germany followed. This knowledge of English not only fitted him for pastoral work in America, but later for correspondence with government officials in India as well.

Having received his training in Lutheran institutions, he naturally accepted service in a Lutheran congregation. Though not yet ordained, he found his first field of practical work in Greenleaf, Kansas, among German-Americans. He served this congregation in northern Kansas almost two years.

After about a year the following printed certificate was granted him:

"This certifies that *A. Hagenstein,* after proper examination in *Theology* and the Associated Sciences, has been duly licensed by the *Evangelical Lutheran Synod* of Nebraska to preach the Gospel of *Jesus Christ* and administer the *Sacraments* according to the forms of the *Evangelical Lutheran Church* for one year from this date, wherever the

Head of the Church, *Jesus Christ,* may call him to labor.

Grand Island, *C. Huber,* President
Sept. 29, 1885. *G. H. Albright,* Secretary."

In August, 1886, we find him far away in the south-eastern section of Texas, the "Lone Star" state, where he had become the assistant to a Pastor Jaeggli in Zionsville, near Brenham. Several months later, death claimed the senior pastor, and the congregation desired to elect Hagenstein as his successor. But disturbing rumors concerning his orthodoxy were being spread about him. Consequently the Rev. G. Stricker, temporary chairman of the First German Evangelical Lutheran Synod in Texas, granted him a temporary license with seal duly affixed "to teach and preach God's word, marry and bury members, and only in very urgent cases to baptize children (Nottaufe)." No reference is made regarding the administration of Holy Communion. And very cautiously the permission to serve is limited from December 7, 1886, to January 1, 1887—just twenty-four whole days. Thus was the flock in Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church at Zionsville, Texas, to be safeguarded and an independent thinker made harmless. The church did not relinquish its desire to elect him as its pastor. But the agitation of neighboring Lutheran pastors opposed and eventually prevented his election. Their accusation is enlightening: "Rev. Hagenstein does not place the sacramental bread into the mouth, and

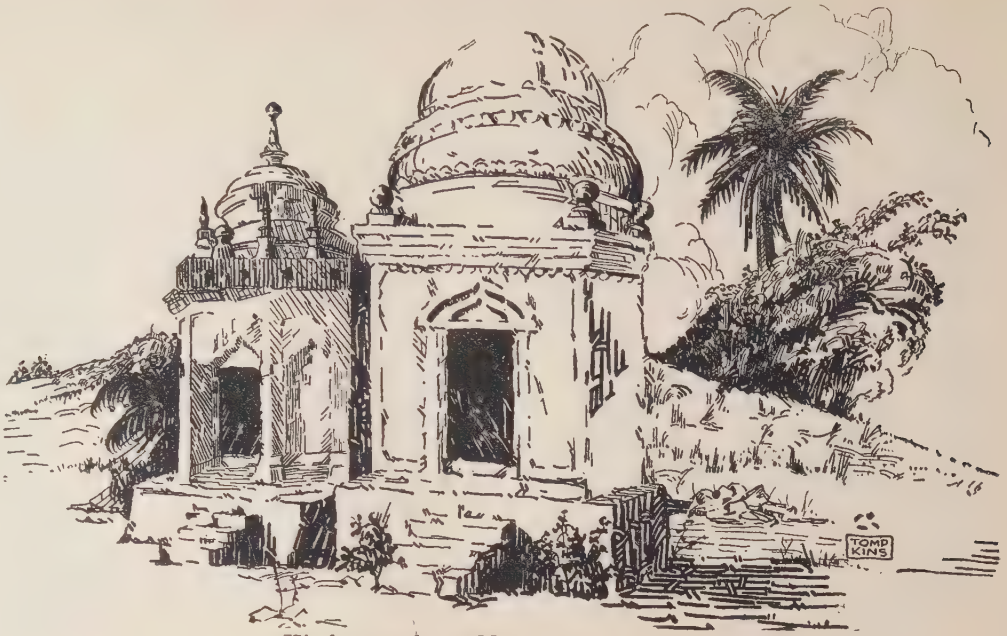
does not himself hold the chalice to the lips of the communing member," but he commits the offense of "placing it into their hands!"

Realizing the incompatible temper of the zealots, Hagenstein took the only honorable course open to him and directed his attention elsewhere. He had many intimate friends among the Lutheran clergy whom he admired and whose friendship he valued. Divisive points of church ritual did not sever these friendships, as later correspondence proves. It was not Hagenstein's nature to compromise in matters of conscience, nor did he wish to remain where his conviction of freedom in outward customs gave offense. To subscribe unreservedly to doctrines with which he was not in agreement, was to him a form of insincerity, a playing with truth. Three idols of religion he could not worship: Ritual, Dogma, Exclusiveness. Denominationalists he compared to a selfish child claiming priority at the expense of brothers and sisters whom it crowds away when parents come to distribute gifts. Not being officially connected with the Lutheran Church he felt free to join the Evangelical Synod—which has served as a refuge for many who desired freedom of movement and thought in non-essentials and were not inclined to have their conscience bound by ritualism or the rigid theology of a historic leader who himself was a rebel against current customs in the Catholic Church of his day.

Not long after Hagenstein had become a member of the Evangelical Church, he was the center of

a humorous incident. He had accepted an invitation to preach in a Lutheran church on the occasion of its annual mission-festival. Arriving there he found the whole congregation out of doors in front of the church. The door was locked. An opposition group did not wish this young heretic to desecrate a Lutheran pulpit. The clergy present gave him the choice of observing silence, or addressing the large audience from the steps of the church building. He cheerfully did the latter, much to the amusement of the crowd and to the embarrassment of the protectors of pure doctrine.

These wavelets of religious tea-kettle storms even traveled to the far-away Orient. Five years after arriving in India he received an intended knock-out blow from a former Lutheran neighbor in Texas who was still indignant that Hagenstein had become an Evangelical pastor and wrote: "Your Evangelical Synod is so liberal, it even gives Holy Communion to members without their announcement and exploration," (probably he meant "investigation"). Another wrote rather apologetically: "Don't think the cause of my silence is due to the fact that I do not want to practice fellowship with those of other faiths." Calmly but pertinently Hagenstein assures them that they need not be anxious about him, their heretical friend, and advises them to "look away from and beyond Luther to Christ." And that big-hearted Texas pioneer, the Rev. K. Knicker, writes him a consoling letter: "Forgive the Lutheran pastors here for calling you



Hindu temple at Maro, near Baitalpur

a heretic because you have joined the Evangelical Synod." We can rest assured that Hagenstein forgave them.[1]

Texas was not an easy field for church work. Pioneer conditions still prevailed. Newcomers were struggling to discover the best farming methods in a land frequented by drouths. Only fifty-two years before it had still been Mexican territory, often used as a refuge by those who wished to escape justice or lead more independent lives than could be done within the borders of the United States. Adventurers were not lacking. The healthy, respectable element was, as usual, less noticeable, though by no means insignificant. A number of roaming, free-lance pastors did not improve the situation or enhance the reputation of the clergy. The history of home mission work in Texas is a noble one, full of sacrifice and heroism equal to that in foreign lands. Settlers belonging to the class of land and money seekers were not necessarily searchers after religion. On the contrary, some felt happy to be outside the restraint of Christian morals. "The town of Comfort," writes one of Hagenstein's colleagues, "is also a heathen town, whose inhabitants boast that they have gotten along forty years without a church." Denominational competition, Sunday

[1] To us who are now living in the present atmosphere of reconciliation and co-operation when many denominations are making efforts to bring about closer church union the above controversies serve as an illustration of what now seems to us to be trivial, non-essential differences which should never have caused such schisms.

dances, Sunday "beer-picnics" and Sunday "Schuetzenfeste" (shooting matches), were thorns in the flesh for many anxious pastors and church councils —perhaps more so than Sunday auto outings are to the pastors of today. One pastor with twenty-five years (1865-1890) of experience in Texas reports, with perhaps undue pessimism, that "most of our Germans have lost all reverence for holy and divine things." A layman informs him sorrowfully: "Well, I think that our church is about Plade out at W., it seems that the members is oll no good and it looks like that the Preachers is after the money more than anything else." [2] Pastor Knicker's verdict regarding religious conditions is no less severe: "Here in the vicinity of San Antonio one meets with such cold unbelief that one can imagine oneself in a heathen country." One can well understand why the idea prevailed among Eden Seminary students that distant Texas was a sort of penal colony, a place of banishment for conscript beginners — which one should not only try to avoid, but from which one should attempt to escape if once there. Present conditions in Texas are so different that this old tradition has died a natural death and will never be resuscitated. Indeed, one must pay due tribute to these sincerely religious groups who deserve all the

[2] Undoubtedly this pessimistic note is due to a generalization based on only one or two cases which unfortunately were true; for it is a laudable fact that not a few pioneer pastors served congregations without pay, depending on the salary received as public school teachers to keep body and soul together.

more honor because they served as a nucleus around which faithful and steadfast pastors were able to build strong and flourishing congregations. Let us be reminded that the improvement and the good name which the "Lone Star" state now enjoys is in no small measure due to the high standards and the influence of loyal church people, and that these high ideals were inculcated and cherished by the pastors not only in their ministry as pastors, but also in their capacity as public school teachers, as such teaching also the Bible. Not long after arriving in India, Hagenstein was assured by the Rev. Wm. Hackmann that some pastors did enjoy the privilege of preaching to full churches.

Pastor Hackmann also relates an amusing incident in a letter of 1890, showing that the process of improving was not always a smooth one. "Sam Jones, the great Evangelist, was in Palestine (Texas) lately and criticized the city administration. The enraged mayor met him at the depot and began to give him a beating with his cane. Sam took the cane from him, and then returned the favor! The following day the mayor was deposed by the citizens who were on Sam's side."

In August, 1887, Hagenstein accepted a call to the Evangelical Church in New Baden, where he labored two and one-half years. During this time occurred the organization of the Texas District. Hagenstein's ordination took place in Houston in 1888. As the name indicates, New Baden was founded by a colony of Germans who hoped to find

a second home here. Many of them were lured to this locality by the newly built International Great Northern Railway a decade or more earlier. Primitive conditions, poor soil, fever and hardships caused a large number of them to leave again; only a courageous few struggled against many odds and became moderately successful. A dozen or more modest dwellings stretched along the railroad track. Negro huts stood along the edge of the village.

Hagenstein occupied an upper room in the large primitive "Colony-house", which had become vacant when several pioneer families left for other parts. Public school was held in the rooms of the lower floor. The furniture of his combination study and sleeping room was crudely made and very plain. Nearby stood the church building in which the German settlers worshipped. They had been served previously by pastors of the Lutheran Texas Synod, but they had now turned to the Evangelical Synod, which they later joined. A large portion of them were clearing land and creating new homesteads in the surrounding forests. In many ways Hagenstein demonstrated his sympathy for these hard-working colonists. He never complained that they paid his salary on an irregular installment plan, three to fifteen dollars at a time. Like others, before and after him, he received a very meager salary, only $150 a year. It is not surprising that one year his personal account revealed a deficit of $23.11. And yet he refused to accept any remuneration for weddings, baptisms, funerals or catechetical instruction.

As an unmarried man he could do so more easily than pastors with families, who frequently endured privations and hardships like their pioneer parishioners. Only frugal and economical habits enabled them to carry on.

Hagenstein kept the church record and accounts in duplicate in his private notebook. According to this neatly kept record he encouraged the congregation to continue sending gifts to various benevolent institutions, as had been done under his worthy predecessor, Rev. K. Knicker. These included the orphanages in St. Louis and Lincoln, Neb., the Basel and our own India Mission, the Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, and the debt-fund of the Seminary completed in 1883. Among the members were seventeen "Friedensbote" and seven "Missionsfreund" subscribers.

The Rev. W. Vollbrecht, his successor in New Baden, declared that people of different classes and creeds recognized Hagenstein's modesty and unselfishness as far above that of the average Christian; they respected him for his purity, piety, strength of character and impartial kindness. Though they admired his virtues, a number of them viewed his going with complacency, if not with silent pleasure. This need not surprise us. Frequently he was branded with the epithet "peculiar" because he tried to carry religion into his every-day contact with others. A person who sincerely, humbly and consistently strives to live a Christ-like life is rarely agreeable to those whose efforts in this direction seldom rise

Musadas, orphan, at High School Hostel

Jaisingh, rescued crippled orphan, now successful teacher

above the average. Such a life is always an unwelcome rebuke and chastisement to the self-complacent. Hagenstein's friendly association with the negroes was a thorn in the flesh to both the English and the German-speaking element. Twenty years had not removed the memories of the Civil War. Folks resented the fact that he preached in the negro church, even though it was only occasionally. His plan to carry the Gospel to the brown race in India, 11,000 miles away, was laudable; to offer it to the black neighbors in their midst was quite another matter. Undaunted he undertook a labor of love which must have struck some of them dumb with dismay. During the summer months he went to the cotton fields, picked cotton and gave all the money he earned to needy negro families and to others. In his little notebook we find this entry: "$2 deposited for Geo. James, Negro." This amount was then repaid to him in small sums. Naturally it made others uncomfortable to see a pastor demonstrating the fact that "in Christ there can be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free," black nor white. Another little storm was caused when he desired to have an interview with each person preceding the communion service. A number of them appealed to the President of the Synod. Calm also followed this storm.

In a lonely log cabin on the edge of the forest lived an old German from Saxony who had lost all his wealth in the old country. He proudly called himself a rationalist and in spite of repeated en-

treaties refused to attend church. One day he became ill. Pastor Vollbrecht took him into the "Colonial" parsonage and cared for him. As his condition became serious and he realized that death was not far off, he made the strange confession: "This is not the first time I have been ill in this parsonage. On a previous occasion, when I was very ill, Pastor Hagenstein brought me here and nursed me until I became well again. He carried my mattress on his own back. Often he called my attention to Christ. And now it is God's grace that I should be nursed again in this parsonage by a minister." With his dying breath he uttered the words: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

In addition to his pastoral duties Hagenstein was called upon to teach in the public school. Like many other pastors of those pioneer days, he passed the state teacher's examination and became a recognized, certificated teacher. Eighty to eighty-five pupils were enrolled. A certain "roughneck" gave him continued trouble; all reprimands were in vain. Unable to endure such persistent disturbance of discipline, Hagenstein sent him home. Passing along the village street that evening he heard a gruff voice call out from a second story window: "Schiesst den Pfaffen tot!" (Shoot that priest dead!) It was the bad boy's father. Hagenstein was unable to placate him. Having escaped, he declared, from priestly authority and oppression in the old country, he had not come to free America to have his boy receive his education at the hands of a "priest."

During this period of service in the Evangelical Synod we find Hagenstein making a visit to Zionsville, where he had served as an assistant and then as licensed pastor for twenty-four days. This congregation was again without a pastor, and had split into two factions. He called them together and made a very frank and personal appeal. Because it reveals his guileless character, we give a detailed translation.

"The division among you into two opposing groups saddens my heart, and while I am still in your neighborhood, it is my desire to serve you, seeking your own good, not my personal gain. Both parties have erred! Name a day on which you can agree to meet and again become a united congregation. Prepare yourselves prayerfully—and then come with peaceful intentions. Let all others remain away, or come with the resolve at least to behave decently. I can not and will not become your pastor, since I plan to go to India as a missionary. Nor do I desire to entice you through strategy to join the Synod to which I belong. I can only wish you an earnest pastor. If he be a member of the Texas Lutheran Synod, I shall be none the less pleased, for I have many lovable brothers in that communion who will serve you as faithfully as a man of my Church. One desire only do I cherish on your behalf, to see you united—and then I can leave joyfully. Only take my warning and do not fall victime to the few over-zealous ultra-Lutherans who have left the Texas Synod. These self-righteous

belligerent defenders of the 'pure faith' cannot bring peace into your midst. To refuse my offer as peace maker on the eve of my departure for India would be like knocking down a friend. Yet, should you choose to give me such a dishonorable farewell, I will not lose my love for you, nor will my peace-efforts cease. When I preach to you in the school-house it is not for the benefit of one party only, but for all. And if the church should be opened to me, I would gladly preach from the pulpit. Now be ye reconciled with each other and with God."

Then follows an official announcement that he will "serve the Lord's Supper on the following Sunday to all Germans in the vicinity who are inclined to accept the invitation,"—and he cautiously adds that the celebration will take place in the school house. A week passes. Using practical psychology dictated by the common sense any wise father would show in handling his quarrelsome children, Hagenstein diverts their attention from their petty frictions and lifts them higher by leading them out of themselves into God's wide world, and directs their attention and sympathy to the needs and welfare of others, preaching a sermon, not on peace but on foreign missions! Hagenstein seemed well aware of the fact that the peace and purity of a church depends upon its activity for Christ at home and abroad, and more abroad than at home.[3]

[3] "I say without hesitation that when interest in foreign missions is maintained in a church to the normal point, all other activities and agencies at home will go of themselves,

During the Texas period he continued to develop a self-reliance and firmness in conviction and action which did not always conform to accepted custom. Some friends may even have accused him of being stubborn. He did not blindly accept every usage of the traditional "Golden Age" of the past, nor did he bow down to all heralded innovations and ideas advertised as a panacea for all social and religious ills. Democratic to the core, appreciative of other people's differing opinions, he was an advocate in season and out of season of each person's right to develop according to his own inherent gifts. An independent personality himself, he was opposed to any standardized conformity which produces so many "unthinking, shallow individuals." He himself successfully resisted the danger of submitting to standardized thinking. Because the mass accepted a certain opinion or line of action was no proof to him of its being right. We find him persistently emphasizing and stressing the fact that man must continually seek the truth and rigidly discipline himself to live it when once recognized. Three detailed lectures of the Kansas and Texas years, which he delivered before his congregation, are still extant, two in the German and one in the English language: "Discipline and Order in a Congregation," "Unbiblical Doctrines of the Catholic Church," and "Total Abstinence." It is a pleasure

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while if there be lack of devotion to that noble enterprise, nothing else will be prosecuted with either enthusiasm or success." (Dr. Wm. Taylor.) We believe the history of the church will bear out these assertions.

to note the clear, definite and sane principles he entertained so early in his ministry. For instance: "Strict discipline toward unbelievers or those of other beliefs is sinful.—Religious freedom does not mean laxity of morals.—Pitiful is the creature who accepts Christ and then continually complains about the big price it costs to have taken the step. One cannot afford to play with sacred things.—Selecting doubtful sponsors or elders in the church is playing with religion.—If marriage is considered a sacrament, why should Catholic priests not enjoy it?"

His address on "Total Abstinence" is original in many respects. In 1880 Kansas had voted "dry" by a majority of 7,837 votes. Surely an unwelcome state of affairs for some of the immigrants from Europe, who were unaccustomed to such legislation. It caused our young preacher to think and speak: "Total abstinence from intoxicating drinks is not commanded in the Bible. There will be some people in heaven who drank wine all their lives. The fact that people worship the dollar and become money intoxicated does not move us to do away with money. No disciple or apostle or early reformer founded a total abstinence society. It is not right to make the Gospel a law. Do not first establish a doctrine and then try to prove it by the Scriptures, but rather first search the Scripture and see if that doctrine is actually to be found there."

During the whole busy period in Texas his deep desire to enter foreign mission work lay dormant, but never died. Regular reading of the "Missions-

freund" bore its fruit. The definite call for volunteers in one of the issues met with an equally definite and cheerful response in his heart. He consequently applied to the Board of Foreign Missions and, after the customary inquiries, was accepted as a candidate for service in India, where only a few years before (1884) the Evangelical Synod had taken over the work of another mission society. "Und so einen Ketzer schickt Eure Synode hinaus in die Heidenmission!" (And such a heretic your Synod sends to the foreign field!) was the farewell verdict of a Lutheran pastor in a letter to one of Hagenstein's friends. But in this case, as at other times, we can find no indication whether in letters or reports or from personal knowledge, that Hagenstein ever bore a grudge when wronged. He practiced what he preached: "looking beyond Luther and Lutherans to Christ," he forgave, and, as was his custom, forgave cheerfully. With Booker T. Washington he could say: "I will permit no man to narrow and degrade my soul by making me hate him." He revealed this spirit in an even greater measure during the world war when organized slander was dragging individuals and nations down to the lowest level of hatred.

Many years later, when Texas memories carried him back to the time spent there, he said: "Texas climate and Texas work prepared me for India."

MY VOW

"Like Thee, O Christ, I will remain poor.
Like Thee I will serve.
Like Thee I will be the friend of all, the enemy of none.
Like Thee I will ever be ready to be nailed to a cross.
Like Thee I will love all mankind.
In the strength of faith will I abide in Thy Presence.
Thy world and mine shall be one.
I will strive after Thy likeness, and finally, being united to Thee by my own personal experience I will prove to be true to that saying of Paul, the chief of saints, 'Ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God'."

—*N. V. Tilak,* India's Christian Poet.

"Leben heisst tief einsam sein.—
Aus der Kindheit goldnem Haus
Ziehen frohe Scharen aus,
Freuen sich in gleicher Freude,
Klagen auch in gleichem Leide;
Doch bald scheiden sich die Strassen,
Brueder, Freunde musst du lassen.
Wanderst so allein, allein.
Leben heisst tief einsam sein!"

—From Hagenstein's Scrap Book.

CHAPTER IV

A MISSIONARY APPRENTICE (In India)

The "Missionsfreund" of May, 1890, contained the official information that "Rev. A. Hagenstein, New Baden, Texas, has declared himself willing to enter foreign mission work. On account of the unfavorable season in India just now, he will not be sent until September." A month later he was traveling eastward. On June 30 he was commissioned in St. Peter's Evangelical Church, Buffalo. He did not tarry until September, according to the Board's original plan, but sailed for Europe at once. Thus ended the eight and one-half years sojourn in the land of his adoption. Whether he made a side trip to the village of his birth and youth is not known. In Basel he visited a number of acquaintances. On August 16th, within six weeks after his farewell in Buffalo, he landed in Bombay and went directly to Raipur and Bisrampur, 700 miles inland. Here he received a very hearty welcome, for the Rev. Oscar Lohr, the pioneer missionary of Chhattisgarh, was now in his sixty-fifth year, and tired. Laboring twenty-two years without a vacation to the mountains or a furlough to Europe or America had taxed his strength and reduced his vitality. He had previously served in India nine years as a member of the "German Gossner Mission," but was compelled to leave the country during the turmoil of the Indian

Mutiny of 1857. In 1867, when forty-three years of age, he had volunteered again for service in India. It was only natural that he and his son, the Rev. Julius Lohr, should welcome the man who had come to share their burdens—burdens of many kinds that fell to the lot of him whose task it was and privilege to build up a mission station and establish a Christian community in the jungles of what was then one of the most backward parts of India. Officials considered it a place of banishment. Government forests alone comprised one-tenth of the Raipur District, to which later our missionaries confined most of their work. Oscar Lohr, true to instructions received from his supporters (an interdenominational German mission society in the Eastern states), had begun work in an area where Christ had never been made known.[1] The two hundred mile ride with his family in ox-carts from Nagpur to Raipur brought him indeed not only to a district were the glad tidings had never been heard, but also to an area than which few were in greater need of uplift and purification.

Not many weeks passed before Hagenstein discovered the greatness of the task before him. On this virgin soil of heathenism, undisturbed throughout the centuries by outside influences, he was to see the power of the Gospel put to a supreme test. The 1909 edition of the "Raipur Gazetteer," a govern-

[1] In 1882 the Disciples of Christ began work in Chhattisgarh; in 1900, the General Conference Mennonites; in 1892 the Methodists; and in 1896 the American Mennonites.

ment publication, gives a dark picture of the inhabitants in general: "Many of them belong to the Satnami Chamar caste who have earned an unenviable notoriety for turbulence. . . . Offences affecting human life have been frequent in the past. The two famines of 1897 and 1900 produced a heavy crop of dacoities (robberies), housebreakings and cattle thefts. Cattle poisoning is common, as the hides bring good prices. Complaints of petty offences are numerous. Formerly when a Satnami Chamar was married a peculiar ceremony took place three years after the wedding. A feast was given to the caste people and during the night one or two of the men present, who were nominated by the chief *guru* (religious leader) and were considered as his substitutes, were allowed to go in to the young wife. Sometimes the chief *guru* himself was allowed access to any of the wives of the chamars whom he might select, and this was considered rather an honor, than otherwise by the husband. They are generally distinguished by their carelessness of the fidelity of their wives, which they justify by saying: "If my cow wanders and comes home again, shall I not let her into her stall?"

Before thoroughly understanding the condition of depravity out of which many of the converts had come, Hagenstein was somewhat frank and even severe in his verdicts regarding the missionary policies and methods of his older co-workers and experienced predecessors. His ideal was correct—yet if the government, most of whose officials were sym-

pathetic with the people, considered it an almost hopeless task to lift the average Chhattisgarhi educationally, socially and agriculturally in less than three or four generations on account of the "inherent slothfulness of his disposition" and other equally unfavorable traits of character, we have reason to console ourselves and other idealists with the modest yet noticeable progress and spiritual achievements attained even in the first and second generations. Oscar Lohr's contention that it would require six or even seven generations to produce permanent changes in the Chhattisgarhi character did not induce Hagenstein to lower his standard for converts.

When Hagenstein arrived in Chhattisgarh,[2] an area three times the size of the state of New Jersey, there were only four missionaries, three of them married, working in this division of the Central Provinces as representatives of the Evangelical Church: Oscar Lohr and his son Julius in Bisrampur, Andrew Stoll in Raipur and John Jost in Chandkuri, now called Baitalpur. The total budget for the whole field in 1890 was less than $8,000. Because

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[2] *Central Provinces* (with 131,000 square miles and 15 million population) has four geographical divisions of which Chhattisgarh is one with 22,000 square miles and three million population.

Chhatisgarh Division has four Districts of which Raipur is one with 9,789 square miles and 1,405,000 population.

Raipur District has four tahsils or counties of which Baloda Bazar is one with 1,951 square miles and 367,000 population.

Bisrampur Mission area occupies the Western and Parsabhader the eastern half of this county.

the first intensive work was begun among the more responsive Chamars, and because reports to the churches in America naturally made repeated references to them, the false impression was created that most of the inhabitants of Chhattisgarh are Chamars and that mission work is carried on exclusively among them. Not at all. The Chamars form only 17 percent of the population, which in 1909 numbered about two million Hindus and 300,000 Chamars. Then as well as now, more Hindu boys were enrolled in our schools than boys of lower castes.

Two days after his arrival, Hagenstein took up the study of the Hindi language with a native teacher. Apart from this his first year was a year of silence—that best of all schools for a newcomer to the Orient—silence because one can speak but little Hindi and understand less; silence, because one politely and respectfully refrains from trying to teach the older missionaries how to do things correctly; silence, because the natives would not understand even if one were to attempt the folly of changing things; silence, in short, because very little constructive work of any kind can be done without a working knowledge of the language. It was during this trying ordeal of silence that Hagenstein continued to train his already keen sense of observation. He lived his apprentice days over again, learning not the art of raising flowers, but the art of reviving and restoring withered lives, pruning vices, weeding out evil, attaching grafts to the Vine for a fresh inflow of new life.

The low-lying forest land of Bisrampur was now being converted into a livable agricultural village with multiplied activity. Like Lohr, Hagenstein saw the need and advisability of training converts and of teaching them a trade, in order that they might become self-supporting and economically independent. Considering the status of the majority of the Christian community, numbering 700 souls in 1890, it is surprising to note the variety of work Lohr had inaugurated. The government report of that year enumerates agriculture, weaving, dyeing, printing and lithography. Later some of these trades ceased to be profitable and were discontinued, while others, like carpentry and masonry, were introduced.

Although these things interested our apprentice, they did not receive his primary attention. There were also two orphanages with more than 400 children, training classes for adult baptismal candidates, catechetical classes leading to confirmation, and special theological classes for evangelists. Frequently he accompanied native catechists on their evangelistic trips to the surrounding villages, and thus not only accustomed his ear to the sounds of Hindi, but also gradually began to acquire an insight into the living as well as the moral and religious conditions of the villagers. Before the year ended, he left the school of silence and entered the school of experience and activity. His first official attempt to present the Gospel message was in the open bazar (market place) near Bisrampur, where curiosity

soon caused a crowd to gather. And since his first experience hardly differed from that of any new missionary we may assume that a few hearers in the front line also nodded assent to all he said, even though they understood Hindi, especially Hindi with a foreign accent, less than their own Chhattisgarhi dialect.

He did not take his apprenticeship lightly. Day by day he watched the veteran missionary dispensing medicines to the many patients or to their relatives who called for medicine to give to those who could not come themselves. He paid particular attention to this form of service, and was present whenever time permitted in order to acquire all the medical knowledge possible. Observing and helping the veteran missionary dispense medicines for fifty to eighty patients daily, he was able to gather considerable information regarding the most prevalent ailments and their treatment. Like Lohr, he became quite successful in this work. Unfortunately he had left America several weeks before Lohr's letter reached the Foreign Board with the suggestion: "Could not the new candidate for India acquire some medical knowledge?—It is too bad for a missionary to come to India and be alone without it." It was providential that Hagenstein could have the privilege of being a medical apprentice to Lohr who, with the training received in Germany and the practical experience gained during his long service in India, was in a better position to give medical aid and advice than his three co-workers. The knowledge won

in Bisrampur, supplemented by further study and experience, added immensely to Hagenstein's later usefulness.

The need of medical knowledge was brought home to him in a forceful manner, for during the year he arrived in Bisrampur the cholera claimed 10,000 victims of the million inhabitants of Raipur District. It was during this cholera epidemic that he met with Hindu folly in its usual form. In the large village of Simga, nine miles away, then the county seat, one hundred and forty persons had died of cholera. The inhabitants began to get frightened. The Indian assistant magistrate, a government official, sent his servants to all villagers to collect donations from the Hindus, in order that a Brahmin priest might be called from a distance to drive out the evil cholera spirit from the town. Eighty rupees were collected. The priest came, and preparations were soon in full swing. First he took from his pouch several handfuls of earth which had been brought from the banks of the holy "Mother Ganges." This was strewn in a narrow strip along the ground to form a long line. At one end altars were erected on both sides. Then the priest pretended to ascertain who had lured the cholera goddess into Simga. An order was given to lay several swords on the line and to summon all inhabitants. The critical moment had arrived. All women were ordered to jump over the line and swords. The one who collapsed or stumbled in the act would be declared guilty. (Poor Eve in Indian dress!) But

Grinding wheat on bungalow verandah, Bisrampur

not one fell. The Brahmin priest concluded that it was not a woman who had caused the cholera, but that the goddess Kali must be appeased. Another day was spent in erecting even larger altars. The idols were enthroned and bedecked with flowers and covered with blood, for only blood could satisfy the thirsty Kali. Two magistrates assisted the priest. A Mohammedan onlooker noticed that the priest's face was turning pale, and attracted the attention of a magistrate, who calmly attributed it to the fact that the priest had eaten dry rice the previous day in order to make the sacrifice more effective. Soon the report spread that the priest was ill. He fell over and died—of cholera. And the epidemic continued as before.

Five mornings a week Hagenstein went out regularly with the evangelists to preach in neighboring villages. He wrote to America: "Most people are polite and kind—though not very willing to listen. Their excuses are similar to those I heard in Europe and America: 'What profit is there in becoming a Christian? It would only cause us to lose caste! Yes, we will accept baptism when all others do! We will become Christians at once, if you will give us enough money to "sit" (i. e., retire, have an easy life, and be in no need of caste help when ostracized by them).'" These repeated remarks that for money or land they would gladly become Christians may have been made only in jest to ward off further approach, or, born out of the pinch of poverty, they may have been meant sincerely enough. We know

at any rate what effect they had on Hagenstein. He was so impressed by the fact that the Hindu identified Christianity with economic ease, that he determined henceforth to give no occasion for the confusion in his own life.

During the latter part of his Bisrampur apprenticeship, Hagenstein had very definite tasks assigned to him. In the morning he went on his usual preaching trips in the neighborhood. Very often he also made longer tours to outlying villages, then he would invariably take five to eight rupees worth of coppers and annas along from his own salary to distribute them among the poor, the sick, the aged and invalids. Two hours a day he assisted Oscar Lohr as instructor in the school for evangelists. Three evenings a week he alternated with him in making visits to the nearby villages where devotions were held with the Christians. On Sunday afternoons services were held by him in the same villages. During the rainy season it was difficult to reach many villages away from the main road, consequently there was more spare time to utilize at the mission station. Here he organized two classes for young men who desired to learn English. Nineteen young men were enrolled, including three Hindus. The course included Bible study and hymns which were based on New Testament narratives, and sung to native tunes. Occasionally he aided Lohr with the classes receiving instruction preparatory to confirmation, also adult classes for baptism. As a teacher he enjoyed the contact with the students and

pupils of these various groups, but a class of women proved too much for him. Practically none of them could read; not one of them had learned to concentrate on any one subject for any length of time; never had they been instructed in "book knowledge" by a man, still less by a white foreigner. (Female education had not advanced sufficiently in this area to supply the urgent need for women teachers.) Their mental horizon was limited to the more concrete matters of the market place, the rice pot, and rice fields. Our apprentice finally confessed his defeat to the Board in America. Writing of these married women, some of whom were past the age of forty-five, he expresses his disappointment in rather forceful language: "It is extremely difficult to get anything into the heads of this female tribe. When, after much labor and patience, one feels that they may have comprehended the meaning of a simple Bible story, it is an even greater task to get it out of them again; they pull the saree before their mouths and just stare at me."

Early in 1892 Hagenstein was sent to Baitalpur, twelve miles away, to take the place of Jost for several months, whose illness compelled him to take a vacation. The village, founded by the mission, contained about ninety Christians at that time.

With all its varied activities Bisrampur was an excellent field for Hagenstein to observe missionary methods, even though he was not inclined to adopt them in detail, should he ever be called upon to carry on work alone in another unoccupied area. On the

contrary, he profited by the mistakes of others, some of which may have seemed more serious to him as an impulsive newcomer than was actually the case. At that time he may not have known fully all contributing factors which created what seemed to him undesirable conditions among the converts. In some respects his criticism was not wholly without foundation. He was of the opinion that the older missionaries, whose difficult tasks he never underestimated, were in danger of catering unnecessarily to a number of converts who frequently threatened to recant. Out of this grew the equally universal custom, as he thought, of "mothering" the Christians more than is conducive to independence of character. Not having witnessed the infant period of Bisrampur's growth, he may not have been aware of all historical details, when he furthermore contended that Bisrampur had been too convenient a refuge for criminals who pretended conversion in order to escape further molestation by the police. Occasional early marriages and drinking he also criticised. There is no doubt that these evils did occur in our congregations during the first years. The fact that they have decreased considerably, or even disappeared completely, reflects credit upon the pioneers as well as successors who continued to build on their foundations. Even today baptism does not imply that cessation of all old vices has taken place. Time and experience revealed the actual difficulties to Hagenstein far more than mere observation in Bisrampur. Twenty years later he made the follow-

ing significant entry in his note book: "Kipling's statement (in the poem 'The White Man's Burden'): 'Half devil and half child' is a characterization which can be applied to many people here, for it contains much truth. O, how cruel, brutal, unmerciful and thankless they can be; how deceitful and childish." And to the Board he wrote: "The church at home should not lose courage if a few Christians in Chhattisgarh recant. Some were baptized too soon, some came for financial gain, some to escape from being haunted by the police, others use baptism as a threat to coerce relatives for gain of some kind or another. Do not therefore be surprised if some gradually expose their actual motive and then withdraw, or if they do not withdraw voluntarily, are excluded. We must have discipline lest we disgrace the cause of Christ. The constituency at home would do well to remember the background of the Chhattisgarhi's lying, stealing, immorality and pious talk. Emotional revivals will not change them, but continued private prayer will avail much. Guilty Christians do not like to be reprimanded here any more than at home. Moreover they have no seven or eight centuries of Christian heritage back of them. While in Kansas and Texas I had many heartbreaking disappointments with church members which were no less serious than those here."

With Rev. K. W. Nottrott's arrival in India in 1892, Hagenstein's days of apprenticeship in Bisrampur soon came to an end. In 1893 Rev. Jost and Rev. Stoll had made evangelistic tours thirty to

forty miles eastward into a populous district that was virgin soil for the missionary. Upon their return, they and Lohr advised the Board to open a fourth station at Baloda Bazar, twenty-seven miles from Bisrampur. In the meantime Lohr also wrote to the headman of Baloda Bazar for permission to purchase land. But no answer was received. Later one of the Baloda Bazar Hindus confessed why they did not favor selling any land to the missionary: "Who knows," he said, "if he gets one plot, he will later take the whole village, just as the British did —they came from Europe to purchase a hide and then appropriated the whole of India." After continued correspondence between India and America it was agreed that, if possible, a station be opened at Laon village, ten miles beyond Baloda Bazar. Hagenstein, who was delegated to investigate the proposed new place, reported unfavorably. He made another investigation tour with Rev. J. Gass, as a result of which it was finally decided to try to locate in the small village of Parsabhader, a mile from the main highway west of Baloda Bazar.

"The most interesting objects I have seen in India have not been its rivers, nor its mountains, nor its trees, nor its monuments, but its men. They have appeared to be more worthy of study than any other fascinating view on which my eyes have rested?"—*Joseph Cook.*

"Farid, if a man best thee, strike him not in return,
But stoop and kiss his feet.
Farid, if they soul longs for the Lord of All,
Become as the grass for men to tread on.
Farid, when one man breaketh thee, and another trampleth
on thee,
Then thou enterest truly the Temple of the Lord."

—From the "*Granth Sahib*," religious book of the Sikhs.

CHAPTER V

PIONEERING IN NEW TERRITORY (Parsabhader)

It was in January, 1894, Dr. Gass tells us, when he accompanied Hagenstein in the ox-tonga from Bisrampur to Parsabhader, a slow and tiresome journey of twenty-eight miles. In the center of the village stood a huge "Barh" tree which was not only the largest tree in the village, furnishing a shady spot for the village idlers to enjoy their palaver, but also a sacred tree, an abode of spirits, and a shelter for idols. Being lifeless, these crude representations of deities, saints and spirits generated little life in the worshippers and consequently were neglected. It was under this tree that the servants erected the tent for the two young explorers. Lest white ants destroy their possessions, the boxes were placed on the fallen idols, which thus served at least one practical purpose. Due to decay and strong winds the tree has since been uprooted. Even though it contained an exceptionally large quantity of wood—and firewood is scarce and costly—not one of the non-Christians dared to take even a small twig to his house. Religious fear and superstition were too strong a deterrent. The "holy" cows were not so fearful. They soon stripped the fallen tree of its green leaves. The villagers' superstition was our gain. A few Christian laborers and older orphans turned the giant tree-trunk and branches into

fire material for the orphanage. It supplied fuel to cook food three months for seventy-five orphans and invalids.

Under this tree wearisome, long-drawnout conversations and negotiations were carried on, until it was finally agreed that the *malguzar* (village headman or chief) should sell ten acres of land to the mission with the privilege of renting the whole village. Had he not been in the clutches of usurious creditors and consequently in great need of cash, it is probable that the sale would not have taken place.

It soon became known that a bigoted Hindu, to whom the *malguzar* was heavily indebted, was making efforts to acquire the whole village and all its rights from the *malguzar*. Suspecting the hidden motive of the prospective purchaser to hinder mission work, Lohr at once made the correct move when he rented the whole village outright as a lease-hold for a period of eight years. The agreement called for the sum of two thousand rupees,[1] with the option of purchasing it at the rate of five rupees per acre when the lease expired. During this eight year period the former *malguzar* forfeited all his rights. The mission had the right to collect all taxes and rents from the thirty or more tenants, and to cultivate the 160 acres of private land belonging to the headman. It also assumed the responsibility of paying the annual taxes to the government.

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[1] Ordinarily the rate of exchange is calculated at 33 cents to a rupee, or three rupees to a dollar.

Creditors soon came to press their claims—and it was not long before most of the malguzar's 2,000 rupees had melted away. He began to cause trouble as only a man of his type can do. Hagenstein complained very much about his interferences and regretted repeatedly that the village had not been purchased outright, rather than only leased. Before the year 1894 came to a close, a message from America arrived, containing the agreeable news that the Board had decided to send another thousand rupees to make the purchase final and complete, provided that the conference in India would agree to this. This the conference did immediately and the village became the property of the mission. Hagenstein now became *malguzar* or village headman. In a later chapter the joys and sorrows, mostly sorrows, of Hagenstein as a *malguzar* will be narrated.

A few toothless old men are still living who helped to raise the mudwalls of the first three mission buildings—one for a dwelling, one for dispensing medicines and another to serve as a cook house. Their location, a level spot in the center of the ten acres originally purchased, was well chosen. The red gravel-soil is poor for agricultural purposes, but excellent for building foundations. One need not dig more than three feet to begin masonry work —nor does one need to fear that the foundation or walls, if well built, will ever crack. During the rainy season water soon drains away, or sinks into the earth. No water puddles remain to serve as breeding places for mosquitoes.

Gradually the Christian settlement and institutions grew up on this open expanse of land to the north of the village. Later Hagenstein erected more plain houses, similar to those in the village; one for his cook (or rather the man who vainly aspired to become a cook) one for his cart animals, and another for Benjamin of Bisrampur, the catechist who was to be his helper. Addicted to drink, though secretly as he thought, his help was of little value. Soon he discovered that Hagenstein would be patient no longer. It was necessary to dismiss him as unreliable. For Hagenstein, who had indeed shown him much kindness, it was a sad experience. Benjamin maintained that his missionary had much knowledge, but little character! To the credit of the older congregations it should be said that drunkenness has practically ceased in their midst.

Even before erecting these six buildings, Hagenstein desired to begin the actual mission work for which he had come. Unfortunately delays occurred, due to the custom in these first years of mission history, when permission had to be received from the authorities in the homeland before new projects could be undertaken, small though they seemed to be. This was perhaps due to the meager funds and to the managing policy which was current among German societies in Europe. It is marvelous, indeed, that our pioneer missionaries were able to accomplish so much work with so little money. Observing the order in which he opened the various branches of work, one can appreciate the wisdom

Rev. Hagenstein's first home in Parsabhader

which Hagenstein revealed under those conditions. In the beginning, medical work occupied much of his time. The dispensary, a simple mud hut with earthen floors, a low narrow verandah and grass roof, occupied a prominent place and served to attract the timid ones whose pain and sickness caused them to seek relief. He thereby hoped to establish contact with the people and to create confidence. In an early report he regrets the fact that he seems unable to convince the villagers that their fear of being converted by force was absolutely needless and unjustifiable. In spite of all assurances they remained suspicious. Wild rumors were afloat in the neighborhood. The oldest resident of Parsabhader still recalls his first visit to Baloda after Hagenstein had settled in their midst, and tells this story. "County officials, shopkeepers and several malguzars were gathered in the county courtroom. As I entered the room the proceedings ceased, and a number of the men inquired with a sneer whether I had already become a Christian. They were not a little peeved, when I retorted: 'The *sahib* tells us frequently that low caste people will become Christians first, then the middle classes and, finally, you Brahmins.'" They felt insulted and asked why he mentioned them last. "Because you are so hopelessly wicked, the padri (missionary) says."—Outwardly, oriental politeness welcomed Hagenstein, but an undercurrent of suspicion on the part of the ignorant and a frigid atmosphere among the upper

classes prevailed, until they had actually had opportunity to become acquainted with him.

Before the first buildings were completed, and while still living in the tent, Hagenstein wrote to America: "As soon as possible I desire to open a school. At present it can be conducted in a house belonging to the village owner. It is very much in need of repairs, but will serve its purpose for some months at least. Should you not be ready to allow the salary for another teacher, about fifteen dollars a year, for the next twelve months, I will do so from my own pocket." In the beginning the average attendance was only twelve to fifteen. He had difficulty in obtaining another teacher for various reasons: few were available and none wanted to come to Bisrampur on account of the distance, and on account of the high standard of work they knew Hagenstein would require of them. He had to be satisfied with mediocre help.

On Sundays a number of unruly, noisy children were gathered before his tent for a meeting. For want of a better name, he called it a Sunday school class. Parents stood at a distance, curious onlookers. Through persistent effort, attendance in the day school began to increase, irregular though it was. He also conducted an evening class for young men who worked during the day and desired to learn to read and write. Three evenings a week he went to Baloda Bazar, then a town of less than 3,000 inhabitants, to teach a class of men who were anxious to

learn English.[2] In this manner he slowly succeeded in breaking down the outer wall of suspicion which separated him from the people. Mistrust, the second wall, soon crumbled to pieces as a result of his dispensary work. His medical knowledge was limited, yet it was much greater than that of the people who came to him for help. Repeated success in treating the prevailing ailments daily attracted more patients. Before eight months had passed, an average of one hundred persons a week came to get medicine. Among them were so many lepers that he sent a strong appeal to America for permission to open a leper asylum: "I make this plea. Grant it! In Baloda and vicinity there is a considerable number of lepers for whom nothing is being done. I would like to give them a home. A quarter of a mile from our village is some high land where a suitable home could be built for less than two hundred dollars. I will make an effort to collect the funds, if the Board cannot procure them. A number of the inmates would be able to work—others may not wish to be admitted if work is required of them and discipline is enforced. I would gladly take this additional burden upon me. Please send a hurried reply." The answer came only too soon, and

[2] The following are some of the epigrams he wrote for this English class: "Never stop, till you reach the top. Do not stay in another's way. Never act mean, it will soon be seen. Do not be glad when others are sad. Laugh not at the bad, rather be sad. Take the best of the rest. Do the right with all your might. Let not sin the battle win. Dare not to fight against the right. Always act with good tact. You can not win if you sin. To bear a cross is never a loss."

most disappointing and discouraging it was. To Hagenstein the refusal did not seem well founded. "I simply can not accept your verdict as final, when you ask me to give up the idea of ever having a home for lepers. You suggest that the government might care for them. Why not apply the same principle 'let the government do it' to educational, medical and agricultural work? Your contention is incorrect. Let us undertake leper work as an encouragement to government. Our example may also induce it to make provision for the unfortunate ones. Until now very little is being done for them. Let us in a modest way make a beginning in this area. True, we are here to preach, but to serve lepers in a home is the best living sermon I can imagine in a land where lepers are neglected and shunned. Such sermons preached through deeds are more easily understood by the people than a sermon of choice words." (The following year a large initial gift from Scotland enabled Rev. K. W. Nottrott to open a leper asylum in Baitalpur.) A visit to Purulia where the Gossner Mission had a large institution only increased Hagenstein's desire for an asylum. In a supplementary letter he again reminded the Board of his eagerness to take up the work.

There was no well in the village. Cooking and drinking water had to be carried from a creek nearby, where animals loitered to satisfy their thirst and wallowed to drive away the flies. A well was therefore dug the first hot season. On account of the hardness of the ground and the large boulders,

excavation was most difficult and a depth of only twenty-two feet was reached. Although the well has never gone dry, it contains very little water during a prolonged hot season, only a hundred to a hundred and fifty gallons coming in over night. In the beginning the villagers feared to draw and use water from the new well lest it would ruin their caste because of being a "Christian well." They preferred dirty pond water, and water from the creek, which became stagnant in the long hot season. Later several farmers dug two wells in their own gardens and began to drink water from them. Now they do not mind using water even from the Christian well.

During the first few years many trees of twelve different varieties were planted on the ten acre plot, which was to contain all the mission buildings. Today Hagenstein's memory is blessed for the shade and fruit they provide. More than one hundred and fifty of the trees he planted, not including the trees he had planted on the boundaries, are still living. Before his coming there were but few trees in and around the village itself. Outstanding among these were four very large ones, each of which sheltered an idol. Only the older inhabitants actually remember their names and functions, which they are very reluctant to make known. It took hours of coaxing to induce the two oldest inhabitants to give a little information because they feared the gods would take revenge for satisfying the curious missionary and because they were suspicious lest he

interfere with their worship. Under the huge "Barh" tree in the center of the village lay neglected Barambhawa, the dwelling place of a departed holy sage. Under another "Mata Bhawani", the terrible goddess of disease, received her propitiatory bribes and offerings. Under the third "Sarawa" found a resting place. He was and is still the most popular, because he is the protector of animals and fields. But the crude stone idols, as dwelling places for the gods, saints and spirits, are no more. Hagenstein inquired of the worshippers if actual material or spiritual benefit were derived from them. When they expressed their doubts about it, he suggested that his first Christmas season among them would be an excellent opportunity to replace the idols under the trees with the Christ in their hearts. They were naturally afraid to destroy their objects of worship, but gave him permission to do so. He broke them and used the pieces in erecting one of the buildings. In a time of famine or epidemic pious grandfathers and grandmothers will resort to the spot where the idols once reigned and offer a sacrifice. Cowherds have since procured another stone on which they placate the protector of their animals.

Before the first year in Parsabhader came to a close, another fervent plea was sent across the waters. Ever bent on establishing definite mission work in strategic centers, Hagenstein made definite plans for permanent work in Baloda Bazar. At that time the population numbered 3,000 of whom many

The sacred tree in Parsabhader under which Rev. Hagenstein and Dr. Gass set up their tent, 1894

were well educated, including government Indian officials, clerks, Hindu and Muhammedan merchants, most of whom had come from other parts of India. To reach them he expressed the desire to build a lecture hall in the center of the town, which would serve as a center of evangelistic activities and as a place of worship. After three anxious months the disappointing reply, "No funds," came.

In the mean time land values were increasing. A new first class road connecting Baloda Bazar with the Bhatapara railway station, sixteen miles away increased trade immensely. Wealthy rice and oil merchants grew still wealthier and their numbers increased. The importance of Baloda Bazar was to become even greater as a result of the government's decision to remove the county seat from Simga to Baloda Bazar. (This took place in 1906.) It was therefore only natural that Hagenstein should repeat his request four years later. Before this letter reached the Board, money had arrived from two Young People's Societies in Rochester, N. Y. He was exceedingly happy, for now his plan could be carried out and a hall erected to which inquirers could come, a quiet place away from the hot sun and distracting noise of the open market place. The group which had combined to keep the missionary out of Baloda Bazar was disintegrating, defeated through kind service. A lot was purchased from a Brahmin for three hundred rupees. Sentiment had indeed changed. "Five years ago," he now reports, "Brother Gass and I could hardly purchase a plot

outside Baloda Bazar. Now the wealthiest Hindu aided me in procuring a plot of ground right in the center of the town."

Pioneer work was not a simple matter with insufficient money to erect the necessary buildings. The Board explained that the shortage was due to "hard times in America." To this must be added a second reason. In 1905 Rev. W. Behrendt, chairman of the Foreign Board, announced in the Missionsfreund: "It is a most regrettable state of affairs that among 1,172 congregations there are still 458 which report no gifts whatever for foreign mission work."

"In India, where the people of the low classes were born to be hated by the high castes, Christianity brought a great message of hope to the poor so as to stir a new life in them. Even a pariah that had been despised as outcaste or untouchable was admitted into Christianity that helped him much to elevate his grade. He is now accepted as a human being. Similarly thousands of poor souls who had seen many a cherished hope shattered for ever are now looking up to Christianity for knowledge and guidance. To put an end to female infanticide and widow-burning, and to plant the seeds of reform and regeneration, have been the aims of true missionaries. Where Hinduism did not recognize any rights of self-determination for a woman, Christianity brought a Gospel of liberty to all those fettered in social bondage. . . . In short, everything that is being done now in the name of justice, kindness and reform is the reflection of the Christian spirit."—*Rev. B. R. Jivdayal,* in "The India Witness," Aug. 8, 1928.

"I want to say in the very clearest terms possible that the Church in India does want missionaries, as many as you can send. It is the missionary, the human being who lives and loves in the ordinary everyday life of Christ, that is always welcome. We want missionaries, Christ-like missionaries, who will come and live among us and identify themselves with us, who will share with us our joys and sorrows in the spirit of Christ."—*K. T. Paul.*

CHAPTER VI

WORRIES OF A MALGUZAR

While serving the pioneers of Texas and pondering over his future in India, Hagenstein hardly anticipated the multiple role he was destined to play in Chhattisgarh. That he would one day be classed with minor rulers of India probably never entered his mind. The word *malguzar* means village-owner, a large land holder, or a village headman. A *malguzar* may either own many villages, or be only a share holder in one village.

Rev. J. Huber, chairman of the Board for Foreign Missions, sent an encouraging letter in which he assured Hagenstein of the Board's complete confidence in his ability and worthiness to undertake the difficult task of founding a new mission station. Neither the missionary, nor they, were fully aware of the huge burden which the purchase of the village placed on his shoulders. This venture was quite different from that in Bisrampur, which was still uninhabited when O. Lohr purchased it to begin a Christian settlement. Parsabhader had 232 inhabitants (of whom about 50 were Hindus and the others Satnami Chamars). These tenants were taken over by the mission with the village. There was no choice in the matter and a motley mob they were. During the first year, while the mission was only a lease-holder of the village, Hagenstein's eyes were opened to their degraded and depraved moral condition. Rupdhar, the former malguzar, who for

one year after Hagenstein's arrival continued to be owner, was altogether successful in sowing discord and evil. And the crop ripened fast. Conditions were so unbearable that a number of farmers left to seek a home elsewhere. Many disagreeable incidents took place during this first year, suggestive of what must have taken place in previous years also. A child was murdered by its parents who did not want to keep it. A second case of infanticide soon followed. A husband was poisoned by his wife who desired to "make another man," as their idiom terms the marriage act. A woman's leg was broken by her worthless son, who gave her a beating for using abusive language. During one year six men broke the monotony of life by freely exchanging wives. One villager "made a fifth wife" in three years—the other four he allowed voluntarily, or involuntarily, to link up with other men. Two young married women left their husbands, and, contrary to the usual formal custom, went into the houses of two other men in broad daylight, impertinently ordering the newly "made husbands" to put away their legal wives, and accept them in their places. Hagenstein's remonstrances were in vain. They refused to leave their newly acquired husbands. (Companionate marriages are not a discovery of modern America. Heathenism experimented with trial marriages years ago and failed.) Naturally all these matrimonial exchanges involved the most intricate financial troubles and quarrels, for in each case some one had paid a marriage dowry when the

first marriage took place. Some of the problems have never been untangled.

Judging from all the complaints brought against the old *malguzar,* one would almost conclude that he was evil personified. Hagenstein considered him extremely lazy, careless, and unjust. These vices alone were sufficient to make him an undesirable village-headman. As such he frequently collected rents twice from the illiterate farmers without giving receipts, and when complaints were instituted against him, he employed false witnesses to have himself declared innocent. Once he secretly hired some rascals to set fire to the houses and grain stacks of two tenants whom he wanted to squeeze out of the village in order to confiscate their land. In financial matters he deceived the mission twice. He represented the amount of collectible rents to be far greater than was actually the case, and when asking the mission to assume all indebtedness of the farmers, he declared that the amount was only one hundred rupees, but inquiry revealed that it was actually four hundred. Hagenstein paid the amount and gradually recovered the larger portion of it from the debtors.

The first year was indeed a trying one for the new *malguzar.* He was annoyed almost daily by his predecessor, who insisted on visiting in his tent. In desperation Hagenstein offered him eighty rupees for all his buildings and asked him to leave the village. He agreed and invited himself to stay in the home of his brother who owned a village several

miles away. His bad reputation was left behind, but evil refused to sever relationship with him. He took along one outstanding characteristic, treachery, and three less famous characters, a trio of wives. This combination almost brought him to the brink of complete destruction. He became implicated in the murder of a Pathan money lender and was found guilty. Hagenstein interceded for him. Sentence was reduced to two years imprisonment. Two of his wives soon died; the third followed him during his checkered career as a wandering chief without a kingdom. While in jail he became a Christian. A few years after his release he became a dealer in skins and hides, rejoined the Satnami caste and died a backslider.

Hagenstein had a free hand when the village was purchased outright a year after he arrived there. He now faced the task of undoing the evil of past generations, of instituting order where chaos prevailed, and restoring a dilapidated village. As *malguzar* he was to dispense justice, to help safeguard labor, homes, and life, to battle with evil customs resting on century old traditions. All this he undertook without recourse to courts, without moral support from outside and little from within the village. There were few precedents to guide him, few model villages which one could imitate. He would not resort to force or any of the coercive measures usually employed by the less scrupulous *malguzar*. Oppression to compel obedience found no place in his constructive program. He had to establish a repu-

tation to demonstrate what in his opinion a just headman should be—not an easy matter where previously deceit and suspicion perverted most transactions and relationships.

This *malguzari* system prevailing in certain parts of India had come down from the days of petty kings, when conquered villages, estates and even small principalities were handed out by victorious kings or generals to those who rendered special help in warfare, distinguished themselves in battle, or showed benevolent neutrality by not interfering in campaigns of expansion. The first aim of most recipients was to accumulate wealth. Subordinates were frequently appointed to manage the villages. Abuses took place, followed by retaliation on the part of the victimized farmers. But innocence was seldom the exclusive monopoly of one party, nor guilt the exclusive crime of the other. The system is in fact a survival of feudalism, analogous to the feudalism of Europe down to the French Revolution.

Although the government leaves the village management very much to the discretion of the *malguzar*, the latter is governed by countless written and unwritten or traditional laws and customs, many of which are highly complicated. It required continued vigilance on the part of Hagenstein to guard the mission's rights and privileges. His primary duty toward the government was two-fold: to pay taxes and to control the *kotwal*. Parsabhader village was required to pay 154 rupees in

taxes annually. From the farmers he collected an average of 180 rupees a year. To collect these rents from the farmers always was, and continues to be, a disagreeable task. Even though the average is only sixteen cents per acre, they have that peculiar farmer's disease which makes them feel that any tax is exhorbitant. Even though all rents are not received regularly from the tenants, the *malguzar* must pay to the government treasury the assessed amount on fixed dates. Only through a law suit can a negligent farmer be compelled to pay, and arrears for three years only can be collected. Should a farmer refuse to obey court orders regarding payment, the land is then assigned to the *malguzar*. To avoid the red tape of a law suit, *malguzars* frequently apply their own methods to compel a delinquent to pay. In Parsabhader five men own twelve to twenty-five acres each, the other fifty-five farmers possess an average of only four acres each. Of the 579 acres comprising this village, three hundred and thirty acres are held by tenants, fifty acres are common grazing land, the village occupies about twenty acres, one hundred and fifty acres are cultivated by the mission, and the complex of mission buildings occupies ten acres.

The "kotwal," or village peon, is the connecting link with government in ordinary matters. He must report all births, deaths, thefts, robberies, and all movements of strangers and guests to and from the village. Epidemics among the people or animals must also be noted. Once a week, or when urgency

requires it, daily, reports are taken to the Baloda Bazar police headquarters.

The rights of Hagenstein, who held the village in trust for the mission, were so varied that it was no easy matter for him to retain them as a newcomer. It required no little firmness to assert all just claims over against unscrupulous tenants. The following were his more important privileges as *malguzar*:

1. To inherit all land left by owners without heirs.

2. To sell any land thus inherited, or land acquired, through a court decree for non-payment of taxes.

3. To claim all trees on field boundaries. Considering this an unjust law or custom, he allowed farmers to claim trees on their fields and boundaries —but none could be cut down without his permission.

4. To collect grazing fees and one rupee a year water-tax from the twelve or fifteen families who possessed no land. He did not collect these amounts.

5. To demand two days' free labor annually from the same families. This demand was not enforced.

6. To receive one day's work with a pair of animals from each farmer—usually to plow the field during the rush season.

7. To refuse land sales to others. A *malguzar* retains the right of first option.

8. To refuse permission for outsiders to settle in the village.

9. To claim vacant buildings of which the value was under fifty rupees.

As malguzar he was under obligation to observe the following:

1. Prevent fruit trees from being felled, as they supply food in famine time.

2. To sell none of the 150 acres of land in his name without the government's consent.

3. Never to claim ownership to a tenant's land, on which the latter paid annual rent.

4. To give every tenant a plot of ground for house, farm buildings and thrashing floor.

5. To allow legal heirs to inherit landrights.

6. To pay rent on all land acquired by court orders from delinquent farmers.

7. To be concerned about the sanitation of the village.

8. To prevent curtailment of, or encroachment upon, grazing land.

Repeatedly it was necessary to call the farmers and others before his office verandah in order to have the County Magistrate remind them that kindness on the part of a Christian malguzar did not imply the privilege of impertinence on their part. Again and again he was compelled to interfere when farmer A was extending his field boundaries at the expense of his neighbor B—even though B did the same to C last year, and will try it again in the

future. This crime is usually committed when repairing the embankments of the rice fields—the encroachment may amount to only nine or ten inches a year, but it always leads to disagreeable altercations. Stealing water from another man's field was another cause for trouble. Each farmer was naturally concerned about his rice field boundaries (narrow earth embankments, one to two feet high), behind which water was impounded to assure a good crop. A small breach could cause a loss of all the water in one night. After dark the owner of an adjacent field might secretly create a small opening or even puncture the embankment with a pole below the water level, where only an experienced eye could detect the leakage. Stealing grass from public or private property was a common offense. Because wood was very costly, trees also were stolen frequently. One time it would be done to procure a log for building purposes, another time only one large branch would be removed to shape a plow, or again a tanner cut away so much bark that the tree would die. To catch the culprit was seldom possible. Frequently bark was chipped away for medicinal purposes. This secret wanton destruction of useful and beautiful trees aroused the ire of Hagenstein, whose training in youth taught him to consider every tree a friend. When reprimanded for being so destructive to trees, the villagers invariably replied: "Such is the character of this country's people," as if they, the speakers, were angels from another realm. He induced a few of the more enlightened and ener-

getic men to plant trees from which they might procure the necessary wood for cart wheel and plows and fire material. They did so, only to find that most of them became the spoil of thieves.

Quarrels occupied much of the villagers' time. The women were particular masters of the art. They still tell of his several visits to the village at night with lantern in one hand and a cane in the other for the purpose of quieting these storms. Settling quarrels was one of his most disagreeable tasks. He was more intolerant of the idle than of idols. In season and out of season he reminded them that idleness was eating them up. One of the many quarrels may be related in detail. A few children died during the hot weather of 1913. Gossip soon supplied the cause. A certain woman was declared to be the guilty witch, whose evil power could cause death. A crowd brought her to Hagenstein with the request that she be declared guilty and forced out of the village. He pronounced her innocent. The angry accusers became sullen. A few days later her husband's cattle died. Another week passed and their house was destroyed by fire. They understood the meaning of it all, secretly they gave their land to the malguzar and fled from the village. It was never possible to prove the guilt of the suspected ringleaders.

In his effort to raise the tenants economically he frequently loaned them money, or in the sowing season, seed-grain, always without taking interest. This he did to rescue them from the clutches of the

money and grain lenders, who demanded exhorbitant interest, often fifty to a hundred percent. His goodness was woefully abused. Cash loans were asked for and secretly loaned again to others at a high rate of interest. Or, money was borrowed under the pretense of purchasing animals wherewith to cultivate their fields, and then squandered on wedding or other festivities. Others took grain loans, apparently to sow their fields, and then ate or sold the grain. A few contracted huge debts in Baloda Bazar and, contrary to law, pledged their land as security. The court grants the creditor a decree to take a debtor's crops or movable property only, never his land. Hagenstein concluded rightly that most Chhattisgarhis were experts in making debts without worrying how to repay them. When asked what it would all lead to, they calmly replied: "Dekha jaega" (we shall see). Some farmers had the impertinence to stand before him and request a loan of five rupees while gold earrings worth twenty to forty rupees were dangling from their earlobes. Occasionaly an honest farmer would come and deposit his ornaments as security when asking for a loan. One debtor offered his animals and cart to repay a loan. Soon other creditors came to press their claims. Hearing of this Hagenstein refused to accept them until the debtor agreed to pay all creditors equally. He would accept no more than his proportionate share. Is it any wonder that he writes in despair: "They are always in need and will continue to be so until they experience a change

of heart. To be a malguzar brings one much trouble and little income."

Several farmers were so deeply in debt that they were persecuted by the money lenders and were afraid to be seen in Baloda Bazar, where their creditors lived. When a collector came to the village, they would decamp until he had disappeared. Not a few sold their grain secretly at night, so that it would not be taken from them by force. In 1910 Hagenstein reports: "Brahmin astrologers have declared this hot season auspicious for marriages. Money and time are being wasted far beyond their means.—Poor people are consequently becoming poorer and more heavily indebted. Celebrate they will, cost what it may, even if the next generation must continue to pay a high rate of interest on the borrowed money."

Hagenstein soon discovered another weakness of character which nullified the value and purpose of loans, namely an inherent laziness which to them was second only to a future heavenly bliss. He made a commendable offer to let any one have large garden plots of rich soil rent-free for as many years as they would continue to raise vegetables. A well in the midst of the plots would supply all the water needed for necessary irrigation. The products could be sold at a good price in the market of Baloda Bazar. A diligent gardener would be able to earn as much as the average farmer. But not one person accepted the offer. Their disinclination to work and activity reminds one of the Sanskrit proverb:

"Walking is better than running—sitting is better than walking—lying better than sitting—sleeping better than lying—to die better than only sleep."

He decided to stop giving loans. A scarcity of crops soon drove the villagers to his office again with the plea for seed rice. They were reminded of his decision and asked to seek grain loans from the wealthy farmers who had a sufficient amount to supply them. Their pleading continued, even though he assured them that he also had reaped only a meager harvest and needed grain for his orphans and seed. Knowing his sympathetic heart, they quoted one of their proverbs: "Even though there is no milk in the mother's breast, yet the babe continues to suckle." He remained firm and actually stopped loaning money and grain. "It is no use. For sixteen years I gave you loans without interest. You should have worked more, managed better and prospered. The fact that you did not save even the uncollected interest is a proof that my help was useless. All the loans you received did not result in any help on my part."

What was the result? My conviction is that now, eighteen years later, there is much less indebtedness and much more effort on their part to be industrious because of Hagenstein's policy. It had a corrective and salutary effect. The majority learned to become more independent, and to help themselves. Only a small shiftless minority lost almost all they ever possessed. Injudicious charity would have resulted in a much larger number.

Both non-Christians and Christians were always treated alike in all village matters. Hagenstein's keen sense of justice commanded it. No non-Christian has ever accused him of partiality to Christians. On the contrary, he was more severe with the latter, because they were expected to be an example to others. Nor did he take advantage of his position as malguzar to gain converts among the village people. When the question came before the Conference of missionaries and the Board in America whether or not another village should be purchased in the interest of furthering mission work, he forwarded a clear statement of his opinion in the matter: "I cannot agree to purchase another village for a Christian settlement. Let converts remain in their own villages. Let us not hold out hope to them that they may expect even a small building plot, or land at a reduced price. To concentrate them in a few villages hinders the spread of the Gospel. Rather than spend money on another village, invest the amount in school work, which is much more profitable. It is not a persecution of new converts that worries me, but rather the character and behavior of present converts. Only the very few who are actually persecuted should be given refuge temporarily—and when extremely necessary, permanently, after a thorough investigation has been made —'for the larger portion of India can lie awfully.' "

His work as malguzar has not been in vain. Were the spirits of Rupdhar and his three wives to return, they would not recognize their former habi-

tation. The plot on which their house and outbuildings stood is now a playground. Many evils of their day have grown perceptibly less, and not a few have ceased completely to exist. No one finds it necessary to flee from the village for safety. On the contrary, it is necessary to prevent others from settling here. Hagenstein's patience and example were not in vain.

CHAPTER VII

AND HE KEPT THEM ALIVE IN FAMINE

A year after Parsabhader station was opened, a series of crop failures, scarcity years, and famine followed in rapid succession. Hagenstein was called upon to face tasks which were to test his ability and tax his strength to the utmost. Between 1895 and 1901, and again in 1908 both officials and missionaries were called upon to cope with situations of the most serious kind, because so large an area and so many people were affected. Ordinarily Chhattisgarh exports daily train loads of rice after harvest time, but during these years it was necessary to import rice to prevent starvation. In Chhattisgarh Division between sixty-five and seventy percent of the total land area under cultivation is sown with rice, which forms the primary diet in this area. Rice crop failures are usually due to an insufficiency of rain during the rice growing months, June to October—or, to be more exact, they are due to an unequal distribution of rains covering this period. The average rainfall these four months is forty-four inches. When received at more or less regular intervals during the period of rice growth even thirty inches are sufficient for a good harvest. But sixty inches may not give a fair return, if the water does not come when most needed. Thus, for instance, the large Seonath river flowing through this area was in flood seven different times during July and Au-

gust, 1896, yet only three inches of rain fell in September and none in October, when rains are needed to fill the rice hulls with milk. Less than one-third of the average crop was obtained. This lack of water in the latter part of the rainy season also prevented the soil from becoming fully saturated with sufficient water to assure the necessary moisture for the fall crops during the post-rainy season, such as wheat, pulses, grams, and other leguminous crops.

In 1895 Hagenstein cultivated the Parsabhader mission land for the first time. It was a disheartening experience, as the crop averaged less than one-fourth the usual amount. He kept the whole crop as seed for the following year. In surrounding areas the harvest was no better. Then came the monsoon winds in June, 1896, with refreshing rains in abundance. Hopeful for a good season, Hagenstein and the villagers sowed all fields as usual. During July the outlook was promising, money and labor were spent in order to weed the fields properly. Then the rains ceased almost completely during September. None came in October. For the majority of farmers, who live from hand to mouth, this meant calamity. Seed rice was lost; the surplus was eaten up; spare money had been invested in the purchase of animals and in weeding; for many there was no reserve of cash or grain to draw upon. The few who had grain stored in their houses found it necessary to remain awake and watch all night, lest it be stolen. "People are in great fear, they say: 'If we have something it will be stolen and we will die—

if we have nothing we will also die.' The crop failure means a loss of over 4,000 rupees to the village." Government now applied its simple method of ascertaining whether or not assistance must be given. In order at the same time to determine the area and extent of scarcity or famine conditions, famine works were opened in the various affected localities; road-building, tank (pond) digging, tank repairing was undertaken and one and a half to two annas (three to 4 cents) daily pay offered. This amount would be merely sufficient to keep body and soul together. If the need were actual, and people really hungry, they would avail themselves of the opportunity to earn even this small sum. By February, 1897, 106,000 persons were employed in Raipur District on public relief work, seven percent of the population; eight poor houses, twenty-five famine camps, and forty-nine famine kitchens were in operation.

In normal years rice could be purchased very reasonably, thirty-six pounds for one rupee (about one cent per pound), now Hagenstein had to be satisfied with only fifteen pounds per rupee. To relieve the situation in the village by giving the hungering ones an opportunity to earn some money, he had a very necessary tank excavated and a well dug on the edge of the village. But people began to arrive from all directions, believing that food would be supplied wherever there was a white man. As the season advanced conditions grew worse. The wealthy suffered with the poor, for without crop

sales the latter could not repay their debts to the former. Three neighboring villages changed ownership within a few weeks. The malguzars could not repay their debts and were compelled to sell. Former malguzars appeared in the ranks of the hungry at Parsabhader. A sixty year old widow of a malguzar carried manure daily to earn her food. But sufficient funds from the homeland were not forthcoming. "My hands, the cash box, the granary are empty. I plead with the people to go away, to leave me, but they answer: 'We can die here as well as elsewhere.' They are only skin and bones; send help quickly, don't delay." Deaths became frequent. Coolies who were employed to bury the dead robbed the corpses of the new burial cloth Hagenstein had supplied and buried them in their old loin cloth or even naked.

Parsabhader villagers went to Baloda Bazar to pawn or sell their vessels, cooking utensils, animals, carts, farm implements in order to procure food. Fodder became so scarce and animals so cheap that sales ceased. No merchant or money lender would loan money with a crop failure before them. One old man from Parsabhader took a bundle of wood on his head to sell in the market. He was offered only one-seventh of a cent in cowrie shells, the primitive currency of long ago. He threw both the wood and cowrie shells in the dust and came back to Hagenstein in tears. Merchants in Baloda Bazar were closing their stores, since no one had money to buy. It was the first time Hagenstein had ever seen

people willing to work for one cent and a half a day (normal pay was six to eight cents). Pilfering and thieving increased. In Baloda Bazar his school fence was stolen and sold. In Parsabhader the cloth was stolen from the altar. All over the District were hungry people who stole merely to find a way into prison where food was assured. The Raipur jail was soon full. Attendance in all Hagenstein's mission schools dwindled down to almost nothing; children with empty stomachs could not study.

Unfortunately unprincipled police took advantage of the peoples' poverty and were often guilty of injustice and oppression. It became so odious to Hagenstein that he sent a written complaint to the British superintendent of police at Raipur, who transferred the Indian police inspector from Baloda Bazar as punishment. Parsabhader people were leaving for distant cities to secure work. "They offer to become Christians, but I will accept no one now. Their motive, like that of outsiders, for wanting to become Christians is repugnant to me. Their mental attitude in the matter is simply: 'It is unpleasant that we must submit to fate and offer to become Christians, but alas, the only alternative before us is baptism or death.'" They felt assured that the mission would not allow any Christian to die of starvation, but of religious conviction they had not a trace.

He reminded his own villagers that they had some conception of the Christian message and should first repent and behave properly before desiring

baptism. Collectively they were ready to admit that the famine was one of God's means of calling them to repentance, but individually not one of them was willing to show any signs of serious introspection. On the contrary, they shocked Hagenstein with their arguments. He termed it blasphemy. They said: "If we sin, which in our opinion is doubtful, then God is to blame himself; why does he cause us to sin? God is a deceiver; first he makes us sin, and now he punishes us for committing sin."

In December he reports that jackals and ownerless dogs are dragging parts of corpses into the village. A month later forty Parsabhader men and women left the village for other parts of India. Tea garden agents took advantage of the situation and lured the hungering ones away to Assam as coolies for the tea estates. Each of them received food, money and clothing as advance payment, after signing an agreement to labor three to four years.

Government was in no wise idle in organizing relief work in the affected areas, but was experiencing difficulty with natives who were in charge of the camps and relief work. Not only were many of them untrustworthy, but they were frequently very unmerciful to their own fellow countrymen. Weaklings were compelled to work, when hardly able to stand; strong men and women were classified as invalids and were allowed to draw food portions without labor. Officials approached Hagenstein with the request that he assume responsibility for a famine camp in Parsabhader to be financed by government

funds. Like Rev. Lohr, Stoll, Gass and other missionaries, he agreed to do so, with a resultant multiplication of duties and worries. Conscientious as he was, he was not content to delegate supervision of the work to subordinates; in fact, he often complained that the dishonesty of helpers made the work unnecessarily difficult and trying.

Whole groups continued to come from various villages and declared themselves willing to become Christians. Invariably he told them: "Very well, come to church regularly; after each service for a year or two I will give you instruction, and then you may volunteer for baptism." Of course, none of them returned to attend services. "I don't give aid to cause people to become Christians," he said in explaining his policy, "but to relieve their suffering. Christ showed no partiality when feeding the 5,000 —nor do I; all who are in actual need shall receive aid while food and funds last."

With government aid Hagenstein was soon employing and feeding an average of a thousand persons a day. As the hot season advanced the situation grew more pitiful. "It is a terrible sight; while they stand in line, five watchmen with whips in hand must control them—I find it necessary to carry a cane myself, for many are like mad. They rob food from the children, or attempt to get in line a second time after changing their clothes as if they were new arrivals. Some must be thrashed to be kept in order, else the work would end in confusion. The stronger ones are compelled to do some work; nat-

urally a few curse me for this. Some could die with curses and lies flowing from their lips, and think nothing of it. We must also watch the weak, old and crippled as they leave with their small allowance of rice, lest stronger ones steal it from them. Several times starving victims could not wait until the rice brought from the famine kitchen had cooled off; they put their hands into the hot rice pots and scalded them."

The August number of the "Cosmopolitan" of 1897 contained pictures and pleas for aid to stem the tide of starvation. Funds and food soon flowed to India from America. Our Mission alone received sixty-nine tons of grain and 30,000 rupees in cash. Much of this came through the "Christian Herald" fund. A Methodist church in Texas sent Hagenstein seventy rupees. A Lutheran pastor, also in Texas, sent him a liberal gift. Government supplemented its cash and rice relief with large shipments of blankets for the poor, the sick and invalids—for the cool season was now coming on. In fact all missionaries have only words of praise for all efforts put forth by the government at large, and the local British officials in particular, to alleviate suffering and relieve hunger. This famine of 1897 cost the government of India ten million dollars, a large amount when we consider that in those days two cents a day could feed one person.

The following rainy season was more favorable. Many laborers gradually left the famine camps and relief works to return to their houses for the culti-

vation of their fields. Only the very weak and aged remained several months longer. The strain was too much for Hagenstein. In October he became ill and was fortunately persuaded to go to Raipur and be with friends. Here he was deathly ill four weeks with intermittent fever. High fever caused a delirious condition for seven days. Recovery took place but slowly.

The commissioner of Chhattisgarh Division sent him a letter of thanks for all information and help given to the government during the famine. The Governor of the Central Provinces also sent this personal letter of appreciation:

"Dear Sir:

I am sorry not to have had an opportunity of expressing to you personally my sense of gratitude, which both the government and the people owe to you for your devoted work during the late famine. I know that in what you did, you were actuated by higher motives than the desire of praise from those in authority, but I ask you to accept my thanks for the great assistance which you have rendered by your efforts to the officers engaged in combating the famine.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully, (*Sir*) *C. J. Lyall.*"

The rice crops of November, 1897, and 1898 were fair, but the failure of rains during the summer of 1899 again caused a famine more terrible than the previous one, from which farmers had not yet fully

recuperated. They could not pay taxes; the government consequently suspended payment until a more hopeful future would make it possible for them to do so. The famine area was much larger than the previous times, covering almost three-fifths of India and affecting directly sixty million people. In August, 1899, people began to clamor for help. Hagenstein told them to leave, as he had harvested nothing himself, and received the fatalistic answer: "If you can't feed us you will at least bury us." He at once wrote to America for seed, food and money for clothing. "Oh, this waiting, this uncertainty, this terrible suspense! Can one expect help or not? It makes the burden doubly heavy to bear. In case you can send nothing I shall write to personal friends, or sell the few possessions I have and do whatever I can to relieve the situation. Many are now before my door in dire need; if not soon fed, fifty of them will be on the edge of the grave in a few days."

He sent a request to the Deputy Commissioner at Raipur for financial aid to carry on necessary relief work and received the following reply: "I am quite willing to give you funds both for a kitchen and to dig a tank (pond), if you on your part are willing to work on government lines and can promise that this relief will not be used as an occasion to convert the children or adult workers." Hagenstein's reply is characteristic of his frankness and firmness: "I thank you for your willingness to offer funds for relief work and am willing to submit to government regulations regarding the payments of wages, etc.

But if you wish that I promise not to speak to the famine workers or the children about the word and will of God, nor of Jesus Christ our Saviour, I must say that I can not make such a promise. Nor should any missionary doing relief work bind himself thus. But I can promise that I will force no one to listen to me, and not to preach so long as to interfere with their work or meal. I am not rash in baptizing. During the previous famine I had liberal help from America which I could distribute just as I pleased, but thus far I have baptized none of those who received help, not even any of the orphans admitted into the orphanage." No answer and no help was forthcoming from that official, perhaps because he was transferred and replaced by another. Several months later his successor took the initiative and approached Hagenstein with an official request to aid the government.

In the meantime help was coming from America. In May, 1900, several state governors called on the public to send liberal aid to India. Some of this also reached our missionaries.

Hagenstein was responsible for twenty-six neighboring villages, whose needy persons were to come to Parsabhader for work and food. Daily 1,200 to 1,400 were given uncooked rice which they might prepare themselves, while another hundred who were too weak to cook were fed from the famine kitchen. While driving to Baloda Bazar one day he saw two starving men throw themselves before his oxcart, saying: "Drive over us, it is better to die

now than to suffer and die later." Along the road he saw starving ones eat weeds and dry leaves. In many villages there was not sufficient water for man, still less for animals. Often villagers were compelled to walk miles for their daily supply of drinking water.

Here and there cholera broke out. He called in teachers from his various mission schools to assist with relief work and in carrying medicines to the villages stricken with cholera. Brahmins, priests and sorcerers, the idle rich, were driven to Parsabhader to appease their hunger. They also were compelled to perform some work before receiving food. It was a hard blow to their dignity, for never before had their hands been defiled by working. A mud wall was built around the boys' orphanage, which Hagenstein called the Brahmin wall, because only men of this high caste contributed the labor. Without performing some work assigned to him no able-bodied person, not even a man of high caste, received food. To those of the Brahmin caste he paid double wages, or required less work—but the dignity of labor they had to learn. None of them, moreover, received grain for cash unless they carried it away themselves—another blow to false dignity. They bowed down to the inevitable, only to shift the load to the shoulders of a servant, once they were out of the unrelenting missionary's sight. In not a few cases it was not starvation that caused death, but over-eating. Almost mad with hunger emaciated victims who had come great distances were so

famished that their weakened and frail bodies could not tolerate a full meal. There were not sufficient experienced helpers to attend to each individual case.

In the whole Raipur District the government had 2,700 kitchens or centers for the distribution of food; 660,000 persons, or forty-two percent of the entire population of the District, were receiving meals or grain. "A condition absolutely unprecedented in any previous Indian famine," was the government's verdict.

Seven years later, 1907, was declared a scarcity year. The official report revealed only one-fourth to one-third of the normal crop. "Now many of the people," Hagenstein wrote back to America, "are again sitting with empty hands and stomachs. It wears one down to be continually stormed by hungering crowds when there is no sufficient grain and money to aid them all. As a Christian neighbor I can't lock my heart to their needs. Please have the friends in America send money quickly, don't tarry." Help was sent.

During these recurring famines Hagenstein asked himself repeatedly why more wealthy Indians did not give financial aid to relieve the situation, and why so few of them rendered personal service. Only isloated cases of liberal aid came to his notice. Others asked the same question. In January, 1901, the New York Times correspondent at Simla wrote to America as follows: "Wealthy, educated Hindus are ever on hand at any meeting to condemn the 'British tyranny over a poverty stricken country,'

but few of them are ready to give a helping hand in famine relief, either through personal service or financially. But they are interested in saving the life of holy fish and alligators in the pond at Ahmedabad, which is in danger of going dry, and transporting them to a river in order to prevent their death."

A lonely palm tree, Ganeshpur, Bisrampur

"One of the gravest blots on the Hindu religion is the practice of dedicating girls and women to Hindu gods. It appears that on July 2, 1928, in Ahmednagar District at the village of Sakuri, the abode of one named Upasani, three persons of the ages of twenty, ten and sixteen, the first one a wife, and the other two daughters of two individual fathers, were dedicated to the said man Upasani as a 'Stri-Dan' (woman gift) and 'Kanya-Dan' (virgin-gift) by the respective husband and fathers. Can, in the year of grace, 1928, a Brahmin, in the name of his 'Gurudom' (capacity as religious leader) receive human female offerings to be used by him, God knows how? And whether a husband or a father can with impunity in the name of religion, dispose of human female souls as chattels, namely a wife and two daughters (at least one of them admittedly a minor)?"

—*M. W. Pradhan,* in "Times of India," July 17, 1928.

Blessed the man who can weep over the loss of a boy friend,—other than his own son.—*D.*

CHAPTER VIII

ORPHANS FIND REFUGE — AND A FATHER

Having been an orphan himself, Hagenstein had deep sympathy for the Indian orphans. The 1897 and 1900 famines brought him more children than he was inclined to accept. He made no effort to detain any who found their way to him alone in search of food and shelter. No widow, widower or guardian was persuaded to part with children, even when they were inclined to do so. In spite of the large number left on his hands, he told none to leave. While there was a sufficient supply of food and money, he was willing to care for them. Only after the children had been in the orphanage for several months, did he enter their names in the register of permanent inmates, for it happened in a number of cases that parents or guardians had fled from Parsabhader, secretly leaving their children behind, knowing that they would be well cared for. When their own condition improved later on, a number of the parents returned to claim their children again. Several times parents resorted to trickery by sending children to the missionary alone with instructions to tell him that their parents had died. Frequently only boys were sent and girls were kept back by relatives or guardians, who hoped to reap a cash profit, when later on these girls would be asked for by prospective bridegrooms. No less than 170 chil-

dren were in the orphanage after the second famine in 1900. He very wisely and carefully had each child reported to the police station, lest unknown persons come later to claim them, often for no other reason than to use them as servants.

Several mothers died in the famine camp leaving small babies to be cared for. These he placed in the hands of village women, who succeeded in raising a number of them for him. A few of them are still alive.

Most of the famine waifs were in a wretched condition, under-nourished, infected with skin and eye diseases, untrained and undisciplined, as most children of the lower classes are. Later not a few of them developed symptoms of venereal diseases. Upon the child's arrival, it was sent to the creek with the caretaker, who removed and burned any clothes the child might possess, cut its hair short to make the vermin homeless and gave the child a thorough bath with soap. Some of the famine children devoured the soap before the caretaker could finish with their bath. On their way to Parsabhader several children had to cross swollen streams, and merciless ferrymen took the last piece of cloth from their bodies, presumably as pay. Each of the newcomers was supplied with new wearing apparel. The weaker ones, and there were many of them, were supplied with a daily portion of milk. One girl refused to drink it, and spit it into his face. Hagenstein asked her why she did so, and received the reply: "I used to do it to my parents." Impertinence

and disrespect were vices which caused him much anxiety for many years. He jokingly called the offenders "jungly jackals."

Previous to 1897, there were few children in the orphanage, and the large number of famine waifs brought an over supply of heathen atmosphere, which was difficult to counteract. Their background was anything but elevating. When they are taught in tender childhood to use vile language, when Satnami parents observe the custom even to this day of not only approving, but even encouraging small children to use filthy abusive language when speaking to them, each other, or even to guests as pastime and entertainment, one can not be surprised that Hagenstein found most of those over nine and ten years of age morally rotten. Innocence in the girls was woefully lacking. An Indian pastor was once discussing the age limit above which no children should be admitted into an orphange for fear of ruining the others. I mentioned nine for boys and ten for girls. "You can't find an innocent, pure girl over the age of nine years," was his verdict.

In October, 1928, a leader of the Jain religious organization in North India was called before the "Age of Consent Committee," appointed by the Government, with reference to his opinion on the enactment of a law to raise the marriage age for girls. In the course of his evidence he said: "A Sanskrit medical authority declares that an Indian girl should marry at twelve, else there was danger of her becoming a bad character." Twelve years after the

last great famine a neighboring Mennonite missionary told Hagenstein: "In future we shall admit no orphans over ten years of age. We make this decision due to sad and disappointing experiences in the past." To this Hagenstein remarks: "I also will be more careful in the future, and drive away the older ones who are evil, for they do immense harm."

These facts must be stated, not only in order fully to make clear the crude, inferior raw material he was compelled to work with, but also partly to explain later difficulties in maintaining discipline and developing character. Incidentally we may be reminded that the children came from parents characterized in previous chapters.

It was not an easy matter for our bachelor missionary to play the double role of father and mother for such a large group of emaciated children. Due to their weakened condition on arriving at his famine camp, considerable care and nourishing food were required to help them regain normal health. In not a few cases two and three years passed before they were fully restored. One little blind girl ate herself to death. After devouring her meal twice a day, she continued to eat weeds, dirt and leaves, as she had done before being brought to the orphanage. In spite of all nourishing food and tender care, the death rate was high the first few years. During the period of three years immediately after the second famine (1900-1902), thirty regularly enrolled orphans died—one-fourth of the total number. Few deaths occurred among those who lived through the

third post-famine year. Among those who came from the lower castes were found many whose mentality had been stunted as a result of opium fed to them in babyhood.

In establishing orphanages, Hagenstein achieved two definite purposes dear to his heart. Homeless and parentless waifs were brought under shelter and saved from death by hunger, at the same time they represented a permanent group of children whose training and education could be so arranged as to form a nucleus of loyal mission workers for a possible expansion of mission work in the future. This second idea prevailed at all times and remained uppermost in his mind when considering any and all plans of his orphanage work. Secondary purposes, valuable though they might be, were not neglected, neither were they stressed. One primary objective lay in the foreground of all orphanage work: service.

This idea of service was so deeply impressed upon the character of the institutions and their inmates, that many years will not be able to eradicate it. Its echo was heard on the past two Sundays when three couples, inmates of the orphanage twenty years ago, unexpectedly turned to the congregation while their children were being baptized and made this voluntary and impromptu statement: "God willing, our child shall be raised with the definite purpose of service in God's Kingdom. To this end we dedicate it here before His altar."

Over-confidence placed in several employees received from other mission stations was the cause of various disappointing experiences. Their apparently good development could not bear the precious load of trust placed upon them, while the character-foundation was still incomplete or even defective. Strong himself and without guile, Hagenstein overestimated their ability to accept the same high standard of altruistic responsibility and duty which one ordinarily expects to find in a true Christian. Moreover, frequent visits to their home villages disturbed the continuity of work unnecessarily. He consequently believed—and time proves him to have been correct in his assumption—that a group of workers trained in his own village would be cemented to him, to each other and the congregation to be, in a manner somewhat to eliminate these difficulties. This would also give him an opportunity to know the virtues and weaknesses of the individual workers thus to be developed, a great advantage in selecting them for the various spheres of activity in mission work. So well did he succeed in creating a sense of loyalty to Parsabhader station, that after his death a few of their number thought it cruel when circumstances caused us to consider their transfer to another area in our mission as advisable.

God graciously favored him in the orphanage work by directing a worthy man to Parsabhader from the Gossner Lutheran Mission in Ranchi who served as a reliable helper for twenty years. This Yohanna, so we are informed by those who knew

him best, "died a poor man," which, translated into the white man's language, means that he dealt honestly with his missionary and accumulated no "commission-money" at the expense of the orphans or the mission treasury, a virtue which not all Indian "housefathers" possess. At present two of his children are in the orphanage.

"Regarding food, clothing and education my orphans shall remain Indians"—this declared policy was based on a very practical purpose. They were to be trained in a manner that would enable them to live within the income which they ordinarily could expect to earn on leaving the orphanage. In estimating this amount he erred on the side of a minimum rather than a maximum salary, and life in the orphange was correspondingly plain and simple. India is burdened with an overabundance of educated young men and women who have unfortunately allowed a false pride to wean them away from the tasks of ordinary village life, and have estranged themselves from their less fortunate illiterate family members. Unable to re-adapt themselves to home conditions, they become parasites rather than apostles of service and pioneers in uplift-work. Hagenstein therefore performed a just duty toward the orphans by adhering to all Indian customs not harmful to health or contradictory to the spirit of the Gospel. A remark made to them so frequently that it has impressed itself indelibly on their memory merits repetition here: "I don't want you to become ornamental babus, puffed up with pride,

white collar gentlemen avoiding manual labor, but humble workers in the service of your fellow-men."

To prepare them for such a useful life he not only arranged to give them a Hindi education, but also employed instructors who were able to teach pupils of the upper classes Urdu and English. To prevent this superstructure from becoming topheavy and causing eventual collapse of one kind or another, he put forth special effort in supplying material for a strong character foundation. Daily Bible instruction in school was reenforced with Sunday school work and religious teaching on his own part. He spent many evenings among them after a hard day's work. He personally supervised this private religious instruction. They had to memorize many Bible stories, messianic prophecies, an outline of the life of Christ and a score of hymns. For two reasons he was relentless in demanding this memory work: to give them definite knowledge of the work of God and to prevent at least some mischief during idle hours by keeping their minds occupied. "God resents mental laziness and wasted hours as much as stealing money," he was wont to tell them. This personal contact and supervision while teaching religion was not in vain. Again and again it caused a boy or a girl to come to his office with the desire for advice and help in spiritual matters. Spending an average of eight to twelve years in this school for life's work, they could not remain wholly unresponsive to his tireless effort to give them a godly outlook upon life and the world.

Suleman, buried alive in famine, rescued, now a teacher

Above—Orphan boys of yesterday and today, tallest man in center background is Ibrahim, referred to in text pages
Below—Christmas meal of Parsabhader congregation (old and new church)

Hagenstein's method was to teach by example as much as by precept. "He always did first what he asked others to do," testify the young men who received their training in the orphange. Each boy and girl took turns in sweeping, fetching water, and other daily routine tasks. In case of illness, older ones were delegated to nurse the patients, and no one was excused from doing even the most menial task for them. The girls lived in separate quarters some distance away from the boys. School sessions were held from 7 to 12 in the morning; in the afternoon all were compelled to work. Both boys and girls helped with weeding in the garden and rice fields. Manure was carried to the fields in baskets, leaves and grass were gathered to cover leaking roofs. During the harvest time school was closed two weeks and all children were sent to the fields to aid the reapers. Older girls helped with the cooking of meals, and older boys assisted with ploughing, or the selling of books, tracts and Bibles. They were all taught to sew, boys seeming to learn the art faster and better than the girls. To this day Parsabhader fathers do more family tailoring than their wives. The girls were taught to do fancy work, much of which was sold in America. Teaching the value and dignity of labor was by no means an easy task. Most of them now confess that they entered the orphanage with the firm impression that it would be a miniature Chhattisgarhi heaven on earth, where one never needed to worry or work; where eating and sleeping would be the order of the

day; and only to make one's wishes known, was to have them realized.

Such was the mission fame during famine years. When one of the boys was instructed to aid the shepherd several hours he gave the impertinent reply: "I did not come here to work, but to be fed. Friends in America pay for my upkeep." Another was more serious and foolish: "I did not come to work," he resentfully told his missionary, and received the answer: "But you have come to learn how to work." Defiantly he left the office with the threat: "I shall eat something and not work," a threat frequently and successfully used in Chhattisgarh to coerce parents. No threats could cause Hagenstein to alter his decision. That night the boy ate poisonous seeds (of the Oleander shrub) and died in agony the following morning — unrepentant. "He ate — and worked no more."

Lately twenty former orphan boys, now married, were asked to name the various reasons for which they were subjected to punishment. Here follows the list according to the seriousness of the offense: immorality, lying, stealing, using filthy language, laziness, disobedience, refusal to clean the rooms, striking others. One cannot but accept the assurance they make, that their missionary had not only a big heart but also a strong arm when punishing. He never punished without first making clear why it was being done. Nor did he ever pardon or forgive without some form of punishment: "I must punish, lest evil get the upper hand and ruin both

you and my work." Hagenstein was well aware that a penitent attitude was born less out of a spirit of remorse for the evil done, than out of a desire to escape the deserved punishment.

It was not only through the medium of secular and religious instruction, discipline and punishment that Hagenstein hoped to help bad children to become good, and the good to become better, but also through continued personal contact. Several times a day he visited both orphanges to see that all was well, and whenever time permitted he would remain and converse with the children. These social hours not only satisfied his own desire for affection and fellowship, but also fulfilled the purpose of rearranging the children's inherited and traditional outlook on life. He gave them vivid word pictures of great men, told of outstanding incidents in church and secular history, described conditions in Europe and America, and even laid bare much of his own past life. While informing them about America, he did not permit himself that doubtful expedient of picturing everything in America as perfect in contrast to the imperfections of India. He told them that students are not ashamed to work with their hands to earn their way through college, and that great men do manual labor; he also told them that some people rob and kill and that mobs lynch, that rotten eggs are sometimes thrown at political gatherings, that not all Christians are good examples, that some worship idols, especially the dollar; that God's Kingdom would prosper more in India, if all

Americans were more Christ-like, that pastors and members of the Foreign Mission Board labor hard to send gifts to India, and that the American government gives no money for the support of mission work. His sayings are well remembered:

"God never blesses laziness. The mission is no cow to be milked by lazy Indian Christians. He who does not work shall not eat, hence Americans don't want me to feed lazy people. At least earn your salt. He who does not chastise his child is its enemy. Fear God and get wisdom. Money sent to us is dedicated to God and is not ours to waste."

One peculiar incident is very vivid in the memory of the older orphans. One day there was no food for the 119 children; money was late in arriving from America (the days when churches sent benevolent money annually, instead of monthly); the rice granary was empty. He sent all the food from his own larder, and each child received a small portion. After a season of prayer, he assured them that God would send help on the morrow. The following morning his servant returned from the post office with a money order for 105 rupees from a friend in America. The ox tonga at once took him to Baloda Bazar, where the money order was cashed and sufficient provisions were purchased, until the arrival of the treasurer's check from America.

Before their marriage, orphans never received money for work done. Work, he taught them, was part of the training, a plain duty they owed to themselves and the mission, which was playing the role

of parents. Occasionally he gave each child a few annas and allowed them to accompany him to Baloda Bazar, where they might make purchases. This personal contact enabled him to observe closely each child individually, to observe virtues and abilities. At the close of their sojourn in the orphanage, he himself decided for what work each was best adapted, whether as teacher, evangelist, carpenter, farmer, mason or daily laborer.

As famine children are very susceptible to disease for several years after a famine period, the frequent cases of illness among the orphans often caused him anxiety. At such times he showed great tenderness. The tiny ones he would hold in his arms the whole night. When boys were seriously ill, he had them taken to his own room, where he nursed them himself. Many times during the cool nights of December and January he walked over to the boys' quarters to see that all the little ones were covered—and then to the locked gate of the girls' compound, where he called to the matron to see if all little girls were under cover. When a child had sore eyes, which occurred only too frequently, he was particularly considerate and solicitous. Having had eye-trouble himself, he knew how painful it could be. Each child with eye-infection received special food from his table. Several mischievous boys were once determined to have their share of special food also, even though they had no sore eyes. They devised the dangerous plan of rubbing an eye until it became extremely red from inflamation.

They received more than a mere supply of extra food: one boy lost the sight of his left eye as a result of his folly, and another had trouble the rest of his life in the eye which he had abused by irritation.

It was probably in 1899 when a serious epidemic, which remains a semi-mystery to this day, made its appearance among both the boys and girls. At that time there were between eighty and ninety children in the orphanages. One night a few of them began rolling to and fro on the floor, gnashed their teeth, became unconscious, apparently losing all sense of feeling, their jaws set, hands and feet cold, some of them groaning and screaming. It began to spread in both orphanages. All medical treatment seemed in vain. Several Indian doctors and two English Civil Surgeons were called to diagnose the cases, but they could say no more than that it was due to internal convulsions, or that it was more probably an epidemic of contageous hysteria. In a few instances a severe thrashing, or a strong dose of quinine seemed to effect a cure, but only temporarily. There was seldom a day during the three months when several of them were not in a hysterical condition. Non-Christians were ready with the simple explanation: "possessed of evil spirits."

Lately several teachers, who themselves had been among the rolling victims, told me what they consider to have been the actual cause. Hagenstein had ordered Christian laborers to trim all lower branches from the trees beyond the village, as the orphanage

cooks were in great need of fire material. One of the huge trees was held sacred by the Satnamis, as the abode of a favorite god. Orphans were sent to collect the wood, and when they made repeated trips through the village and carried or dragged the branches to the cook-house, the villagers continuously frightened and terrorized them with the threat that the insulted god would send his enraged evil spirits to take revenge upon everyone of them for carrying away branches of their sacred tree and eating the food cooked therewith. "Pate men malum hoga" (In your stomachs you shall know). they said. Coming from homes where fear and superstition pervade the whole atmosphere, where evil spirits are considered bitter realities, the children may have succumbed to fright. One may accept the teachers' explanation, which they had never given to Hagenstein, as probably correct.

The larger portion of the famine children had never seen a white man, still less did they have any closer conception of an orderly life. They who had lived free as jackals of the open forests now found themselves in a cage, as they called it, held strictly to a routine life of study, work and play, limited in their freedom of movement, subject to obedience and a white man's discipline. The great contrast was too much for a number of them. An older boy mischievously frightened newcomers with the rumor that they would be transported as slaves to the missionary's distant country, just as men and women had been sent to Assam as contract laborers.

Taught by the examples of elders to be suspicious of other people's motives, several boys and girls considered it best to escape such a terrible fate and fled. Later several boys were lured away by relatives, who now saw the boys and girls fully restored to health, somewhat literate, strong enough to work and able to be of service to them. Enticing promises of land and early marriage provided a sufficiently strong inducement to leave with or without the missionary's consent or knowledge. Entertaining similar hopes, others left secretly expecting to find favor among relatives in the home village. A few without home or relatives ran away to escape the closely ordered life of the orphanage, old haunts and memories of former childhood freedom driving them away, where no master would curtail their desired liberty. Well fed, they forgot the past and seemed not to be aware of the fact that beyond the confines of an orphans' home man also has to work for food. Hagenstein usually sent men to search for younger run-aways. Others returned voluntarily, when a selfish and unfriendly world took no pity on a decreasing waist-line. Forgiveness and re-admission invariably followed, for they were still his children. One impudent boy who absconded was induced by ignorant relatives to press his claim by filing suit on his benefactor. In his petition to the court, he framed the following charge: "Rev. Hagenstein educated me to the fourth grade, and now he compells me to do such ordinary work as weeding the rice fields." Hunger brought him back.

Not a few of the children advanced in stature faster than in the spirit of obedience; while adding years to their age they added worries to Hagenstein's life. Kabilas Musa, for instance, considered himself full grown, though only sixteen. Twice he decamped and twice returned. Chastisement and a mild punishment followed. A new outfit of clothes was given him, also a box and dishes. Pride increased and impertinence soon followed. A reprimand from Hagenstein only called forth a threat on his part to leave again. Orders were given to take everything away from him: box, dishes, books, and even his clothes. All orphan boys keenly looked forward to that which would follow, for it was a new method of procedure. A pre-storm stillness made Kabilas tremble. Very calmly Hagenstein addressed his naked victim: "You are now free to leave in the same condition in which you came to us eighteen years ago; lest former associates in your home village fail to recognize you, I give you an old loin cloth like the one you had when you left them; also they might conclude that we reward unthankfulness and impertinence with new clothes and presents. One precious gift you shall have which your parents failed to give you before they died: a memory lesson in obedience." Then followed a thorough thrashing. "Now you may go; when penitent, return." Three months later this prodigal also returned and became a successful worker in the Mission.

When the marriage fever entered their minds, his anxiety for their good behavior was increased. In two cases old female inmates of the home for blind arranged matches secretly and aided young couples to elope. "Older girls cause me twice as much worry and trouble as the boys. I am advised to marry them. Marriage does not always remedy the situation." During twenty-eight years, forty orphans ran away, most of them over sixteen years of age. A desire for early marriage was the prevailing reason. Once, when two boys came to him with their grievance, he replied: "You hardly earn sufficient to feed one stomach, how then can you hope to satisfy two? First build a house, then marry! Now go to work, and when your mustache is full grown, then return with your marriage request."

He could have stemmed the tide of run-aways and saved himself sad experiences, had he allowed them to marry at an earlier age, and not compelled them to wait until reaching the age of twenty or twenty-one. But he was convinced that early marriage constitutes one of India's greatest life-sapping evils, and his reforming eagerness in counteracting this wrong caused him to err in postponing the day too long. Youths accustomed to see others marry at twelve to sixteen years of age, were not inclined to wait five or six years longer.

In another respect he broke away from a fixed and rigid Indian custom. No orphan was asked to marry another contrary to his or her will. In this

matter full liberty prevailed. When possible he arranged for several marriages at the same time. It was a happy day for the congregation, every member of which was invited to partake of the wedding meal. He himself was less happy: "Eight couples are to be married soon. They are happier about it than I. On this day they all appear so neat and attractive, but in a few months the neatness with some of their number will have vanished; they become uniform with the rest of India. Novices in their new freedom, they often find it difficult to withstand the downward pull of Chhattisgarh's traditional customs. And to some it comes as a shock that the world does not at once offer them a large choice of good paying positions. Hunger brings them back to earth."

The custom of an individual, or of a church organization at home, supplying the financial support for special orphans or workers individually, by name, never received his wholehearted support. That correspondence should take place between the benefactor in America and the supported one in India, or that he himself should regularly supply personal information and individual reports, did not at all appeal to him.

"When foreign mail came yesterday, I was sadly disappointed. Opening a parcel, I found only blank forms on which you ask me to supply detailed information periodically regarding each specially supported orphan. Not only does this cause unnecessary trouble, but it is also against my nature. It

robs me of much precious time. Home supporters should not ask it of us; nor need our orphans know about special sponsors. Some become impertinent and refuse to work, saying, 'Why should I need to work when money comes from America for my support?' It only makes the average orphan lazy and proud, even calling forth the accusation that the missionary retains a part or the whole of it for his convenience. It is sufficient to inform them that friends in America are moved by the love of Christ to donate money for mission work. Moreover, friends at home should be vitally interested in the whole Kingdom work, and not limit it to an individual. It narrows their outlook."

He then lists the reasons why special individual support for orphans or individual workers is not advisable:

"1. All children are equal, their opportunities should likewise be equal, and one should not be favored or preferred above the other.

2. Individually supported orphans or workers unfortunately consider themselves superior to others and imagine that the missionary must, therefore, grant them special privileges not to be enjoyed by the less fortunate ones.

3. It causes an immense amount of unnecessary clerical work for us and the Board. Our time is too precious for that. The average mission friend is satisfied to receive general reports of all the orphan work in the mission as a whole.

4. One does not feel free to suspend, punish or

dismiss a specially supported person, though he deserves it. One worries lest the supporter fail to understand our position.

5. It limits giving. A supporter may be able to give much more, but eases his conscience with the stipulated amount asked for in the specific case. This also applies to supporting organizations.

6. There is danger of special gifts tying the hands of both the Board and the missionary, if given conditionally.

So please do not pester me with any more requests for reports regarding individual persons." [1]

At one time the policy was advocated of concentrating all orphan boys of the mission in Parsabhader, and all girls in Bisrampur. The matter was discussed at every missionary conference during a period of four years. Upon request of the Board in America, a final vote favored it. This decision almost broke Hagenstein's heart, as it seriously affected his whole plan of training workers in Parsabhader for the Parsabhader mission area, workers who would feel a sense of loyalty, unity and harmony with his whole method and program of work. To place strange teachers or evangelists whom he did not know in distant outstations, was to him a serious risk. He knew the virtues and the weaknesses of his own boys and girls, knew for what work each was fitted, knew whom he could trust to

[1] After long, tactful, and patient educational work the Board has been able to wean friends away from this method of special support of individuals.

perform certain tasks and whom he had to keep under closer surveillance. He wanted the girls to know the boys whom they were to marry; to consider Parsabhader their home even after marriage, and not other distant mission stations. "Why tear them away from me after ten years of anxiety, training and service? We have become attached to each other; some are now ready to help in school work, others will marry boys who also are ready to enter mission service. Why disrupt my work so unnecessarily when so little is gained thereby?" His opinion ultimately prevailed, and the girls were not removed from Parsabhader. His arguments were correct; present conditions vindicate his position.

A total of 240 orphans were cared for during his twenty-eight years in Parsabhader. This does not include fifty to sixty children who were here less than six or eight months. None were baptized until they had been thoroughly instructed, and then only when they requested it voluntarily. Some of them were over twenty years of age before they finally accepted baptism. Less than one hundred of the two hundred and forty trained by him are still living. The boys are now found in the following professions: Teaching, 34; carpentary, 5; farming, 5; cooking, 4; evangelistic work, 8; and nine are still attending school. Two are in the government forest department. A few have accepted service in neighboring missions.

One experiment in the training of orphans is

worthy of detailed notice. A year after arriving in Bisrampur, Hagenstein conducted his own household in order to continue his simple life. He at once adopted two orphan boys "to whom I desire to be a father; later I may take more." He kept them at his side at all times; they shared his food and his few modest possessions. They were like his very own boys. A third one was soon added. They accompanied him on occasional trips to Raipur, and once to Ranchi. They went with him on preaching tours and to the weekly market. During the day they attended school, and in the evening he assisted them with their lessons, which included a private study of English. It was his sincere wish to separate them as much as possible from the degrading village atmosphere from which they came. By precept and example he gave them a fair opportunity to develop into strong, reliable, Christian characters. In illness he nursed them tenderly as a mother nurses an only child. Without sentimentally catering to them, he treated these three brown boys as if they were his own white brothers. And yet he was not guilty of weaning them away from their fellow Indians. Such a course would have made them useless for future service. His object was not to westernize them, but rather to have them become better Christian Indians. No person could have made a more selfless and noble effort.

It was by no means a simple or easy undertaking. In the third year one of the brothers considered the discipline too severe and absconded, only

to return again after a short time. Seven years they enjoyed the privilege of his home, his spiritual life, his confidence and good will. At last two were able to begin the work for which he hoped they would eventually qualify, that of teaching in the mission school at Parsabhader. Only a short time was his dream a reality. April 20, 1898, he relates the sad outcome of his laudable experiment:

"I am extremely sad. The three boys whom I adopted seven years ago behaved so shamefully, that I could not retain them in school work. While I was away preaching in Baloda Bazar, two of them became guilty of immorality. The older one finally confessed, but was very impudent. Twice previously he had run away and returned. After he disappeared a third time, I refused to let him teach again and told him to do manual work and behave. Only a few weeks previously marriage arrangements with a fine educated girl had been made for him and their wedding was soon to follow. I gave his brother who was more penitent a sum of money to open a small store. Later he and the third one were also induced to run away. It makes me very sad. Just when they were ready to be useful in the work, they carelessly ruin their own future and disrupt my plans. Their thanklessness and folly hurt me."

Insult followed injury. The trio smuggled themselves into the graces of a missionary in a neighboring mission and related a one-sided pitiful story about the terrible treatment accorded them by the Parsabhader missionary. He foolishly believed it all,

Above—Daily sunrise service near old school (first church), present church to right
Below—Mission school at Baloda Bazar

Above—Mission school, Lahod
Below—Dispensary and patients (Hagenstein hiding)

took up their case, gave them employment and later wrote to Hagenstein. His action was contrary to the rules of mission comity. Upon receipt of his letter Hagenstein brought the matter to the attention of his superior: "Mr. G. accuses me of 'lacking in charity,' but fails to state wherein. The runaway boys were mean and insolent. One of them committed adultery in open daylight a few days before his marriage with a fine girl was to take place. When called to account, he used such filthy and abusive language that it merited severe punishment. Surely I thrashed him, and am sorry I did not give the other two who ran away with him, similar punishment. Your missionary was advised along with other missionaries not to receive them, but to admonish them to return. He nevertheless received them with open arms. Had he not done so, they would have repented and come back to me. Should I have allowed the boys to do as they please? Would Mr. G. consider that charity? A nobleminded person would not ask that of me. I can tolerate such interference with discipline from a heathen, but not from a Christian co-worker. To receive runaway Christian boys without the consent of their missionary is shameful, leads to confusion and undermines church discipline. It is strange indeed that he should now desire to rebuke me for being uncharitable. Whose word does he prefer to accept, that of absconding boys or that of a missionary? Until Mr. G. admits his error, I prefer not to correspond with him in the matter."

One of the boys became watchman in the Raipur jail, where he died eight or ten years later. The other two, now past the half century mark in age, are evangelists in other missions. The daughter of one passed through normal school, and is now teaching in a mission institution. Hagenstein's experiment was not a complete failure. One could have expected better results considering his noble efforts. His difficulties arose from one primary cause. At the time of their adoption the boys were ten and twelve years old, past the period of Indian childhood innocence, when evil had already ripened in their minds, their natures had become soiled, contact with heathenism had warped their inner growth. Education, environment and a good example alone could not fully eradicate the evil which tender souls had absorbed. Only thorough conversion could have made it possible, and this apparently had not taken place.

Parsabhader orphans will never fully know the deep affection their missionary had for them. He saw them not as they were, but as he hoped they might become. Every visible advance and growth in Christian character was always a source of great pleasure to him. Disheartening experiences with evilminded orphans did not blind him to those who were making spiritual progress. About these, and there were many, he spoke and wrote less; their development was normal and attracted less attention than the fewer abnormal, disturbing cases. Few fathers could write a more touching letter re-

garding the loss of a promising son than the following:

"I closed the old year (1901) with weeping; with tears in my eyes I begin the new year. The last day of December I had to bury Jharu Samsun, whom I loved very much. Although only sixteen years of age, he was a very strong and manly youth. It made me sad a few days previously when a friendly, cheerful old invalid passed away. My heart was heavy when another promising boy passed away the following day. Yesterday a third affectionate boy became so seriously ill that I took him into my own room where I could serve him better and nurse him myself. While I was watching over him last night the matron came with the sad news that our deaf and dumb orphan girl was dying. She also had a kind disposition. But the sudden death of Jharu pierced my heart like a sword. I will feel his loss for a long time. It is nevertheless consoling to know that he died as a humble and sincere Christian. At times 'weeping is better than laughter,' and occasionally God's angel of love announces himself clothed in a mantle of mourning. I thank God for both sorrow and joy."

His was a heroic faith. He knew the boys and girls as they actually were, and loved them nevertheless; and because he loved them he also believed in them, and labored hopefully for what they might become.

Second church built in Parsabhader by Rev. Hagenstein, 1906

CHAPTER IX

BUILDING WORK AND AGRICULTURE

Hagenstein feared fire, water and wind, not as if he considered his life precious above that of others, but on account of those who were in his care or employ. Men, animals, crops and buildings were involved; life and property were a trust to be guarded. Like others before and after him he often regretted that farming and the erection and repairs of buildings occupied so much of his time and attention; and yet they were necessarily an integral part of mission work, and ultimately served as schools for Christian character-building.

For many years he conducted a school for carpentry, where a trained man taught ordinary village carpentry and wheel-making. In this shop he made trusses, doors and window-frames for the buildings under construction, chairs, stools, benches and tables for school furniture. After his own needs were supplied, he also accepted outside orders, but only very reluctantly. Customers wanted cheap rates, asked for a long period of credit and were extremely slow, even unwilling to pay the final total cost.

When straight lines are not outstanding qualities in either building work or human character, it is only natural that he would have to worry about crookedness in each. During his twenty-eight years

in Parsabhader, he planned and supervised the erection of no less than seventy-five buildings, more than half of which were built in villages five to fifteen miles away from the main station. Some of them were only small dwellings for teachers and evangelists, but size made no difference in trouble.

Many difficulties were encountered. The element of human nature usually proved to be as uncontrolable as the elements. Skilled labor was exceedingly scarce. Inferior labor, even when available, was quite undependable. Advance payment was readily accepted, contracts were signed, promises were made, but delivery of materials seldom followed until long after the date fixed. Exact lines were drawn to designate the position of walls, but never adhered to. "While digging for the foundation they carelessly push the tape out of position, or they build up the wall, be it of stone, brick or mud, without any thought of whether it is straight or not." A level and a plumb were only "necessary evils" seldom made use of. He had to train almost all masons and carpenters himself as the work progressed, and closely watch the setting of door and window frames, lest they be put in crooked. The average Indian does not seem to have an eye for straight lines.

Frequently the workmen used inferior materials, as was customary in their own houses. Sand for bricks, mortar and plaster had to be hauled fourteen miles and because cartage costs were high, insufficient quantities were used. Or, to reduce the

cost of fire materials, they would use insufficient amounts and pretend to be surprised when the bricks and tiles were only half baked. Dilatory methods often caused the buildings to be incomplete when the monsoons came with their torrents of rain. At times illness or an epidemic interrupted work indefinitely, causing costly delays. Time is a valuable element when one considers that building operations are possible in country districts only from November until June. During the rainy season, June to October, it is impossible to collect and prepare materials, and more difficult to recruit laborers, as they are all busy cultivating their fields. Even during the months of November and December Hagenstein was often unable to procure necessary help, because the harvesting of rice crops kept laborers occupied. The poorer class of laborers, moreover, would not work while there was a two days' supply of food in their house. For this reason he found it necessary to send workmen from Parsabhader to carry on the building work at out-stations.

For each out-station school he usually built two houses for the Christian teachers, as caste customs prevented villagers from renting houses to Christians. These houses were modest and plain, like most village houses, the interior measuring about ten by fifteen feet, with mud walls, hand-made tiles or grass for the roof, and a low verandah on one or two sides for storing fire material during the rains. In several cases he arranged to have all the bricks and tiles burned in Parsabhader and carted to the

building site. Practically all logs for the wood work had to be purchased in the Baloda Bazar market, transported to his village, where wood-sawers and carpenters prepared the doors, windows, trusses, etc., and hauled them to the village where the building was being erected.

At the main-station he erected the permanent buildings—church, bungalow, school and orphanages—more substantially, but not without trouble. A few times he began to erect a building with the intention of paying its cost from the profits of the farm, only to find that a crop shortage not only made this impossible, but also created a deficit in his treasury. Or he underestimated the cost, and was compelled to await additional funds from America. Temporary cessation of building operations always made him uncomfortable. Twice brick walls collapsed before the roof was completed. It was difficult for him to say whether this was due exclusively to the heavy rains, or to careless workmanship, or to an inferior grade of bricks.

Annual repairs to walls and roofs caused considerable work and worry. A few broken tiles immediately above a wall could cause much damage due to water leakage. For this reason he feared strong winds, which often played havoc with tile and grass roofs. It is no wonder that he often lay awake during wind or rain storms, wondering how the teachers and their families were faring in the out-stations. Numberless times during the rainy seasons he would rise from his bed at night and

with lantern and cane go from house to house in order to see that the blind, the aged and the orphans were safe and well protected. Danger from rain storms was all the greater because most mission buildings stood isolated outside the village, a target for all ill winds. "When rains set in with terrific force accompanied by winds that dislodge tiles and dismantle grass roofs, one has cares and worries and anxieties unknown to pastors in America. Is the granary roof leaking or not? Are workers and animals safe? Have any walls collapsed? These thoughts are not conducive to restful and refreshing sleep. Several times heavy winds and rains dashed even the birds to death."

One can well understand why he dreaded fires. Open cooking hearths in houses, the walls of which are usually not more than seven feet high, were a continuous source of danger, especially when the building was covered with a grass roof. Once high flames under the cooking vessels caused the destruction of several houses. He feared especially for the blind people, who at times prepared food secretly. Again it happened that hail broke thousands of tiles in a few minutes at a season of the year when it was impossible to procure a fresh supply to make the necessary repairs. One hot season large numbers of sacred monkeys, fed and protected by the Hindu shop-keeper, insisted on using the roof of his Baloda Bazar lecture hall as a play ground. Too sacrilegious to be concerned about a missionary's repair worries, they continued their destructive

acrobatic stunts until hunger drove them to seek spoils elsewhere.

There were smaller and more insidious foes with which he had to contend: rats, white ants (termites) and bore worms. Rats dug tunnels in the mud or soft brick walls, where they might store their stolen grain and build a cozy home. When the lower portion of such a honey-combed wall became very damp during the rainy season, it was unable to support the superstructure and simply collapsed. White ants and boreworms devoured more than a goodly share of wood work, thus causing no little loss. In later years more permanent building materials were used, and both worry and repair bills were considerably reduced. Ability and skill of the workmen also improved as the result of eternal vigilance.

Hagenstein was never enthusiastic about industrial work on a larger scale as a part of missionary endeavor to create a source of income. Only a small training school as an outlet for orphans and a limited number of village Christians seemed practical to him. "Basket weaving, brick and tile making could be introduced with profit, also the making of cart wheels. But unless people become more industrious and honest the success of these ventures would seem doubtful to me. And unless you can send professional men, organize an independent company, well financed, and unless one insists on strict supervision and discipline, it is unwise to invest a large amount of money in industrial ventures.

'Marry early and be lazy' seems to be the slogan which nullifies many noble attempts to aid India."

AGRICULTURE

Hagenstein did not take up farming by choice. By purchasing the village rights, the mission became outright possessor of 150 acres of land, 120 acres of which are considered personal property of the malguzar, that is, the mission, and can not be sold or transferred without the consent of the government. To sub-let it to various farmers each year would only bring about a deterioration of land which many years of labor and expenditure could not make good again. There was only one feasible alternative for Hagenstein, namely to cultivate it himself. It was now necessary to acquaint himself with the intricate and complicated land laws, both ancient and modern. Not to know these might bring about embarrassing situations with unscrupulous renters. The matter which demanded primary attention was the renting out of the fields which he himself did not wish to cultivate. Among these was land which had come into his possession from farmers who had left the village or had given the fields to him in payment for a debt, or which were left by heirless owners. Such land he could sell or rent. Any renter who farmed the same plot three years in succession could, according to traditional law, claim proprietary rights. To avoid this, the same field was never rented twice to the same cultivator.

About two-thirds of the total tillable soil he sowed in rice, the other portions later in the season in wheat, millet, linseed, hemp, and various kinds of grams, peas and pulses. A few times sugar cane was raised, but lack of water prevented the venture from being successful. His agricultural aim was not only to grow foodstuffs for the orphans and blind under his care, but also to teach better methods of farming. Again the human element frustrated many of his plans. It was a case of one man's altruism and efforts operating single handed against innumerable odds. Extreme conservatism, unreliability and stolid lethargy are almost unsurmountable barriers for even the most optimistic leader. Even more discouraging was the slovenly method of farming from which his ten hired men could not break away. Add to this the continuous leakage due to petty thievery, and one can sympathize with the man whose aim was only to seek the people's welfare.

Before he could begin work, he had to repair the neglected embankments of the rice fields. Unless this was done they would not retain sufficient water to assure a crop. The next great need was fertilizer. He tried in vain to have the village set aside several acres of land to raise firewood in order to have them discontinue the custom of burning cowdung cakes for cooking purposes. This century old habit robbed the fields of fertilizer and reduced the productivity of the soil considerably. To get the necessary manure for the mission fields, he not only kept about

Parsabhader church, viewed through ruins of granary which collapsed in 1913 due to heavy rains

eight pairs of buffaloes and twelve pairs of oxen which were used for plowing and carting purposes, but he also had a dozen cows which also supplied him with milk for his own use and for sick and weak orphans. Yet he tells us that twelve Indian cows seldom give more milk than one good cow in America. Seeing the weakened, undersized animals he decided to improve the breed by purchasing a larger and stronger kind. The investment and expense would be justifiable and successful only if all the farmers co-operated, since all village animals ran about at random and selective breading could be carried on successfully only if all weaklings were eliminated. All owners of animals were called, the plan explained, they all said: "Yes, yes"—but, sweet oriental words of assent do not always lead to action or co-operation. Animals continue to deteriorate as they have done during the past thousand years. The results of even the best efforts of government to improve cattle are not very conspicuous. And the Hindu religious law, which demands protection for the holy cow and all its offspring, makes it impossible to eliminate all deformed, weak and decrepit animals. Without fences and complete co-operation segregation cannot be carried out.

It was not long before he learned that there are many reasons for the Chhattisgarhi's submission to a merciless fatalism. One year he lost half of his animals due to that ever recurring scourge of hoof and mouth disease. Half the animals in the village also died. Several times anthrax claimed the best

of his oxen and buffaloes. Such unexpected sudden losses upset other work which was to be paid from the farm surplus. Undoubtedly sometimes the diseases were introduced by cattle dealers who brought in animals from a distance on their way to Baloda Bazar, where a very large weekly animal market is held.

His herd of sheep had an interesting beginning. Some one presented him with two lambs which became quite attached to him. Soon after, Dr. J. Gass called at Parsabhader, and as usual Hagenstein desired to treat his guest to the best. When out for a stroll they met the lambs and he said: "Lambkin, lambkin, today thou must give up thy life, for a guest has come who eats meat." Needless to say, hunger could not rob Dr. Gass of his tender feeling for both his host and the lamb, so its life was spared. The end of the story was a flock of 150 sheep. From these meat was supplied on special occasions to both the blind and the orphans; blankets were made from their wool; and many a field was enriched with their fertilizer. He felt it as a personal loss when once twelve lambs died on the same day. Later on he was disillusioned regarding blanket weaving. So much wool was stolen in the process of shearing, washing, drying and weaving, that he sold the wool outright and purchased blankets in the open market.

For a season the government loaned him a trained and experienced agricultural agent to teach farmers the correct way of transplanting rice and

other improved farming methods. But labor difficulties arose. This method, although very profitable, required a larger number of workers during a short period of time than was available. Hence few continued to transplant rice. By ordering select seed from the government model farm, he introduced better types of grain and sold portions of the first crop to farmers for their benefit. He once sent four orphan boys to the government experimental farm at Raipur, hoping to employ them on the mission farm and gradually improve agricultural conditions; but all of them ran away. One returned to Parsabhader.

Not only did carelessly tethered village animals often break loose at night and roam about damaging his crops, for there are no fences, but wild animals also caused great loss. Several times herds of wild pigs devoured much of his pea crops. Periodically, grass-hoppers appeared and cleared field after field of promising grain. Caterpillars also took their turn and ate the grain blossoms, especially during cloudy days. Now and then wandering panthers slinked along the creek on the edge of the village and frightened people away from the fields for days at a time.

In 1903 a stray tigress put in her appearance, feasted on village animals, and was apparently inclined to arrange her lair under the overhanging bank. Farmers employed a *beiga* (sorcerer) to apply his magical incantations and charms to induce her to trouble others and to leave them in peace. They advanced the smaller portion of his demanded

pay and gave fervent promises to pay the balance after his task had been successfully performed. Upon completion of the bargain, they proceeded to direct him to the spot where the terrorizing foe observed her noonday siesta. Apparently the animal anticipated the honored guest's coming and arranged for a surprise reception by proceeding to meet him on the way. Long before reaching the designated location the beiga walked down the bank only to receive a terrific blow that knocked him senseless. Evidently the tigress did not believe in witchcraft. Had not the sudden uproar and yelling of the peasants on the bank frightened the tigress away, it is doubtful if the beiga would have escaped death. The animal went her way to other parts, followed by her cub.

The Christians were encouraged to raise and sell chickens as a source of income, but hawks and wild cats caused many to change their minds.

Again and again Hagenstein complained about the unreliability of employees and others in all branches of work. "To have better results, I would need more honest and industrious workers and always be present myself. When the grain is being thrashed I must watch closely, lest much get stolen. I had to stop employing village women to hull the rice as too much disappeared. People are less tempted to break open locked doors, but like dogs and cats they carry off whatever lies in their path" —and when spoils were in sight paths were easily made where none existed.

"Another great defect in our educational system in India of which parents of all classes are beginning to complain bitterly, is the absolute want of religious instruction in the government schools. . . . The people of India are naturally a religious people, and they have a strong belief in the influence of religion and of home life. If we fail to give religious instruction, we shall either find the people of India becoming by our influence, and against their will, agnostic, and atheistic in their views, and wanting in religious and moral character; or we shall have them full of an altogether justifiable discontent with our system of education. . . .

"We have recently seen clear and vigorous exposition of the necessity for religious instruction in addresses (petitions) presented to the Viceroy by the Indian Chiefs of Native States, and in letters addressed to him by all the important princes whom he consulted in regard to the present state of affairs. It is pathetic to read how they describe 'the absence of religious instruction in the schools as a potent cause of wrong ideas' . . . .

"Missionary institutions have turned out as Christian men some of the finest Christian characters that I have known, men who were esteemed not only in the Christian Church, but by the entire community. And the influence of such institutions has been seen, not only directly in their converts, and in the influence that these converts have exercised, but also in those who, without formally accepting the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, have been animated by its moral principles."—*Sir Andrew Fraser, K. C. S. I.*, in "Among Indian Rajas and Ryats." Used by special permission,—Seeley Service & Co., London.

CHAPTER X

DECREASING ILLITERACY

"Knowledge without piety makes big rascals," was Hagenstein's blunt way of stating a fact which Fraser stressed in a more detailed and positive manner. In sharing Fraser's opinion he rightly believed that it is not only contrary to the Indian's nature and his noble heritage to divorce education from religion, but that it is an unwise, even dangerous, expedient to do so.[1] Because all his work had spiritual content Hagenstein could not conceive of a mission carrying on educational work without including religious instruction as an integral part of the curriculum. It would be treason to his memory not to mention in the first paragraph of this chapter that building Christian character was his primary motive in attacking the problem of illiteracy in his area. To describe his school work separate from its evangelistic element would give a perverted picture of his whole educational plan. Forming a complete unit in his whole constructive program, the two can not be separated. This insistence on Christian teaching brought him into several aggravating situations and caused disturbing interruptions, but he never swerved from his policy.

There were few primary public schools in the

[1] "Of the 119 colleges first founded east of the Mississippi River, 104 were Christian colleges." W. O. Thompson.

500 villages of his area in 1894. (There were only fifty in 1929.) Consequently schools were urgently needed. He received more petitions to open schools than he was able to respond to. Too often money was lacking. He frequently expressed regrets that so many opportunities were lost on account of money shortage. This lack was felt more keenly because he considered schools the best gift to Chhattisgarh, and at the same time the most efficient and promising preparation for later evangelistic work. "Rightly managed," he said, "school work is the most important branch of mission work. Children who attend mission schools are being trained to be better and more sympathetic listeners to the Gospel when an evangelist or a missionary visits their village. In fact, I firmly believe that in mission schools, where teachers are not only instructors of secular knowledge but actual servants of their countrymen, Bible teaching is laying the foundation for possible mass movements toward Christianity. Had we erected more schools formerly, when the opportunity was there, mission work would now have a deeper and more widespread influence."

In spite of the fact that he clearly informed all parties who besought him to open a school that his primary purpose was to teach the Bible, they not only agreed (passively at times) but in every case except one provided the land for both the school and the teachers' houses without cost. The one exception was Baloda Bazar, where land values were high. In several villages the people voluntarily erected a

part of the building. Deputations representing two private schools came to him and requested him to assume the management in order to assure more enduring and better work. One village group requested him to open a school with the proviso that no Christian readers be used. Giving them copies of the books, he advised them to return to their village, examine the textbooks and come again with their criticism and reasons for not wanting their children to be taught from them. They did so, and finding nothing objectionable in them, accepted his offer unconditionally. Christian Readers and the Bible were to be used as text-books.

When the so-called "Conscience Clause" came under consideration for the Central Provinces, according to which pupils attending schools receiving financial aid from the government could, upon presenting a written request from a parent or guardian, be excused from attendance at religious instruction, Hagenstein reported that very few parents objected to Bible instruction for their children. "And if some should refuse to send their children because they do not want them to receive Bible instruction, let them send the pupils to religionless government (public) schools. I would rather have fewer pupils with religious instruction, than more children without it." When it was once feared that a law might be passed forbidding Bible teaching in schools which received financial aid from the government, he was determined rather to lose the grant of money than to sacrifice the right to teach the Bible. He would

then have conducted the mission schools exclusively with mission funds.

The first years he made no efforts to receive government aid. He shared the sentiments of villagers who had no desire for the government to open a public school in their midst: it involved too many unwelcome visits from officious officials and an endless correspondence much of which seemed to be unnecessary "red tape." The idea disturbed his conception of freedom. Later, when funds from America were low, he agreed to apply for government aid and discovered two distinct advantages. Once officially recognized, a mission school received practically one-third the total working expenses as a grant-in-aid. This did involve an amount of statistical and financial reports, and a volume of correspondence quite out of proportion to the amount of money received; but the burden was accepted as a necessary evil, a part of the system. A second advantage was the periodical visit of the government school inspector, who also conducted the annual examinations, thus giving the work an official character which assured the villagers that work done in mission schools was in accordance with recognized standards of education. This official recognition also satisfied their hopes that the education their children were receiving was the same as that imparted in government schools and would not in any way prevent their promising offspring from getting a coveted government job some day.

In a rural area where less than five percent of

the girls and women, and less than ten percent of the boys and men are literate,[2] where employment opportunities are few, where children are needed at home to contribute their share to the family earnings, one can understand that wholehearted support of school work would not readily be forthcoming. Believing, furthermore, that the curriculum was more calculated to wean the pupils away from the land than to prepare them to become better farmers, the parents were not always willing to give up their boys four or five years for an education that did not appeal to them. The attitude of most parents was one of passive neutrality; whether or not the children attended regularly did not worry them; illiterate themselves, they could give no help with the lessons at home. Many kept their children home for the most trivial reasons. Illness, prolonged wedding celebrations, religious festivals, visits to other villages, weeding, reaping, guarding crops or watching the baby, frequently interrupted the work. Naturally such irregular attendance increased the already difficult task of the teachers and supplied many opportunities for criticism from pedantic school officers. Female education was not considered necessary. In most schools the proportion of boys to girls was twenty to one.

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[2] An attempt is being made in Baloda Bazar to introduce compulsory education. In August, 1928, eighty-five women and eight men came from there to work in our Parsabhader rice fields. Of the ninety-three persons only one could read, and he was a Christian. Baloda Bazar has three schools.

Several times village delegations requested him to open a mission school, only to find that their malguzar opposed the venture. Oppressing malguzars realized that their tyrannical methods of dealing with the tenants would not continue when education came to the village. It also happened that a malguzar welcomed a school and gave it his full moral support until his own children had received an education, and then changed his attitude. If the malguzar was an absentee landlord the progress of the school would depend very much on the good will of his agent. Either one can make or unmake a school. Teachers did not escape blame when the attendance was poor. "Some of them allow their education to make them rich in pride and poor in love. A kind teacher, willing to serve, can often have a more wholesome influence on the pupil than their parents."

During and immediately after the World War the non-cooperative movement was strong. Home rule agitators developed fantastic plans to embarrass the government, one of which was to induce pupils to leave all schools which received financial support from the "satanic British Government." A number of agitators made such attempts to harm the sixteen mission schools under Hagenstein's management, and also tried to persuade his teachers to leave their positions. They met with very little success. At this time one incident of another nature clouded the horizon. It worried him more than home rule agitation, because it came from within

his own ranks. Due to high prices, teachers began to show discontent with their salary. The extra allowance granted them during war time was continued, but they declared their income to be insufficient and became rebellious. One of their number knew English and framed the ultimatum which nine of them, mostly former orphans, signed and presented to Hagenstein.

"With a respect and humble submission we beg to approach your honour with a few following lines. We beg to say that we are under poverty and can not support our family with this low pay. So we solicit that every one of us should be increased two rupees a month otherwise we shall resign in the month of May. Now we are waiting for an answer."

Hagenstein consulted the President of the Mission Conference and both decided to accept the resignations. The teachers had not anticipated this surprise. Eight at once resolved that the pay and extra allowance were sufficient and consequently pleaded to be re-employed. Their poverty could not have been unbearable, for when the influenza epidemic suddenly claimed two of them as victims several months later, it was found that each of them had silver rupees hidden in the mud walls of his home amounting to seven months' salary.

The schools were three to fifteen miles distant from Parsabhader. It was Hagenstein's custom to visit each school two or three times a year, not an easy task when travel was done in a small country cart over temporary field roads. In the hot season

he would set out at two or three o'clock in the morning, arrive at the school before the pupils gathered and arrange with the headmaster for all pre-rainy season repairs. Later the children were examined in Bible history and the memorizing of hymns. During the Christmas season he would visit all sixteen schools. Once a year every pupil received a

Oxcart used for touring and school visits by Rev. Hagenstein

small gift: pencil, penholder, tablet, slate, book or toy. In each school several pupils received extra prizes for regular attendance, or for special distinction in Bible study. During the rainy season it was more difficulty to visit the schools, so he went only when it was quite necessary. If there were no roads for a cart he would walk and take several men along to carry him across the swollen creeks.

He was strict regarding daily religious instruction, and often determined a teacher's salary in accordance with his results in the Bible examination, rather than according to his ability in teaching the three "R's". If a teacher had very poor results in the Bible examination, his salary might be reduced several months. In several cases a sympathetic Hindu teacher was allowed to supervise the memory work of Bible stories and songs. Repeatedly the masters were reminded that "without conscientious Bible instruction your work is less valuable to the mission." Because he wished the pupils to become acquainted with a Christian atmosphere, he expected the teachers and their families to lead an exemplary life. They were instructed to demand nothing of the pupils which would be offensive or contrary to their caste rules or customs—never to ask them to perform tasks which they themselves would not do, "but in every respect to teach the way to God openly and clearly." From the ten Hindu teachers he expected that they be friendly toward Christianity, worship no idols in the class room and wear no religious or caste marks.

School work included tasks and difficulties which a democratic America does not conceive of. Caste alone created situations which contained sufficient dynamite to wreck a school. A boy of the lowest caste was once enrolled in a school attended by Hindus of various castes. The parents of the latter objected strenuously and refused to send their boys. Hagenstein was called to pacify the insulted objectors. On the basis of his contention that "all are to be served equally," he decided that the sweeper boy should sit off to one side a few feet away from the Hindu boys and thus avoid contact during instruction. Many parents agreed, others grumbled, two Brahmin boys were withdrawn from the school. Hagenstein was firm. "If more low caste boys come, admit them all," was his order.

In another village the Hindus requested the Christian teachers to draw their water a little farther down the shore of the village pond, away from the place where Hindus drew their supply for drinking and cooking purposes. According to traditional custom lower caste people were compelled to go even farther down the shore. The teachers proudly insisted on their right to frequent the first spot reserved for high caste people. A quarrel resulted, school attendance suffered. Hagenstein was called. After long conversations he pronounced the following verdict: "Even though it is an unjust demand, the teachers should abide by the custom and draw their supply farther down the shore, for it is all the same water."

Peace was thus restored in the village. Later he was called to settle similar disputes. Hindus resented the fact that Christian women took their water from the well and thus, as they thought, polluted the drinking supply. As it was a public well the matter was referred to the county magistrate, himself a Hindu. The well had been constructed with Government money, and so he declared that the well was free for all castes alike. The Hindus were so enraged that they committed nuisances around the well at night time, so that no one went to draw water. In another case the Christian teacher's wife was not allowed to do the family washing in the creek near the village. Clothes had to be carried six miles to Parsabhader. Man and wife complained to the missionary who advised them to resign if the villagers could not endure a little inconvenience in return for the opportunities offered them by the school. All such difficulties encountered by the Christian teachers the first years of mission school history gradually ceased as the Hindus saw how friendly and helpful the newly arrived Christians tried to be.

A peculiar situation arose in one of the villages where Hagenstein was asked to take charge of a private school. Under a beautiful shade tree in the school yard was an idol which he asked them to remove to another place. They were not willing to do so, fearing that the change might anger the gods. While visiting the school and hearing the children recite the commandment, "Thou shalt worship no

idols," he could see through the window how their parents came to bring offerings to the one under the tree. Today the idol is neglected and the pedestal and altar are almost beyond repair.

One fact always cheered him exceedingly because he considered it a decided victory for Christianity. Almost all the thirty Christian teachers and their wives were from the despised Satnami caste, untouchables, outside the pale of Hinduism. As Christians they were gradually able to become leaders in village life, instructors of children belonging even to the Brahmin caste, and, if deserving, respected by the highest and wealthiest in the village. Seven hundred non-Christian children were receiving education at the hands of Christian teachers whom, with their ancestors, Hinduism had neglected for thirty centuries. Not a few high caste Hindus, merchants, teachers, malguzars, land owners and subordinate officials are numbered among those who have sat at the feet of these teachers trained by Hagenstein himself. Again he rejoiced because they had made a remarkable contribution toward the breaking down of the walls of prejudice against Christianity, and had made known the name of Christ and the meaning of Christianity, quite out of proportion to their small numbers.

One dark cloud hung over his school work during 1912 and 1913. Directly it affected only him and several subordinate officials, a Muhammedan and two Hindus. The whole affair caused him many hours of sadness and an abundance of correspon-

dence, much of which would never have taken place had the officials been true to the traditional consideration and courtesy observed in British government service. The fact that these men were exceptions did not ease matters for Hagenstein, whose final conclusion in the whole affair found expression in a pertinent remark to one of them: "You are an enemy of mission schools." He was made an innocent victim of their attitude. One of their duties was to open new schools in areas where none existed. Frequently they approached malguzars and villagers with the request to organize schools, only to receive the answer: "when we want a school we shall ask Hagenstein Sahib to supply it for us." This unpleasant rebuff was naturally annoying to the officials. While on inspection tours, one of their number set up his idols in the mission schools and worshipped them. Resenting this, Hagenstein reported it to his superior, who transferred him to another area.

More petty annoyances followed. Trivial and adverse criticisms were included in official reports about mission schools which caused unnecessary delays in the payment of Government grant moneys. Threats were made by the visiting Inspector that schools would not be examined if the Christian Readers were not discontinued and replaced by government books. Hagenstein wrote to the Director of Public Instruction at Nagpur, who examined the Readers and granted permission to use them. They were consequently placed on the official list of recog-

nized text books. This defeat peeved the Assistant Inspector, whose next move was an attempt to limit the number of boys in the English mission school at Baloda Bazar to sixty, with instructions that other applicants be sent to the Government school. In his refusal to comply with this unjust order, Hagenstein was upheld by the Inspector of Schools at Raipur.

Then followed a final attempt by the Assistant Inspector to disparage mission schools. In his report he listed a number of criticisms to each of which Hagenstein gave a definite reply:

1. To the remark that the monthly school fees were not all collected, he answered: "How can I compel children to pay fees of two cents a month when many of them are on the verge of starvation? Our mission schools are not operated for the purpose of collecting fees and government grants, but primarily to give poor children an education."

2. To the Assistant Inspector's report that "the teachers' salaries are low," Hagenstein replied: "We give free rent, free medical treatment, and assist in educating the teachers' children. If they are satisfied to serve under these favorable conditions and to accept the mission salary scale, why should you worry?"

3. To the official's complaint about "irregular attendance," Hagenstein answered: "Among backward, rural people a desire for education must first be created. Moreover, how can one induce or compel children to attend school when there is no law

of compulsory education to uphold us in our efforts to promote regular attendance?"

4. To the recommendation to close the English school in Baloda Bazar, because "instruction is not first rate," Hagenstein replied ironically: "This recommendation is a surprise to me, since the government considers the graduates of my English school fit to be employed in its service. An English school officer and other English officials expressed satisfaction with the school—hence I shall continue."

5. To the adverse criticism that "not many children pass the examinations in mission schools," Hagenstein replied: "An ill-intentioned examiner can fail any child; moreover, I herewith submit figures to show that the average proportion of graduates from mission schools is even higher than in government schools."

6. The recurring objection against the Christian readers was brushed aside with the remark that the Director of Public Instruction had sanctioned their use.

Because he himself was scrupulously honest, Hagenstein resented it that representatives of the school department desired to see his school accounts. Undoubtedly he was wrong in resenting this apparent intrusion. Being no respecter of persons, the government is fully justified in demanding an insight into the expenditure of its money. Had there been an able teacher in Parsabhader with sufficient knowledge of English to keep all school records and accounts and to carry on ordinary routine school

correspondence, Hagenstein would have been spared much work and worry. He was not inclined to employ a man with the required qualification, "because his salary would eat up half the money received from the government for all sixteen schools."

Fortunately the petty annoyances of a few subordinate officials were the exception, and did not interrupt the work or discourage Hagenstein. The results of his educational work justified all efforts expended, all money invested, and surpassed his expectations in more ways than one. A school building and two teachers' quarters cost only between $200 and $300, the furnishings less than $50, and salaries for the one school $20 to $25 a month.

At least eight hundred boys and a number of girls passed the upper primary examination in the schools under his management. Receiving Bible instruction daily during the four or five years in school, they gained a fair knowledge of the essentials of Christianity. Not only were the villages affected in which a school was established, but also the several feeder villages nearby, from which pupils were drawn. A wealthy farmer came to him one day and confessed: "As a boy I attended your mission school and am now convinced that the religion of Christ will surely become the religion of India." Another said: "Since I attended your school, much of my Hindu religion seems childish." Another malguzar admitted: "Since your school is here and I meet you, I think differently about this and that."

"Heal the sick . . . and say unto them: the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."—*Jesus.*

"By your medical mission you win our hearts, and when that is done, what is there for us but to do as you say."

—*A Hindu patient.*

"Human life is of little value in India. Lives are spent in grinding poverty and bitter toil. Villages are blotted out by famine and pestilence, and yet the people do not pause to inquire whether such tragedy is preventable. In the plague-stricken areas, when the disease is at its height, some may attempt to escape, but the bulk of the population quietly awaits its doom. There are thousands of children to whom the opportunity of life is never given, hundreds of women who perish prematurely, worn out with their toil, whom early marriages, neglect, and unhygienic surroundings have killed. Not one of us who believe in the eternal value of the individual soul can view with unconcern this wastage of human life. The lives of the dwellers in the innumerable villages of India are precious in the sight of Christ, and in his sight every soul possesses an infinite capacity and worth."

—*Dutta.*

CHAPTER XI

"HE MIXES MEDICINE WITH RELIGION, NOT WATER"

In a land where adulteration is practiced on a large scale, this tribute paid by a Muhammedan patient is noteworthy. Not only was this man convinced of Hagenstein's integrity and honesty regarding the grade and quality of medicines used, but thousands of others who shared the same benefits were convinced as well. So implicit was their faith in him and his medicines, that countless times they asked his successor if he stocked the same ones and from the same firm. Today, as I write this, seven and a half years after his death, a man stands before the office door with a small box of salve received from our Indian compounder and asks: "Is this the same eye-salve the *Sadhu sahib* used to give us?" Only after receiving repeated assurance that it is the identical kind, does he cheerfully leave the verandah and return home. Like others, he wanted medicine as their trusted friend gave it—mixed religiously.

He usually purchased his supplies from the best English firm in Bombay. Twice he ordered shipments from others whose prices were lower, only to find patients remarking that his medicines were not so good as formerly. Thereafter he patronized only the Bombay firm. "Because I really want to

help them, only the best medicines available are purchased and given the patients. For the most costly ones I ask them to pay at least half price. For others I accept what they are able to give, because a great many people are very poor and can not pay much or anything." And yet the income received from patients amounted to almost half the total cost, which ran from six to nine hundred rupees a year. Much of this was met from his own salary.

Medical fame did not come to him overnight. The knowledge gained in Bisrampur was augmented by study and hard work. Continued and insistent preaching and instructing what not to do, were to him as important and vital as the direct medical help he was able to offer. Yet thirty years of cautioning and instructing did not perceptibly succeed in diminishing the amount of primitive superstitions and often dangerous methods of treatment as practiced for centuries. Patients came not only from among the 200,000 people in his area, but often from far beyond the boundary. Later the government opened a dispensary at Baloda Bazar, but even this was not able to supply the needs of so large a population. Illiterate native doctors found here and there, though without any knowledge of Western medicines, were trusted to give relief with the result that they did some good and much harm.

A dozen or more prevailing diseases and ailments caused perhaps ninety percent of all suffering and pain for which they came to his dispensary seeking relief: malaria, eye troubles, ring worm and

various skin diseases, rheumatism, indigestion and intestinal diseases, boils and sores, leprosy and venereal diseases. Pyorrhoea was also common. Cures for scorpion stings and snake bites made him especially famous. Recurring epidemics of various kinds completely occupied the stage only too often, and caused no little amount of work and anxiety. Uncleanliness and bad blood supplied only too large a share of fertile and favorable soil for disease. Ignorance of the germ theory, refusal to obey ordinary rules of hygiene, carelessness and neglect in the early stages of illness and infection, and, most of all, superstition caused much unnecessary pain and suffering. "Stale sour milk is fed feverish patients in cholera time, because it is considered cooling. They feed clarified butter for the same reason. Tradition asserts that milk is heating and hence should not be given a person in fever. For a child's abdomen, swollen from gas or constipation, the application of a hot sickle is considered more effective than a purgative. Surplus axle grease oozing out of a dusty cart hub serves as an effective balm for wounds and sores. Old rags are used as bandages, as they would soon have to be thrown away any way. Removing critically ill persons from one room or village to another is resorted to as a last attempt to foil death's purpose to claim his victim. A fresh drink of water, light and air are feared more than infection and contagion."

These customs were so deep-seated that all efforts to combat and uproot them seemed to be in

vain. Hagenstein taught all Christian teachers and evangelists first aid and how to dispense medicines for simple prevailing ailments, and above all instructed them to teach the villagers the folly of their many senseless customs in times of illness. Yet he often despaired of ever being able to convince them that their practices were more harmful than curative.

It was during a hot season when two tired, dusty Brahmins appeared before his house and inquired if good drinking water could be had. He sent them to the well. But they first asked if any Chamars drew water from it. Upon learning that this was the case they declared that pond water would do. He told them: "It stinks from animals and men bathing there and washing their clothes in it." "That isn't so bad," they assured him, "the pond is like an ocean and purifies itself, the well is a mere waterjug." The well was religiously avoided and the bathing place of Chamars preferred. There they washed themselves and took water to cook their rice.

It is no wonder he wrote: "Many people don't die, they kill themselves and others as a result of their perverted ideas regarding purity and impurity, and their refusal to listen to common sense. They are always more willing to pay out money for quackery, hocus pocus, especially in epidemics, than for good medicine. Rather than give a baby suffering from colic proper medicine, they prefer to tie its tiny glass bracelets to the twig of a tree at

night to appease malignant spirits. At times they make my work and their own recovery very difficult, because they conceal facts or lie regarding the medicines administered before coming to me. Or they come only after the disease has progressed beyond any hope of even a partial cure. Rather than come himself, a patient may send some one who knows little or nothing about the symptoms. Again a patient expects a few doses of medicine to cure a disease of long standing. Many come with a piece of horn, or a seed, or a piece of bark or costly charm tied on a string around the neck, either to prevent or cure an ailment. I tease them and ask why they don't also tie a bag of rice around their stomach when hungry. Most pitiful of all is to see the many mothers who come with starving babes and plead for medicine to increase their milk supply. I advise them to give diluted cow's milk or to keep a goat. The former is often hard to get, but one man, horrified, protested about the latter, saying: "Impossible, our caste rules don't allow me to keep a goat."

While visiting his school at Gatapara the following day, he saw thousands of pious worshippers gathered around a small temple within which a large flat stone was set into the floor having a hole in the center the size of a gallon measure. Into this separate cowherd groups from many villages took their turn to pour many gallons of milk as an offering. "Mysteriously it would disappear. Only when representative herdsmen from the village of

Sakri offered their libation, did the hole in the stone become full and retain the milk. Devout onlookers exclaimed to Hagenstein: "It is a miracle." "No," he said, "it is a shame to waste gallons of milk in folly and superstition when there is not sufficient to feed hungry babies."

One night a messenger from a nearby village awakened him with an urgent plea to come at once as the malguzar was in terrific agony. He went, and later related the incident. A slight illness had so frightened the man that he called fifteen *beigas* (sorcerers) to cure him, believing that if one could do him good, fifteen could do fifteen times as much good. He may not have been aware of the fact that these ignorant, illiterate men often mix opiates and even arsenic with their pills in order to effect sudden cures. One gave this, the other that concoction. Each had his turn, received his fees and left. Before morning the patient also left—never to return. Hagenstein could not undo their folly.

Two classes of patients usually called forth his disapproval in no uncertain terms: those with venereal afflictions and men with two or more wives. He had seen only too much of the ravages of the former and witnessed the evils resulting from the latter. When such patients came he rebuked them severely, sparing none, great or small. It soon became known that in place of his usual kindness he gave way to scolding impatience when guilty ones came before him. Rather than appear personally

they frequently sent a servant or a teacher, careful to give strict instruction that they tell neither their name nor the fact that they had two wives or syphilis. From patients with venereal or skin diseases he took full price for medicines, because he considered the former due to immorality and the latter to lack of cleanliness. Men who could afford themselves the luxury of two wives also had to pay the full cost price.

His kindness and sympathy were nevertheless proverbial. From near and far the patients came and sat before the dispensary door, or when this was closed, before his office, where he also kept a supply of medicines. "I can't see them wait long at the door, as native doctors in public dispensaries often do. Some of them walk eight to twenty-five miles for medicine, are worried and tired. To make them wait long would be cruel." It was indeed not conducive to his own health that he so often delayed his meal, postponed rest periods or shortened them, or allowed the work in other directions to be interrupted, especially during the hottest noon hours in the hot season. In this respect he was like Bodelschwingh and the Mayo brothers, who held that "the patient is king."

Fortunately he found a faithful helper in his servant Yohanna, who aided him twenty years. But whenever possible, Hagenstein dispensed the medicines himself, in order to retain personal contact with the people. A cozy home was also erected, where relatives might live who brought a patient

for continued treatment under his supervision. When on tour he left the helper in charge of the dispensary at the station, and took along a liberal supply of medicines for those who might come to him along the way. He served all alike, making no distinction between high or low caste, Muhammedan, Hindu, Satnami or Christian. Actual need, not color, caste or creed, was the deciding factor.

Ability to treat snake bites not only made him famous, but thankful. "I have not lost one case of snake bite since I am in India, remarkable in a country where eighteen to twenty thousand die annually from snake bites. In 1917 the figure was 24,000. Every bitten person who came or was brought to me *at once* and received treatment *in time* went away cured. Only one strong young woman, who was brought in an unconscious and dying condition passed away on my hands. In place of bringing her to me at once, they first gave her their own treatment, screaming and howling into her ears in order to arouse her out of the stupor caused by the cobra poison." They did not realize that quick action was necessary. A trader was resting in Parsabhader one night and, when about to leave early next morning, was bitten by a small snake. The villagers advised him to go to the sahib at once. He assured them that it was not so dangerous, as it was only a young snake. He packed his wares on his pony, led him past the bungalow, swooned at the edge of the village and died. A Baloda Bazar man once came to be treated for snake bite and Hagenstein asked if

they had killed the cobra. "Oh, no," came the reply, "it was Nagdev, the snake god; no one would dare to kill him."

Occasionally he was also called upon to disinfect and dress wounds caused by a tiger or panther who had mauled but not killed his victim.

We do not know the exact number of patients who received medicine from him, due to the fact that he was no "worshipper of the Book of Numbers." Figures and statistics made no appeal to him; seldom does one meet with them in his records, and, when they do appear, they are always very conservative. Several times a year he ascertained the exact number during a limited period of six to fifteen days by making a small mark on a sheet of paper or on the white-washed wall for each person (not including Christians) who came for medicine, irrespective of whether he took some for himself only, or for a number of persons. "During an eight day period in June, 1909, the daily average was forty-four." This, if maintained, would make a total of far more than 10,000 a year. "June 12, 1912, more than a hundred came for medicine, but the average is only between fifty and seventy; another time the lowest figure was nine (on a Sunday), the highest seventy-one." Simple multiplication of a most conservative estimate would signify that during his period of service in Parsabhader he gave medicine to no less than a quarter of a million people, some of course being recurring cases.

Appreciation was not lacking. A teacher gave

a sum equal to two week's salary as a thank-offering for the recovery of his wife. Another friend gave five rupees as a gift to the Bible Society. A shepherd's mother came from a distance asking for the same medicine he had given her several weeks previously for a very ill son. At his request she again described the symptoms, received the proper medicine and went home with great hopes. Months later she returned with a neatly woven blanket they had made from the wool of their own sheep. Although deeply touched by this expression of gratitude, he did not accept the costly present, saying that they had a greater need for it than he.

It does not surprise us that as early as 1899, five years after he settled in Parsabhader, the inhabitants of Baloda Bazar favored placing a new dispensary which they proposed to erect, in his charge, because they felt that he would give them "impartial and conscientious treatment"—medicine mixed with religion. He did not consider the arrangement practical on account of the distance from his station, and declined the offer. People from there continued to come to him even after the government had opened a much larger establishment than his two years later.

He valued medical work second only to educational work as a medium for evangelism. About eight or nine o'clock in the morning, when a group had gathered around the entrance to his dispensary —a very plain mud building, whitewashed and covered with a grass roof—he returned from his rounds

to the various mission departments and spent several hours dispensing medicines. Preaching was not done in a formal manner, but individual, personal remarks were made as occasion presented itself. What was spoken to one, all were able to hear. Christ was presented to them in a conversational way, a method which made the visitors feel at home and appealed to even the most timid.

"I don't preach, but only talk to them as the situation and common sense demand. If they meet me with the words 'Ram, Ram,' I say: 'why do you call upon a dead person?' Ram was once a heroic king of long ago and died as all men die. Call on the *living* God, He hears.—Or, when a person uses the greeting: 'Satnam, Satnam,' I explain that the founder of their religion, whom they follow and who taught them the expression 'Satnam' (true name), was sinful like all of us, and tell them to call on the name of Christ, the sinless one, and the true *guru* (religious leader). When they use the flattering greeting: 'Maharaj' (great king), I reply that I am merely a teacher of the path which leads to the great, eternal King. When a man presents a neglected, filthy wound of long standing, I use it as an illustration to warn them against the danger of neglecting even minor sins, that cause moral and religious decay. If a person falls prostrate at my feet, as many do, I object to such honor, and tell them that there was only one person ever found on earth who is worthy of such tribute and obedience, Jesus Christ."

When giving medicines for the first time, he found that timid patients easily became confused and forgot whether to take the medicine internally or to apply it outwardly. He therefore devised a simple memory method: all powders to be used externally were wrapped in brown paper, all others in white paper; all bottles containing liquid medicines for external applications received a brown label, all others a white one. When visiting outlying villages on preaching tours, he found that usually those people were the first to welcome him who had at one time or other visited his dispensary. In thus preparing the way for the Christian message his method of kindness and service well illustrated Gladstone's remark that "One example is worth a thousand arguments."

Epidemics were always a source of great anxiety, not only because the orphans, blind, invalids and other Christians were in his special care, but also because of the village non-Christians and the many others who came to him for help. He passed through the period of one epidemic of bubonic plague, three of cholera, two of smallpox and one of influenza. These seven epidemics and the several famines alone were sufficient to tax the reserve strength of even the healthiest person—not to forget the drain of regular routine missionary work. Conditions in each epidemic would not have been so severe had common sense prevailed in place of fright and superstition.

In February, 1912, he was planning to attend the

Above—Parsabhader congregation, 1922
Below—Former house for blind people

Sadhu Sundar Singh

annual Christian mela at Madkughat, when the disturbing news was brought to him that dead rats were found in the next village. He could not decide to leave Parsabhader with danger lurking so near—knowing that the insane custom of fleeing might soon bring it to his village. The next report was death from plague in a house in Baloda Bazar where the owner had found a dead rat, and, not knowing that plague was about, picked it up and thrown it out into the street. Every member in the family died of plague. The next day Hagenstein's servant returned with the mail from Baloda Bazar, saying that two dead rats had fallen from the post office verandah roof while he was sitting there waiting for the mail runner to arrive. Hagenstein ordered every family in Parsabhader to vacate their house at once in case they found a dead rat, and to camp in temporary shelters in the field.

Rev. Gass wrote him that daily ten to twelve people were dying in Raipur (the total dying there was over 400, not one of them a Christian). In Nagpur 267 died in one week, in Bhatapara fifty, in Baloda Bazar ten. And yet several men were beaten in this town by pious Hindus for killing rats, the vehicle of plague carriers. For three months all schools were closed and business was at a standstill. No deaths seem to have occurred in Parsabhader, due most likely to the fact that Captain Morrison, M.D., of Raipur was called to inoculate Hagenstein and 200 of the villagers.

The number of deaths due to the smallpox epi-

demic of 1917 was insignificant compared with the havoc caused by the influenza epidemic in the fall of 1918. It was a pitiful thing to see the awful plight of the masses, whom there were few to advise, fewer to serve. Ignorant of its nature, they knew not how to treat the disease, but bowed down to the cruel necessity of passive acceptance, doing nothing, or resorting to treatment that only speeded the spread of the disease and the march of death. Alarming reports came from all parts of India. The daily paper of October 18, reported 768 deaths in Bombay in one day, 328 in Madras, 400 in Cawnpur. Hagenstein reported as follows:

"Excepting the famine years, this is the most disheartening, depressing visitation I have ever witnessed. Influenza, hunger, helplessness, lack of clothing and bedding make the situation seem hopeless. Almost all my teachers have left their outstations and come here to the village. Reports from surrounding villages are most alarming. Some are losing ten to twenty percent of their population. The sick outnumber the well. Often corpses are left in the houses or lie unburied on the open field for the jackals to feed upon. Frequently there are not sufficient strong men to bury the many victims. It occurs in some houses that all members of the family are ill, and no neighbors cook their food or give them water to drink. Again, fright drives many hither and thither, but wherever they go, death stares them in the face. Undoubtedly one could save many more if they were only more willing to

obey. A man and his wife, whom we buried in the same grave, had loaned money on interest, possessed gold and silver jewelry, the value of which equaled ten months' salary—yet they had not sufficient bedding or clothes to keep their bodies warm during the cool season. A number died from collapse due to overexertion before full recovery could take place. Unfortunately the epidemic with all its seriousness and sadness has not led the people to repentance."

Parsabhader lost twenty-three Christians, ten percent of the congregation. Among them were four teachers and five teachers' wives. In the whole of India the number of deaths was about twelve millions.

Cholera epidemics were no less serious. When the first case appeared in Parsabhader, men brought all the women of the village before his door and pleaded with him to ascertain the guilty witch who had caused it. (Chhattisgarh does not seem to believe in male witches.) They also suggested the method. He was to lay a bamboo pole on the ground and compell all the women to jump over it; any one stumbling in the act should be declared guilty and punished. When he refused to do so they left him shaking their heads. "He doesn't understand." One woman purchased a rare chick with fluffy ruffled feathers for ten times its actual value, and at night secretly threw it into a neighbor's yard, believing this would divert cholera from her own home to that of the neighbor. Some refused to accept medicine, fearing it would offend the goddess. An-

other time it was decreed in the village that no woman was allowed to go to the well alone, lest she be tempted to perform rites of witchcraft against others. In Baloda Bazar half a dozen fakirs were called to pacify the angry goddess of cholera. Even educated Hindus contributed to the fund. In addition to this cost, one of them pawned his brass food vessels to purchase "cooling foods" as custom dictated: Sour milk, melted butter, dried wild plums and onions. These he fed his brother, sick with cholera, who became not only cool, but cold in death itself.

Hagenstein responded to calls from other villages, dispensed medicines, and gave instructions to prevent the spread of cholera. In one village he found only a few invalids and old grandmothers who had been left behind with the unburied dead; all others had fled. Ten died in Parsabhader. In three weeks over one hundred died in Baloda Bazar. He sent teachers to surrounding villages to encourage the sick and the frightened, to give medicines and to teach sanitation. It was difficult to convince all that by obeying simple rules the spread of cholera could be prevented. Many insisted on the right to wash soiled clothes of cholera patients in ponds from which many drew their supply of cooking water. Repeatedly he sent messengers to neighboring villages to forbid taking water from the ponds for food purposes, only to receive the answer, that pond water has more body to it than well water, and is stronger. "Indeed, very strong," wrote

Hagenstein, "and when no rain comes for six months it even becomes thick. But they believe that plants in the pond purify the water."

During each epidemic schools were closed, travel reduced to a minimum and business practically suspended. When the second cholera epidemic came, Parsabhader had a number of cases, none of which were fatal. The villagers were more willing to abide by his orders regarding proper diet, avoiding contact and not polluting pond water. That no deaths occurred in Parsabhader deeply impressed other villages.

In a succeeding epidemic his village was in great danger, due to its escape in previous time. One morning he awoke only to find that about thirty adults and children from the large village Risda, a mile away, had taken refuge in his carpenter shop. It made him rather angry because seventy-five deaths had taken place there due to cholera. To his horror he found that several of their number were actually ill. They had come to enjoy the immunity of Parsabhader. "I could not drive them away, so they were told to occupy one of our buildings in the field beyond the village and to obey all orders. We nursed their sick, prevented their coming in contact with our own village, and carefully watched their movements. Those who were ill among them improved. Very few died in our village. But Risda lost very many, even though two-thirds of the population had fled. Only a few weeks previously it was this same Risda village whose leaders had boasted

that "cholera will not come to our village, because every householder paid eight annas to have sorcerers called who made our village immune." They who relied on sorcery had to see more than a hundred fall victims to the wrath of their goddess. Those who fled to seek refuge in our village were spared. Yet, in spite of it all, other sorcerers were called, when the epidemic was past, to bribe the goddess never to come again.

Dr. E. G. Tillmanns, former missionary, and friend of Hagenstein, gives the following verdict, which, coming as it does from a professional man, deserves to be quoted.

"As I now look back and recall matters which came to my personal observation at that time, I can say truthfully that in the light of my present experience as a medical practitioner my impression of his medical ability is greatly strengthened. He was an able practitioner, all the more remarkable because his scope of medication was limited and his professional knowledge of pathology and therapeutics was based chiefly on practical experience.

"Some of the patients traveled twenty-four hours and more to consult him. It was pathetic to see them squat in a semi-circle before his unpretentious medicine house; some bearing deep physical traces not due to disease alone, but also to the hardships of a long journey. He readily diagnosed malaria, dysentery, gastric disturbances and intestinal disorders. He was versed in the differential diagnosis and treatment of ordinary forms of intestinal

paresitology. He was not helpless in treating the greatest Indian scourges, cholera and bubonic plague. It is a wonder to me, or it is rather another proof of his ability as a hygienist, that, as far as my knowledge goes, he was never himself afflicted with any of these diseases, although he intimately associated with natives. He certainly did not shun their contact when he saw them in trouble. His personal courage and fearlessness in treating physical ailments and facing death were only surpassed by his good judgment and splendid success.

"I don't think he could have named or described one of those fearful bacterial agents of infectious diseases, but his attitude and behavior in their presence was just as correct as that of the skilled bacteriologist. He invaded many a cholera stricken village and fought the scourge in the first rank, whether among Christian, Hindus or Muhammedans. His great heart went out equally to them all.

"He must have treated dozens of snake bites every year. I myself saw him treat some. He said he never lost a case. That means he never did lose one, for when Brother Hagenstein spoke, he always spoke the truth as he saw it. He would keep his snake bitten patient stimulated physically through twenty-four hours at least. He would walk with them and rest with them, even lie down for short periods of relaxation with his arm around the victim, then he would again resume the tireless walk for hours at a time, which is the best physiological stimulation of a tiring heart muscle. Coffee or

strong tea was the only (internal) remedy employed. (He rubbed permanganate of potash into the wound which had been cut open.) Cures of that kind are not much employed in modern medicine for the treatment of slow systematic toxication—I'm afraid it is because they require too great a measure of prolonged personal service and sacrifice. But the Hagenstein clinic was borne by the principle of sacrifice.

"He had remarkable success in the treatment of psychoneurotic phenomena. I recall that such a disturbance broke out in epidemic form in the orphanages. The symptoms were periodical fits and explosive physical and mental disturbance, singularly alike in character and amenable to auto- and altero-suggestion. The mental picture was strongly interwoven with religious elements and the 'evil one' was a strong factor in this type of trouble. Brother Hagenstein could do much to banish such spells by his strong personality, quiet, loving dignity and strong, positive mental suggestion. His presence did much to reduce the outbursts of hysteria and psychosis among the children when it tended to become violent."

पवित्रात्मा सच्चा परमेश्वर है। दया और मुक्ति जो प्रभु यीशु ने कमाया है, सो पवित्रात्मा विश्वासियों के मनों में प्राप्त कराता है। पवित्रात्मा के बिना कोई मनुष्य सच्चा विश्वास नहीं ला सकता है, न प्रभु यीशु को परमेश्वर और मुक्तिदाता मान सकता है॥

सब लोग पापी हैं। पाप जो है सो परमेश्वर के विरुद्ध करना है, अथवा परमेश्वर की आज्ञाओं को भंग करना है, अथवा बुराई करना है। पाप का फल दुःख और मरण है। सब दुःख पाप का फल है, क्योंकि यदि पाप नहीं होता तो किसी प्रकार का दुःख भी न होता; परन्तु दुःख सदा किसी विशेष पाप का फल नहीं है। पापी होने के कारण लोग भिन्न २ भूलों में गिरते हैं। पाप दिल विवेक और अक्ल को अंधियारा करता है, इसलिये भिन्न २ समझ और भिन्न २ मत होगये हैं। वे लोग जो पाप के कारण सच्चा पश्चात्ताप नहीं करते हैं और प्रभु यीशु पर सच्चा विश्वास न लाके उसके लोहू से धोये नहीं जाते हैं सो नरक के दण्ड में जाते हैं॥

पश्चात्ताप करना अति भारी बात है जो सब लोगों को चाहिये। जो मनुष्य पश्चात्ताप नहीं करता है उसके विरुद्ध परमेश्वर है और वह उसके पापों के अनुसार उसको दण्ड देता है। जो मनुष्य

"Be not too sharp when wisdom calls for patience;
Spare not where reason dictates elimination:
Shield not yourself, nor fear your errors to confess;
But for these tasks seek wisdom from on high."

—*Hagenstein,* from "Thoughts As They Came."

"I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright."

—From Hagenstein's Collected Quotations.

"They think that persistent worrying will wear out the determination of even the most persistent European."

—*Sir W. M. F. Petrie.*

CHAPTER XII

"NO WORK GOES SMOOTHLY IN INDIA" (His Office)

It was not a modern office by any means, merely a plain room in the bungalow, void of any modern equipment—yet it was the place where all lines of his many branches of work converged. Outwardly few persons would have recognized it as an office: a plain table, trunk, tin money box, a worm eaten bookcase, a wall shelf or two and a chair. In one corner a medium sized standing desk silently guarded many secrets—records of the past. During certain seasons of the year his native bed also found a place in the center of the room. He possessed two time pieces, a small clock on the shelf which didn't run, and one in the heavens, which never failed him, the sun and stars; he was very adept at telling correct time by them. To ascertain his ability and security I tested him several times on different occasions and found that he never missed the exact time of my watch by more than fifteen minutes.

In this unpretentious office all work was planned, all correspondence attended to, records were kept, and all employees' matters untangled. Here he unburdened his mind in prayer and on paper. Here he worried when balancing accounts which revealed deficits. In the corner of this room, at his writing

table, he pleaded with the Board at home. In the hot season he sat here and arranged for all purchases of supplies needed during the rainy season: fuel for cooking, pots, water vessels, brooms, onions and red peppers for the orphans and blind; tiles, lumber, bamboo, lime, brick and other materials required for repairs and building purposes. Here he bargained with petty contractors, obstreperous cartment and wily laborers. Here he prepared and *wrote* his 3,000 or more sermons and Bible studies. In apparent disorder there was system, order and neatness, for without loss of time, effort or difficulty he could easily find records, receipts, reports or letters of the past. Each had its place. It was his own system. Important and valuable receipts and documents were preserved in one tray of his "Made in Germany" trunk, now in its fiftieth year of service. A second tray contained cherished correspondence from friends. The book cases held the countless registers and records—so necessary for keeping one in close touch with all details of the various departments, lest leakage and looseness cause embarrassment. Duplicate copies of reports and letters were stored in the desk drawer. A stock of school books and supplies was also kept on hand, from which teachers and pupils could make purchases, for, excepting Baloda Bazar, no village in his area could boast of a store selling these articles.

It surprises one at times that he was able to accomplish so much office work in addition to out-door

tasks. In the trunk-tray referred to above were six envelopes in which all receipts were filled:

1. Registered letters and money order receipts.
2. Church contributions.
3. Rent received from farmers.
4. Village tax.
5. Check stubs.
6. Letters and new rules from the school department.

In the desk were several dozen large-sized note books classified as follows:

1. Original draft of letters to the Board.
2. Original copies of all reports to the Board.
3. Rough copy of important letters to friends.
4. Copies of all important or controversial letters to Government officials.
5. His own poetry.
6. Collected poems and quotations.
7. Clippings on politics and history, and the World War.
8. A large bound notebook for papers read at conferences and for his personal "thoughts as they come."
9. A stack of fifteen large copy books in which he wrote all sermons, Bible studies and Sunday lesson preparations—all in Roman-Hindi.

Record books or registers in which he kept accounts of all cash transactions and records of all branches of work, numbered fourteen.

1. Daily attendance of laborers employed at the station.

2. Salary account book for teachers and evangelists.

3. List of all orphans and blind inmates with a record of clothing and bedding supplied.

4. List and account of all school supplies in the hands of teachers for sale or for school use in general.

5. Account of all grain harvested, sold or used.

6. Record of cattle, sheep, oxen, and buffaloes in the farm department.

7. Cash book for all money expended for general mission work, repairs and new buildings.

8. Donations received for the congregation.

9. Church register for births, baptisms, communicants, marriages, and deaths.

10. Duplicate copies of marriage certificates according to Government requirement.

11. Loan account with all of farmers and employees.

12. Record of land rents received from farmers.

13. Duplicate copies of all annual financial statements.

14. Complete notations of all mail sent out.

In the last one, for instance, we find that he wrote two hundred letters in the five-month period before his death, January to May, when the work is heaviest and the weather hottest.

It was not a simple task to keep account of all moneys received and expended, considering that

each year fifteen to twenty thousand rupees were handled and that almost all the sums were in very small amounts. It was not his custom, nor was it easily possible, to enjoy or observe undisturbed office hours during which all clerical work could be attended to; hence much of it had to be done in the evenings when he was tired. Only once in all his reports and letters did he give definite information regarding one whole day's work: "Went over to the threshing floor, gave daily portion of rice for orphans and blind, had breakfast, dispensed medicines two and a half hours, inspected erection of new building, distributed grain to the poor, made trip to wheat field, gave medicine again, noonday meal, devotion with workers, English study class, treated case of scorpion sting, walked to distant gram field, punished disobedient boy, lighted lamp, took attendance of workers, gave more medicine, evening meal, last round to orphanages, 8 P. M. another scorpion case."

Although he delighted in hard service and patient toil, he was not at all fond of bookkeeping—perhaps because it was an art he had never had an opportunity to acquire thoroughly. He did not consider it necessary to itemize all expenditures in detail when sending financial statement to the Board. Several misunderstandings followed. But they in no way detracted from the deep respect and appreciation held for his unselfish service, honesty and straightforwardness. An outburst of amazement to the Board was not wholly unjustifiable:

"You desire that I do more touring for evangelistic work, and at the same time you ask that I give minute details of all accounts. Send another missionary and I'll gladly do so. One man's strength is limited, and each day has only 24 hours. One must do many things oneself, else they will be done very unsatisfactorily or not at all. There is so much work, and one meets with so many opportunities that each branch alone could keep one man busy."

Extremely modest in preparing annual budgets, from which at times slices were cut in America, he experienced difficulty in making ends meet. This happened especially when unforeseen heavy expenditures were caused by storm damage to roofs and walls, or when droughts ruined crop prospects and thus reduced the estimated farm income. Often the conference increased his budget items according to actual needs when it was noticed that he figured his estimates too low. In later years he did not attend all conference sessions, yet he always sent greetings which invariably included the sensible advice not to pass too many resolutions, and ended with the humorous threat: "Ich tue dcch, was ich will," (I'll do what I please anyway).

His most unpleasant office tasks were the personal interviews made necessary on account of weakness of character and an untrained conscience in the tenants, employees, church members and orphans, only a few of whom had learned the art of self-discipline. A small minority were making slow

Conference in Parsabhader, 1913

Above—Singarhi village delegation ask for an evangelist
Below—Secret seekers

progress. Finding and employing suitable farm hands, skilled workmen for building, and teachers for schools was indeed a difficult, disagreeable task. Unfortunately too often human relationships in India are poisoned by the suspicion that one is regarded less as a friend than as a means to a profitable end.

"If we only had more unselfish and reliable workers," he sighs, "men who really love their own people and have a sympathetic feeling for their pitiful conditions. We need better workers more than churches or school buildings. Four outstanding sins hinder all branches of mission work: laziness, carelessness, stealing and deceitfulness. Quarrels and absence from work on slight provocation also need severe handling. *No work goes smoothly in India.* Only lately my servant left the mail bag lying somewhere in the market place and no trace of it could be found. Not only the daily India mail but also all foreign mail was lost. Many such aggravating cases come before me only too frequently. Money, honor or an easy job is oftener the motive for seeking employment than the idea of service. A Hindu station-master told me: 'Now I receive forty rupees a month from the railroad, give me fifty rupees a month and I will preach your religion.' Several outside men whom I employed as school headmasters have been sorely disappointing. One was lazy and had to be dismissed, another was caught in adultery and ran away. A third one had only one great ambition: to receive a salary increase

every month. An evangelist was guilty of resorting to sorcery when his child was ill. Many talk piously, but work little—like some I knew in America. In the English mission school at Baloda Bazar I employed a Brahmin and after him a Muhammedan from Raipur, but both had to be dismissed after a few weeks. They were such scoundrels that even bad boys would have become worse in their company. Begging petitions for salary increases become disgusting, being apparently based on the theory: 'If you only nag long enough you may get at least part of what you want.'" Naturally the obedient, faithful, trustworthy employees who were loyal to their missionary and duty, and carried on their work in a quiet manner attracted less attention than the disturbing element, for it was this type of men who robbed the office of its peaceful atmosphere.

"Beware," he wrote in his private note book as an injunction for himself, "beware, lest you become blind to the errors of friends." He adhered to this cautionary self-administered advice when corresponding with co-workers, Indian and American, with officials, and the Board, for he was extremely frank. Convictions on vital issues were not held in storage; silence he did not consider golden, but cowardly. His friends valued this openness. An Indian official who knew him less judged otherwise. "He has a sharp pen," was his verdict. One day I overheard two men discussing Hagenstein's letters to officials when calling their attention to the peasants' griev-

ances against oppressing malguzars or subordinate officials. One of them marvelled at his courage and effectiveness. The other was ready with a pertinent explanation: "Any virtuous man as unselfish and just as he was always possesses the power and authority to chastise any one who is in the wrong."

His correspondence reveals the same style used in preaching, teaching or daily conversation: outspoken, didactic and exhortative. Truths were told in such a positive, categorical manner that he may have appeared pedantic or even arrogant to those who did not know him well. Statements were made in a matter-of-fact way, abrupt, clear and definite, never leaving the person addressed in doubt regarding his meaning. Flowery, evasive language to conceal thoughts or to disguise motives was foreign to him; his nature was too honest for that. Truth-telling was candid and explicit, never sugar-coated, even when likely to hurt; nor was it given in homeopathic doses when otherwise necessary. Yet, if any ever felt that his frankness was intended to hurt or offend, it had no sting. His unquestioned humility prevented him from assuming a superior or holier-than-thou attitude. Such a doubtful method or manner would have been contrary to his high regard for the character of truth and justice, and out of harmony with his conception of the purpose for pleading their cause.

Here are several characteristic office letters written in the interest of truth and justice, without which "no work runs smoothly."

After accepting salary on pay day his highest paid teacher left suddenly without giving the customary month's notice. Several weeks later the man instructed a lawyer to demand back salary and travel allowance. Hagenstein's answer was brief:

"Your client is a liar and a thief. When leaving he told us that a telegram had called him away to a sick relative. Inquiry at the post office proves that no such telegram arrived here for him. He not only ran away without paying the washerman, but also took articles belonging to another teacher. Signed receipts in my file prove that he received all salary and travel money due him. It is devilishly mean for him to say that he did not receive it. No other man could cause so much trouble in so short a time. Twice I told him God would surely take him in hand for his sins if he did not repent. You can not squeeze money out of me like that. I'm an American, not an Indian. You can collect such claims only through a court of injustice. I'm glad to be ignorant of court proceedings, but I do know that if you were a gentleman you would have made inquiries before writing such a threatening letter." Such straightforwardness required no answer—and none came.

An orphan boy once committed larceny, which Hagenstein did not report to the police, settling the matter himself. The local police inspector at Baloda Bazar learned of the incident and welcomed it as a favorable opportunity to embarrass the missionary in return for reporting irregularities in his

department. To grind his axe well he lured his superior officer into the role of turning the crank. "Do not interfere with police duties" came the order from the Deputy Commissioner at Raipur to Hagenstein, who then addressed the following letter to his superior, the Commissioner at Raipur.

"Sometime ago the Deputy Commissioner sent a threatening letter, quoting section and paragraph of a certain law I was guilty of transgressing. The whole affair is a simple case of discipline in my orphanage. While helping to kill rats in the house of a friend, a twelve year old orphan found five rupees hidden in a hole and kept them. After confessing, he returned the money and the friend was satisfied. The Inspector of Police heard of it, called the village servant, and made him walk sixteen miles to Bhatapara and back only to reprimand him for not reporting the theft. I wrote that he was innocent because I had taken the case in hand, disciplined the boy with a thrashing and thus settled the affair. The boy is not a robber or a thief, but a foolish child.

"Being a minister of the Gospel, teaching people to be kind, forbearing and forgiving, I could not do otherwise. Sending me to jail for not reporting the theft would be no disgrace or dishonor for me—it would only endear me to the people. If similar cases arise I shall never do otherwise—irrespective of the law. If the law demands that every trivial theft be reported to the police, even if committed by a boy in the care of a guardian who metes out necessary

punishment—then that law is wrong. Perhaps the Deputy Commissioner has misunderstood or misapplied it."

In the first decades of our work in India when there were few missionaries, it was customary and easily possible for the members of the Board in America to be not only acquainted with the details of the work, but also to direct it in detail. Perhaps the small amount of money at their disposal also dictated this policy, in order to distribute and expend the money discreetly and effectively where it might accomplish the greatest amount of good. Naturally this method allowed little freedom of movement in India, and necessitated detailed reports and frequent correspondence. Delays of consent and money could not be avoided. "Watchful waiting," when the need was urgent, did not relieve Hagenstein's anxiety, as the following extracts from his letters show.

"Your attempt to regulate all details of our diversified and growing work is not practical. Don't make our already difficult tasks more complicated and intricate. Our primary duties are to teach and to serve, all else is subordinate to this: reports, correspondence, financial statements, observing rules and remembering orders. Retain confidence in us completely. When this can not be done on your part, recall us. You can not treat all missionaries like standardized machinery, we differ from each other. The antiquated, autocratic 'Basel' plan of treating all missionaries according to a single plan

or a single, rigid, almost artificial, scheme would cause us to become either rebels or mere puppets, or even slaves, who must be closely guarded. This method not only robs us of self-respect; it also lowers our standing among the Indians. When asked to submit and re-submit even small matters to America before we can act, it creates the impression in their minds that we can not be fully trusted, or are not able to manage affairs without specific orders from above. We can not teach India to have confidence in others and to trust them when the Board's method seems to imply mistrust. I desire freedom and order. By the time your permission and money arrive to carry out a proposed project conditions so frequently change that a completely different line of action must be followed. If an original plan can not be carried out in detail, it should not be necessary to refer the matter to you a second time. At this stage confidence in our sincerity and ability must prevail."

"Please do not send instructions in such a commanding tone; shall we merely obey and have no opinion of our own? That can't be. Then we would not be men. Reprimand less and send more money, even though the budget estimate is over-spent. Write to us only as brethren. . . You plan to send out a member of the Board as 'Inspector'; in that capacity I shall recognize no one—we are all brothers. If he comes in this spirit, I welcome him. . . Don't be too officious or formal, only coldness and petrification results. When offering plans contrary

to our conviction and suggestion, please explain and justify your action. Don't rule over us, only work with us. To ask us to obey whether we concur or not, is popery. Our method out here is democratic. . . . Don't alter our reports by eliminating any dark side of our work. Give the home church a complete picture of conditions and impress upon all missionaries the need to tell only the truth. For instance, if I write how a person repents, prays and works faithfully, and do not also refer to those who lie, steal or commit adultery, I am deceiving the home church by giving the false impression that all may be pious. Therefore kindly print my reports as I send them, even though they may not be literary and classical productions. Don't let others cook them over a few times and then serve them."

The Board was well aware of the fact that he did not write so outspokenly in order to disparage or question their motive and ability, but rather to give utterance to his conception of mission policy. Like all his friends of the inner circle, the Board not only understood him, but valued and accepted his frank criticisms.

Temple built around sacred tree, on Mahanadi river,
near Mahasamund

"That man may last, but never lives
Who much receives, but nothing gives."

—*Anon.*

"If I were to be asked what I look upon as *the* most distinguishing feature of Christianity as a practical religion in India, I would answer at once, that to my mind *the* most characteristic and *the* most distinguishing feature of practical Christianity in India lies in its trying to live up to that noble precept: 'Love thou thy neighbor as thine own self.'"

—*Prof. B. K. Thakore,* Hindu Judge.

"He did things so kindly,
It seemed his heart's delight
To make poor people happy
From morning until night."

—*Anon.*

CHAPTER XIII

HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD (Charity)

Had Hagenstein fallen victim to the temptation of generalizing, he would surely have closed the hand of charity to many. In a land where the religious mendicant is king, where giving alms is tantamount to acquiring religious merit, begging assumes a dangerous character of respectability. Add to this the prevalent poverty, and one finds a soil well prepared to raise a superabundance of beggars, making it difficult to distinguish the worthy from the chronically lazy.

"When giving money to the poor you are pouring water into the ocean," he complains; "it is indeed difficult to help. They never get enough, are not satisfied when helped, are seldom thankful, and never think about repaying." Rev. O. Lohr, whose many years in India gave him a good knowledge of the Indian character, prepared him for this. "When beginning work in Parsabhader, don't expect to receive any thanks. It is a virtue most of the people have not yet learned." How could it be different when Hinduism has developed a type of beggars' pride, a mentality that argues logically: "By asking alms I am conferring a great favor upon you, for my begging supplies an opportunity for you to accumulate merit."

To what extent this motive of seeking righteousness was ascribed to Hagenstein, is difficult to determine. Surely, those who came into frequent contact with him learned to differentiate between the Hindu and Christian conception of giving. In all charity work his aim was to keep the idea of self-help in the foreground. Even converts found it difficult to learn that self-help is more noble than accepting charity. This fact may have caused him to remark that "In Hinduism there is danger that the guru (religious teacher) fleeces the people. In Christianity there is danger that the people fleece the guru."

He soon put into practice certain wholesome principles, according to which needy persons were to receive aid. "Lazy people should suffer, not be fed. I give alms most sparingly, only to the absolutely helpless, who can't earn, and to the famine-stricken. But I do try to supply work to the poor whenever possible. Loans are given in very urgent cases only, when it is actually a help—and then I take no interest on the money loaned. I may sell land to grown orphans or to other Christians for cash, but no one receives a field without payment. No religious distinction is made when giving help. It is unjust to treat Christians better than heathen, even in small material things. While my supply lasts all receive alike. Were more time at my disposal, I would endeavor to organize the non-Christians to help their own kind, and the Christians to do likewise. . . Charity for its own sake is degrading.

Real charity takes the whole person into consideration, consequently it should aid him both physically and spiritually, be he friend or foe. I do not aid the poor to have them become Christians, but because I am Christian. I can also be very strict and endure to see stubborn ones in need."

Judged by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr's definition, Hagenstein was indeed religious in all charity work: "The function of religion is to nerve men for an ethical achievement when it promises no immediate returns," and, one might amplify—not even thanks. His "compelling sense of debtorship" did not suffer because immediate returns were not forthcoming. Few people ever knew, for instance, how large a proportion of his salary was spent for others. Seldom did he ever refer to this matter himself. A number of poor people were trying to help themselves by cultivating land rented from him. "On account of insufficient rains the crop is less than 25 percent. I can't take the money from them under these conditions and have consequently canceled the amounts. I can't collect it conscientiously. In case you don't agree, deduct the amount from my salary. Even though I live very plainly, the savings of my salary are not sufficient to help all who are in need." The first twenty years he received only $41 a month, later $46, and the last year $60. Of this amount he used less than half for himself, the larger portion he used for charity and medical work.

Twenty to thirty poor came at regular intervals from surrounding villages for a portion of rice or

money. When many persons were present and he desired to give any one a larger gift, he resorted to a novel method. After dropping a few small coins into the hand he also gave a small parcel, saying with his usual smile: "Eat this also when you arrive home." Away from the crowd the recipient would open the parcel and find a silver rupee or more, and thus escape the danger of having it stolen.

There was a usual average of twenty-five to thirty adult blind inmates, cripples and aged in his institution. These, as well as the charity cases from the outside, were given light work to perform, weeding, cleaning rice, making rope and native brooms, watching the fields and stripping hemp. One strong beggar who was told to work several hours and so earn his food, became angry and used such vile and abusive language that Hagenstein grasped him firmly by the shoulders and forcibly speeded him off the office verandah. "This was also an act of charity," he declared, "for he who does not work shall not eat." When he threatened to drive a "foul-mouthed, quarrelsome old woman" away from the village, she calmly replied: "Drive me away, I'll find a bush somewhere under which I can die." On the slightest provocation some of them used such filthy language that he had to alter the custom of letting them eat their food with the orphans, "lest they spoil them."

Charity money was granted as an outright gift; repayment was never expected. Milk, food, and

clothing were also given, especially when there were children in the destitute family. Help was extended even to distant villages. Several times he acted as protector for the poor and oppressed tenants who complained against the injustice of *malguzars* or subordinate officials. He would institute detailed inquiry and report to the government. Many cases of illegality and injustice were summarily dealt with as a result of his personal intervention.

During one of the epidemics an aged, half-blind man came to him secretly with a small parcel wrapped in a dirty cloth, saying: "Please keep these seventy-one rupees for me; relatives are sitting in my hut waiting to see me die." On another occasion an old woman was whining before his door that she was tired and hungry; her son had put her out of the house. Hagenstein gave her a liberal portion of cooked rice. For half an hour she sat before it in an pensive mood, but would not touch the food. Several hours later she returned the food to him untouched, "I can't eat it," she said. "If I do, they will put me out of caste, they will not bury me, and then my son will be put out also and will have to pay a large sum of money to be re-admitted.—No, rather let me die." She went away as she came, hungry. To one widow whose house had accidentally burned down he gave thirty rupees for roof material, after she herself had built up the mud walls. All the fines collected from teachers for absence from or neglect of duty, from farmers whose animals grazed other's crops, from those caught

stealing, from those continuously quarreling, were devoted to charity. Usually the fines collected were paid out at once, lest any one suspect him of using the money for himself.

One day a man was squatting before his door, asking for money and medicine. Two women tried to conceal themselves behind the trees nearby.

"Who are those two women?" asked Hagenstein.

"My wives," replied the man.

"How much did you pay for them?"

"Seventy rupees for the older one and eighty for the younger one."

"Sell the one for eighty rupees and after eating up the money, come again," said Hagenstein, giving the man medicine, but no money.

Deosing, a poor Christian, came to him with the sad story that he had not one grain of rice in the house for his children. Hagenstein instructed Martin, his cook, to give rice from his box in the dining room. "There is only sufficient for your next meal," said Martin. "Give it to him," said Hagenstein, "and cook only split peas for me." The cook gave the rice and brought an equal amount from his own house for his master. But Hagenstein refused to accept it until he had given his faithful servant wheat as payment.

One day he brought a crippled nine year old boy, whom parents and relatives did not want. Both legs were completely paralyzed; he had to walk on hands and knees. When a bystander saw the cripple being

lifted out of the tonga, he shook his head dubiously. "Now you have brought a very heavy burden, he has a big stomach but thin legs." In other words, he will devour much and produce nothing. The boy had already endured much. Both parents had run away during the famine. He was compelled to crawl from village to village, with a tiny brother on his back, begging food. For six years orphan boys in Parsabhader carried or wheeled him to school. He later became an able teacher and for twenty years has been serving as headmaster of mission schools.

Hagenstein's wrath was kindled whenever cases of wrongful extortion of money came before him. When poor patients asked for free medicine after having been bled financially and harmed physically by beigas (sorcerers), his condemnation of both the patients and sorcerer was severe. This widespread influence and harm of beigas so angered him that he sent a plea to Mr. Laurie, the Commissioner of Chhattisgarh Division, asking the government to curtail their dangerous witchcraft. "I have seen a great deal of mischief caused by the beigas. They take large amounts of money from the people for nothing, and only cause harm. . . . . Could not your government stop this shameful and nefarious method of extracting money under false pretenses? Every beiga should be punished as a cheater and impostor. The government punishes a thief for stealing a small sum of money, why not these fellows who are stealing large amounts under a false name?"

THE SUPPLIANT

"How can I know the right,—
So helpless I—
Since thou thy face hast hid from me,
O thou most high!

I call and call again
At thy high gate.
None hears me; empty is the house
And desolate.

If but before thy door
A guest appear,
Thou'lt speak to him some fitting word,
Some word of cheer.

Such courtesy, O Lord,
Becometh thee,
And we,—ah, we're not lost to sense
So utterly."

—*Tukaram,* Poet of Maratha, India.[1]

"Humility, penitence, love must be the three marks of the Truth-Bearer. *Humility,* because it is not his own message that he carries, but God's and if in his delivery of it self-assertion finds any place, he will spoil that message and hinder its acceptance. *Penitence,* because the church, past and present, has been so blind to many of the implications of its faith. And *love,* because the message of the Truth-Bearer is the Gospel of the love of God, and only by the love in his own heart for those to whom he speaks can he make known its power or its true nature."—*Misionary Council,* Jerusalem.

"A single life of Christ-like purity and heroism may do more to evangelize an entire district than the preaching in many mission halls."—*J. H. Oldham, M.A.*

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[1] From "Psalms of Maratha Saints," N. Macnical, Association Press, Calcutta. Used by permission.

CHAPTER XIV

HARD PATHS, ROCKY PLACES, CHOKING THORNS, GOOD GROUND (Evangelism)

Religion to Hagenstein was not mere social service to create a favorable environment in which the body might the more enjoy itself. Through observation and his own experience, he had realized that education alone, knowledge by itself, supplies no motivating power for good. Better crops, better fed villagers, better education and better health, much time, effort and money though he devoted to these phases of uplift, were to him never a substitute for the propelling power necessary to become a better character. Neither did they appear to him as the pathway to God. He realized that it was never India's ultimate goal to have only a full stomach or a keener intellect—that the heart of India desired more than husks to satisfy its longings. He remembered that India had demonstrated the eternal desire of man's soul many centuries before the West. He knew that India had passed through ages of bitter agony and indescribable self-torture in her attempt to purchase the privilege of finding God.

He had a peculiar preference for the middle and lower classes of people, and resented any insinuations that higher castes should be accorded any pref-

erence. "Low caste people may be on a low plane—but Hindus are no better; in fact, the temples of high caste people contain more vice than the places where low castes worship. Moreover, there are proportionately more useless Hindus roaming about than useless outcastes. I find little difference at heart between low and high caste. Their religious longings and aspirations are identical."

Tukaram, the author of the poem at the head of this chapter, was a low caste man (1608-49), persecuted by Brahmin leaders because they considered his popularity as a religious teacher to be an infringement on their prerogative. Apparently they themselves could not supply what his heart craved. Deeply religious, sincerely spiritual though he was, the success of his seeking seems doubtful. God, he concluded, was less courteous than the average villager, who would at least respond to a stranger's call. His poem reflects the tragedy of longing, pining India; God's gate is high, his house appears empty, desolate, no one is there to lend a listening ear or answer the call. Again he reflects India when calling out in another poem entitled "Desolation."

"Sobs choke my throat; my eyes
    Are wet with tears—
So long cast off by thee,
    My heart despairs.
Oh, whither hast thou gone, absorbed
    In other cares?
How long still must I wait to see thy face?"

Three hundred years earlier, the poet Namdev sent forth a no less bitter cry of hopelessness:

"When will the end of these things be?
O tell me, tell me true, for I
Cry to thee with a bitter cry.
Why speakest thou not? Ah, Vitthal, why
Thus silent? Whither shall I fly?"

These introductory words to Hagenstein's work as an evangelist must not leave the impression that the two million inhabitants of Chhattisgarh are all bent only on seeking God. Clashing contrasts exist in abundance. In a land where climate—heat and moisture—epidemics, disease and famine, insects and a multitudinous host of greater and smaller enemies make man's struggle for existence a strenuous and continuous one, it need not surprise us that men are affected differently. It has led a large number to a dangerous fatalism which declares that all individual efforts are useless and only a select few rise to a higher conception of God as personal. The masses on the other hand fret and worry about their daily sustenance, satisfied with perfunctory ceremonialism and superstition. Real joy is rarely attained. There is little light in the day of darkness and distress. Despair is unable to promise a look for the dawn of a brighter day. It is "Kali yug"—the evil age.

Hagenstein was convinced that with the power of the gospel as an effective evangelistic means, it would be possible to win the hearts of earnest seek-

ers, as well as lift the pessimistic fatalists to a higher plane where they might see that this is not the age of destruction, "Kali-yug," but "Mukti-yug," the age of salvation. Years of close and sympathetic contact with Chhattisgarh made possible a look into the thought life and heart of many. He found that in character the religious longing was identical with that of the completest saint, even though far less intense, less articulate, less developed, and consequently less noticeable. Because he had implicit faith in the ability of Christ to satisfy this longing, his evangelistic work never faltered, nor assumed a forced or formal character. To devote a special chapter to his evangelistic efforts is almost inconsistent with the man, for all Hagenstein did and said bore the mark of a natural evangelist. It was just this evangelistic zeal and character in all his work that frightened some and attracted others. His approach was as frank as it was sane—offensive to the consciously guilty and careless, tolerated by the superficial, and welcomed by the seeker. Because their conception and expression of religion is so vastly different from that of the Christian, he was frequently exasperated in his attempt to make clear to them the essentials of Christ's teachings. Penitence, forgiveness, holiness, constituted a strange terminology. Yet he never considered even the lowest or least educated unworthy of attention. Without a knowledge of India's religious background, without at least a partial insight into the mental labyrinth of the Indian's mind, evangelistic zeal may result in

misdirected, fruitless efforts. He seems to have understood the Indian to the extent that a direct, personally frank approach was possible, and the issue understood on both sides without preambles and introductory parleys.

Of the many interesting conversations which I had with him, one in particular not only arrested my attention but came as a shock. He said: "I know of no Hindu who ever really repented." This statement would have seemed incredible, had it not been born out of thirty years of unbroken contact with those to whom it referred. How could he then not only advocate but cheerfully carry on evangelistic work? How can one account for it in India, the most "incurably religious nation" on earth? Herein consisted the burden, the apparent hopelessness of evangelistic tasks, namely in a depressing lack of sin-consciousness. Yet, how could it be otherwise, when thirty centuries had taught that the greatest sin is to kill a cow! Practical fatalism, which breeds lethargy and indifference alike to good and evil, is indeed a stony place to expect repentance. Where the most popular religious book, the Bhagavat-gita, extols the ideal that "the learned look with indifference alike upon a very wise and courteous Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog or an outcaste man," it is indeed a choking thorn to consciousness of sin. When gods and goddesses themselves are whimsical and capricious, it is indeed a hard path to repent of injustice or selfishness. When all that is visible is considered an illusion, can not a lie also be an illu-

sion? Where then is the soil for repentance of an untruth? When Hindu philosophy teaches that "an action done without desire does not bind the doer," a prophet of repentance can hardly expect his message to bear fruit a hundred fold.

No one weakness in the Indian character called forth as many sighs of grief as this lack of sin-consciousness. In the "Making of Modern India," Dr. Macnical states the case very concisely.

"The ideal of Hinduism is not holiness, but passionlessness; not a righteous will, but a condition of the soul that is beyond (both) good and evil. It is true that the Hindu's conscience is as real as the Jew's or the Christian's, but the Hindu speculative system has covered it with an intellectual crust which makes the appeal to conscience and to the sense of sin far less powerful in India than it was when John the Baptist and Jesus preached in Judea and Galilee. A keen sense of sin and the apprehension of God's mercy in forgiveness is usually a later growth in their (i. e., the Hindu convert's) experience."

Hagenstein offered another explanation: "A person refusing to recognize the truth can not repent." [1]

[1] Compare what Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, the great archeologist says of the fellahin in Egypt, with whom he lived in very close contact for two years: "I have never yet found a fellah who confessed to doing wrong, or to being sorry for what he had done. . . He scarcely can, in fact, express what one of ourselves would feel, as there is no word for repentance in his vocabulary. The very sentiment of remorse is so unknown that there are no means of expressing it in any form."

These explanations may not only prevent us now from heaping blame on the unrepenting Chhattisgarhi, but it may also help one to understand why Hagenstein could be lenient and forgiving when disciplinary measures had to be taken against erring church members. It may likewise explain his request that the Board publish the sad and disappointing as well as the encouraging experiences on the foreign field. Each deflection from honesty, purity and trust on the part of a Christian was a shock to his ideal, which remained ever present before him. Being so conscious of this ideal in the midst of heathen surroundings, his judgment was frequently more severe than would have been the case when facing the same situation in the homeland.

When leaving the mission station he usually carried tracts and gospel portions in one pocket and a note book in the other. The tracts and gospels he passed out freely, taking only half the cost from poor people. The note book served to keep a record of those who favored or opposed the Christian religion, and conversation was then carried on accordingly. This small note book was of great use to him when visiting other villages. Because he came in contact with so many different people, he kept New Testaments in the Hindi, Marathi, Gujrati, Bengali and Urdu languages on hand. He was very much disappointed one year, when only fifty rupees were allowed on his budget for this type of evangelistic work. "This is not enough," he wrote; "the distribution of Christian literature is very necessary."

A county judge accepted religious books from him, and after reading them passed them on to relatives. A friendly trader asked for a Gospel to take along to his home a thousand miles away. In the beginning of his work in Baloda Bazar, Hindus began to show a more friendly attitude when the senior priest of their temple recognized his religious sincerity and accepted a New Testament from him, gladly paying the full price. A Hindu hospital assistant received a tract from him and several years later sent a letter, writing from Nagpur: "I passed my M.D. examination and am sure the Lord Jesus helped me, because I love Him." A married sadhu and his wife, who could also read, desired to possess a New Testament. Several times they called and revealed considerable knowledge of Christ. Asked why they did not accept baptism, the man answered: "To become Christian is difficult—not to do so is also difficult; in the former case relatives give one trouble, in the latter case one's conscience gives one no rest."

A Muhammedan Moulvie came alone one evening at dusk when Hagenstein was about to eat. He was therefore given a Bible to read in the meantime. After reading for half an hour he kissed the book and gave it back. Hagenstein wrote: "It is the first time in many years that I saw a Muhammedan priest show the Bible such respect. He now comes frequently, purchased a Hindi Bible for himself, an English copy for his brother in North India and an Urdu edition for a merchant in Baloda Bazar. This

is unusual, for the Muhammedans are usually hostile to Christianity. Since this their *moulvie* has been visiting me, their attitude is more friendly."

Another Muhammedan purchased a Bible, conversed with him frequently and was inclined to become a confessed Christian. "But," he feared, "my sons will put me out." Hagenstein reminded him that his sons had been pupils in his mission school and were sympathetic to Christianity. To this he replied: "True enough, they know more about your religion than about their own, yet if others ostracize me, they will also disown me. At heart I will remain a Christian." A Hindu who frequently attended his church services accepted a New Testament and wrote later: "I appreciate the book because Christ was no respecter of persons; there was no untruth in Him. Please greet the Parsabhader congregation for me, as at heart I also am a Christian."

A number of Muhammedans and Hindus of the upper classes came to see him privately, and when alone confessed that they were secret Christians. Several of them were willing to be baptized in his home, but he refused, saying that Christ wished all followers to confess Him openly. They lacked the courage to do so. He fully understood all the implications for one who wavered when asked to take the final step. A life so completely tied up in the meshes of the joint family system and all this implies in relation to caste, religion, and routine daily life, requires an abundance of heroic courage and determined will-power to make a complete break.

The approach to others who were less inclined to think or not sufficiently interested to make independent inquiry regarding the contents or meaning of the Christian religion was more difficult. And even though India proudly calls itself a spiritual land, a very large majority are so engrossed in laboring for their daily wants that religion receives only formal attention. Ceremonial observances, whose meanings are little understood, satisfy the many. "What do we know?" was the recurring familiar counter question Hagenstein received as an answer, when asking the meaning of religious customs.

This vagueness also reflects itself in their vague answers. He suggests, for instance, that their *guru* may not be directing them correctly; to which one answered: "If our guru is right, he's right; if he is wrong, then he's wrong, but he is our guru." Another was advised to repent of a certain crime: "If I did it," he protests, "I did it, if not, I didn't." "All religions are good," is the evasive excuse of another. "Who knows anything?" doubted another, "who has been there; who has seen eternity? As our fathers believed so do we believe." Hagenstein inquires: "You can say: 'Satnam'; what is the True Name? What is true in your Satnami religion?" "Who can know that?" is their only answer. Frequently people told him that they would become Christians if others would also. A few asked how much money he would offer them if baptized, since they would lose all by taking the step. Others conveniently

said: "When God puts it into our hearts, then we will be baptized."

In order to give a comprehensive view of the Christian religion, he wrote and published a twenty page pamphlet in Hindi on "The True Religion." He wrote as he spoke, simply and forcefully. Several thousand copies of the pamphlet have been sold.

"You ask," he wrote to a friend, "why we do not have more Christians. When we write about 'open doors,' do not confuse it with open hearts. When attentive hearers say: 'Yes, yes, that is right,' it does not mean that the message has taken root in their hearts. They may nod assent, agree with our presentation, but lack the backbone to decide and act according to conviction. A host of family members and relatives need to be considered or consulted —and feared. In their outward living many undoubtedly resemble Christians, and not a few are secret disciples. Evangelism is by no means an easy task. A host of people are willing to admit the truth of Christianity, but:

1. It is more comfortable and convenient to remain as they are, for they have no one to reprimand or chastise them when following pet sins.

2. As heathen the men can allow themselves more than one wife.

3. A daughter fetches more money.

4. Customs can be continued which the Christian Church would never tolerate.—They frankly admit that the price is too great to pay when leaving

their convenient religion to accept the greater demands of another."

He strenuously opposed offering any material inducement to prospective converts as a means to achieve spiritual ends, believing that such gain would win hypocrites, but not converts. He was, therefore, very slow and cautious before accepting any candidate for baptism. Even famine orphans were never baptized until sufficiently mature and prepared to do so voluntarily. Many of them were over sixteen years of age before they came to declare their willingness. He did not fall victim to the danger of judging Kingdom growth by statistics. "I long for a congregation, but I can also wait, for what is the value of quantity and figures when content and quality are lacking? A congregation should consist of real Christians, not nominal members. Perfection I do not demand in them, but sincerity and an understanding of Christ's essential truths. Then only have we achieved success when Christians are loyal in prayer, in giving and spreading the Gospel out of conviction rather than for pay." He trained the congregation to give liberally and regularly to the Bible Society of India and to the Christian Literature and Tract Society. Before his death almost all Christian employees volunteered to contribute one-half a month's salary to the church annually, in addition to occasional offerings and benevolence gifts.

In 1921 the congregation numbered 230 souls. Had he been less exacting and had he not set such

high standards, the number could have been much larger. No applicant was admitted who was in debt, had two wives or was engaged in a quarrel or lawsuit with relatives or the malguzar. He believed in a long period of probation, rather than quick admission into membership. There are numbers of non-Christians whose knowledge of the Bible is equal to or even exceeds that of many Christians. Their daily life is equally exemplary, yet he did not persuade them to be baptized. Their decision was to be voluntary.

"Fear of actual persecution prevents a few from becoming Christians. Almost everybody honors and respects an honest, sincere Christian. Success is not always as great as we wish it to be, yet we never give up hope. When a mass movement once begins many hearts will have been prepared.

A peculiar custom prevails in this part of Chhattisgarh the origin of which is uncertain. It is especialy the Satnamis who observe a certain festival called "Bhagwan Tyohar," the God-festival. During July and August seven successive Sundays are devoted to God-worship. All villages do not observe the same Sundays. No work is done on these days as is done on other Sundays of the year. Village groups, including girls and women, frequently come from near and far to Parsabhader in order to attend the Christian services or Sunday school. This festival is not due to the influence of Hagenstein's evangelistic work as many Indians firmly believe. As early as 1893, soon after his arrival in India, Dr. J.

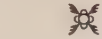
Gass heard about this prevailing custom. But it is definitely known that Hagenstein took advantage of the custom and made particular efforts to reach the groups who came to attend the services here on the occasion of their "God-worship" festival. The fact that so large a number continues to come when observing the seven Sundays would indicate that his message appealed to them.

Hindu temple on main road near Raipur

"Der *Bruder,* der *Freund* ist etwas Grosses und Herrliches;
wohl dem, dem Gott einen solchen beschieden hat.
Halte *den Bruder, den Freund* als eins der groessten Gueter,
die dir bescheert worden sind.
Es ist ein Gut, an dem du in Ewigkeit Freude haben kannst."
—"*Thoughts As They Came*"—Hagenstein.

"The sentiment of friendship is, in some ways, more exacting in its demands than love itself. Complete freedom of speech and action between friends is imperative, and the understanding must be so thorough that, both being convinced that neither intends to offend or hurt the other, no word which is uttered is ever taken amiss."—*Anon.*

CHAPTER XV



THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP

The great price Hagenstein paid to purchase his friends was friendship. He not only had genius and capacity for friendship, but a remarkable ability to retain friends. Though living in almost hermit-like solitude, so far as contact with the outer world was concerned, he did not isolate himself.

Children, irrespective of color, formed the first circle of friends in whose midst he found much pleasure. Seven years after leaving Kansas he received a letter from a friend there, in which occurs the following passage: "Our child with whom you used to play and who is now sixteen years of age, often talks about you and longs to see you again." In one of his reports he pleads with the Board to induce the mission conference to take active steps at once regarding the adoption of a larger workable program for work among Indian children. "They soon become so trusting and affectionate that through them one can influence their parents very directly."

His love for the orphan children was proverbial. It pained him not a little when informed that Rev. and Mrs. Nottrott, who had reached America before the war, had to be separated so many years from three of their children in Germany. Children's friendship caused him to make a special trip to Janj-

gir in the hot season in order to bid farewell to a Mennonite missionary family going on furlough. "I long to see their children again before they leave, because they were so affectionate to me." Only out of love for two children did he allow the picture to be taken which appears in the front of this book—the only one we have of him, except in a conference group. Impressed by his love for children, a visiting Deputy Commissioner gave him three gold coins (45 rupees) for his little orphans.

"Peculiar," some people called him—peculiar, perhaps, because he sometimes shocked their complacency, who were unwilling to pay the price of being "peculiar" Christians themselves. One who is merely peculiar wins few friends and retains fewer. It happened in Texas that a pastor approached a wealthy man for a contribution to the work in Parsabhader. Reluctantly he gave eighty cents, saying: "Hagenstein seems to be narrow and fanatical." Yes, "narrow," because he took Christ seriously and religion as a matter not to be trifled with.

Intimate friends understood this "peculiarity" to be unwavering devotion and loyalty to his Master which admitted of no compromise. His friendships were equally loyal, true, unfeigned. It was natural that such quality of character should win friends. His frankness with friends, even though it amounted to reproach or chastisement, did not detract from the respect they held for him. Only to the guilty did his corrective frankness become uncomfortable. Invited to dine with an English offi-

cial one evening, he noticed that the meal was begun without any further ceremony, and calmly inquired: "Don't you pray before you eat?" He was asked to do so.

On another occasion a fellow worker, who later severed connection with the mission, called on him and spoke unkindly about a fellow missionary. His complaint received a cold reception: "Leave at once, no person can insult a friend in my house." He left, and was more discreet on a later visit. Perhaps Hagenstein was thinking of this incident when he penned the following to a friend upon the arrival of two young missionaries: "I like these two young men; only I hope they will soon grow mustaches, but no horns."

He was no less frank with an English friend, a Deputy Commissioner, who offered a building gift for a boy's hostel. "Before accepting your personal gift of two hundred rupees, I desire to make a few remarks. God loveth a cheerful giver, but your conversation with me at the time of your visit did not give me the impression that you are giving it cheerfully. Your remark that missionaries manage badly does not always hold true—often it is due to shortage of funds, sometimes it is due to 'heathen sloth and folly' as you yourself implied. If you give it cheerfully, I accept it cheerfully; if not, then I have to refuse to accept it."

Seldom did a British officer set up his camp in the vicinity of Parsabhader without calling on him. Civil Surgeons, Deputy Commissioners, Commission-

ers and District Superintendents of Police of Chhattisgarh came to pay their respects. In 1914 the Commissioner of Chhattisgarh, Mr. Laurie, went security for him, when the question of interning Germans first arose.

As a gardener cultivates his roses with tender care, so he cultivated his friendships. They were to him a garden of joy where he frequently withdrew, a place where he often refreshed himself after a day's strenuous labor. Naturally missionaries were his closest friends. Among them he felt at home; in their company he relaxed; in their presence he felt refreshed. Their visits were always a pleasure. His welcome was one of warmth and cheerful affection, expressed by embracing the men he loved. He was happy when they arrived, sad when they departed. His friendly humor and interesting conversations made the time of a visit pass only too quickly.

He was deeply pained when in a few instances he made the discovery that a friendship was not sterling. A tried friend on the other hand received his affection and confidence unstintingly. To a pastor in America, a faithful correspondent, he offered his whole month's salary in a time of need, under the strict condition that it never be made known and never be paid back.

During the period of less than nine years in America, he formed more friendships than many can lay claim to in a life time. It is even more creditable that he was able to retain them during thirty-one years of absence. Stability of character,

manly humility, honest sympathy made this possible. When the war delayed foreign mail a month or more, he missed the weekly letters very much, and often felt lonesome on account of the broken contact. In 1916 he wrote: "I'm not ill, I don't need a furlough, but after an absence of twenty-six years from America I have a great longing to see the friends there again." These friends were in Texas, Kansas, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Illinois, not to speak of Germany.

It is significant that most correspondents were older than himself. Among them were pastors belonging to five different denominations. One pastor's wife reprimands her husband for neglecting to answer his letters. "It is a shame," she reminded him, "not to encourage the workers at the outposts of the Kingdom with letters." With the affection worthy of a devoted lover, he reserved a compartment in his trunk exclusively for the many letters and greeting cards he cherished so much. Few friends will ever know how much he valued even the simplest and most modest Christmas or Easter card and greetings. He surely assumed that they were all sent with the same sincerity with which he received and saved them.

Although not the friend of priestly confession, he received many unsolicited, voluntary confessions. It is indeed touching to read how correspondents confided in him. College mates, fellow clergymen, former friends in Germany and former parishioners in America, they all reveal their worries, their anx-

ieties, their joys, their faith and affection. They tell about wayward sons, about death entering the family circle, about religious conditions. While on a concert tour in America, a musician from Germany wrote: "I am proud of your friendship, may it be my pleasure to see your face again." The captain of the steamer which carried him across the Atlantic was no less an admirer. Many friends urged him to write often. They thanked him for stamps, leaflets, pictures, sermon books and other valuable religious literature. His "Friedensbote" copies were mailed regularly to friends in Germany. Tributes of love and affection were not missing:

"Do try to come back."

"Mr. P. thinks very much of you."

"Mr. H. said that you were the best pastor we had."

"Our humble thanks for the books."

"Our pastor has died. (Pittsburgh, Pa.) We are thinking of calling you from that lost corner of the world."

"We have missed no guest in our home more than you; we can never forget those happy days."

"I will never forget you, brother! you were so good to us in Kansas ten years ago."

"Please send us your photograph."

"Write often, we enjoy your letters so much."

Correspondence brought him much pleasure. To a friend who was silent a long time he wrote: "I should be very happy to hear from you occasionally.

Other friends could make me happy in a similar way, as I also get lonesome at times, and a homesickness for friends steals over me." One whom he considered a friend proved to be a disappointing correspondent: "Twice I have written to Mr. S. asking him to write me a letter, but he has not done so; I shall not ask him again. I never owe any one an answer, for no letter or greeting ever remains unanswered, even though I am overburdened with work. I am very happy when a friend or brother writes to me."

His friends may never know how frequently he wrote to them after a long hot day of work—and his days were very long, for he rose before sunrise; and they may never know how often he fell asleep resting his head on crossed arms over an unfinished letter, only to awaken the following morning without having been on his bed. Friendship was the price he paid for his friends.

"A sadhu owns nothing on earth but the saffron robe. He devotes himself entirely to the particular type of religious life he has adopted, which varies with the individual and may consist predominantly either in ascetic practices, in solitary meditation and mystic trance, or more rarely in preaching. A 'holy man' is treated with profound respect. Men of the highest place do him reverence. Superstition invests him with mysterious powers."—*Dr. Streeter* in "The Sadhu," Macmillan and Co., used by permission.

"Another sadhu is lying voluntarily in the mud by the roadside to be fouled by the dust of the passerby, and almost trampled on by the cows, thinking by this abject affectation of humility to be considered the greater saint. . . Doubtless there are men among them (the sadhus) fit to be Sanskrit professors in universities. Yet, who benefits by all their learning? They cultivate it purely as a mental exercise and religious duty, without apparently even the desire to benefit the world at large thereby. It is this individualism, each mind self-contained, with the spring of sympathy and altruism hard frozen . . . . so entangled in its own introspection that other minds and the world outside cease to have any practical existence for it. . . . Men who have chosen to live for and within themselves, careless whether others live or die, are instructed or remain ignorant."—*Pennell of the Afghan Frontier,*" Seeley, Service and Co., Publishers, London. Used by permission.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SADHU

"No saint ever saw his own halo!" In his unfeigned humility, Hagenstein was not fully aware of the deep reverence in which he was held, both in India and by those who knew him in the homeland. To have become the center of attraction would have made him uncomfortable and embarrassed. He desired no praise, still less flattery; he asked for no sympathy and resented pity. "And he who pities himself," he wrote, "is the most miserable of creatures."

Idolizing the missionary was repulsive to him. He requested the Board to scrutinize carefully all reports sent from India for publication, lest writers consciously or unconsciously foster any false conception or exaggerated idea of missionary hardship or sacrifices. He always held a high opinion of the minister and mission worker, but had no kind words to say for the halo-seeking type, either at home or on the foreign field. In his twenty-third year of service (1913), when workers from America were very scarce, he sent the Board a comprehensive view of the missionary situation from which we gain a clear picture of his idea of a missionary:

"We ask no pity nor sympathy, not only because it was our voluntary choice to come here, but also because the Board amply supplies all necessities re-

quired by a modest person—and none others should come to India. A careful missionary need not suffer unnecessarily from the heat, insects or illness. People also get sick in other countries. The natives meet us with confidence and politeness—if we deserve it. Wild animals never harm us—if we don't run after them, and this isn't necessary. Snakes and scorpions do not harm us—if we are careful.

"Do not persuade any one to come to India; only they who are absolute volunteers are desirable, men who will take root in India. Send men, more ordained men, who can manage a mission station—not so many ladies, but manly men. Not super-sensitive workers; they make co-operation impossible. Men are wanted who volunteer from the pure motive of love, love for the Saviour and love for those in need of salvation. Without this a man is more a hindrance than a help. Send no proud, super-educated, theological intellectualist who would only feel pity for our ignorance—he would only be unhappy in our midst. To avoid friction and misunderstanding, men with an Evangelical background are preferable. A young man direct from the Seminary may be very good, if sensibly Christian, modest and not a gossip. Yet men who have shown their worth and character and steadfastness several years in a pastorate at home are more desirable. If our churches can't supply the necessary workers, get volunteers from other similar denominations. It will further an understanding between the various church bodies. Mr. Anderson is an excellent ex-

ample. Ours is a very diversified work, often difficult and discouraging, although a high calling. It is a great opportunity for any consecrated young man to develop all latent and conscious gifts. A large field awaits him who wishes to work hard and be useful to his fellow men."

It was possible for him to write thus, because he himself carried into practice the missionary ideal he advocated. Even in outward manner he sincerely tried to be like Christ. In Texas and the first years in India he wore his heavy hair long to the shoulders, parted in the center, because he believed Christ also did so. In dress he was extremely modest, for some admirers too much so. Orphan children in India made many of his clothes. Repairing his derby hat in Texas and patching his own clothes in India called forth critical remarks even from his friends. An Indian official once asked him why he did so. He countered with the query: "Why don't you do so? I support blind and orphans with my savings. How many do you support?" And the official went away ashamed, for he had much wealth.

When in Raipur on a visit one day he was met by a friend who supplemented his greeting with the humorous remark: "You look like a loafer, I did not recognize you"—not surprising from an Englishman, who, like many of his conventional countrymen, is a ceremonialist in manners and a ritualist in dress. Standardization of wearing apparel appealed as little to Hagenstein as uniformity of church customs. A primary motive for wearing

shoes, topee and clothes until almost past repair was to teach the growing Christian community the art of modesty and saving—a necessary lesson for many of them. Only the smaller portion of his salary was used to satisfy his own needs. He never possessed a gun, and never carried a weapon of any kind other than a strong cane to protect himself against snakes and the many ownerless dogs.

The first house erected for himself in Parsabhader was extremely unpretentious in every respect. Outer walls were built of sunbaked bricks. Two posts in the center of the end rooms helped to support the weight of the grass roof. The inner walls were made of mud. A very low verandah, occupied by several workers, surrounded three sides of the house. Bamboo mattings had to be made to protect the outer walls during the rainy season. Twelve years later the Board persuaded him to build a more substantial home. Report of his modest way of living reached the homeland and were made known to the mission friends. After reading the description in the church paper, he soon sent the reply:

"I resent your published remark 'he lives like a beggar.' This is rather strong. I do live very plain; at times only rice cooked with vegetables, or native melons, make up my menu. (He ate meat very seldom.) For a long time I haven't possessed a good pair of black trousers. My sunhat is almost done for, but a white covering over the top makes it presentable. Only he who has been here can understand my frugal manner of living."

We can appreciate the predicament of the Englishman's butler, who was very much perplexed one day when Hagenstein appeared for a short interview. His tanned face and hands and plain dress first led the butler to conclude that he had a Eurasian wanderer before him, and only reluctantly did he announce his presence to the official. Knowing him, the latter received him with the usual courtesy and respect.

His unpretentious house furnishings impressed visitors with the fact that one actually requires few earthly comforts and possessions to be happy. The large dining room contained a plain folding table, several chairs, a stand for water pots, which contained the boiled drinking water, a store box converted into a small cupboard for food and milk, another storebox with hinged lid for the dishes and cooking utensils. In a corner near the door one usually saw several baskets with rice, seeds or vegetables. The bedroom was no less simple. A plain native bedstead with woven rope and a rug to take the place of springs and mattress, a small book case, a chair, trunk, metal money box, also a large cabinet for spare dishes, and various supplies and clothes. The office was even less elaborate. Next to the office was his famous medicine room.

His simple life was not at all a forced or burdensome one. Poverty to him was not a sacrifice, and contained no element of penitence; he had simply freed himself from the encumbrances of property and all the worries it implies. Officials as well as

missionary and Indian friends recognized that his unpretentious manner of living was in no wise due to carelessness, for neatness and cleanliness were his foremost concern regarding himself and his bachelor quarters. Nor did he adopt this almost primitive method to attract attention or to be different from others. It was in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel. It was furthermore born out of sympathy for the natives, with the very direct aim and hope of thereby winning their confidence and trust. Several times his highest paid worker came to him with the direct purpose of requesting new living quarters and an increase in salary. But the inevitable result was that he left Hagenstein's presence without having even mentioned the subject; seeing his selflessness, he lost all courage to ask for himself more comfort than his missionary was enjoying.

Due to the pride of his youth and the modesty following upon his dedication to Christ, very few photographs of him exist. For twenty years the Board and mission friends had to remain content with a very simple one taken from a group picture and enlarged. During the first year in Bisrampur a fellow missionary secretly took a snapshot of him while he was carrying several bundles of firewood from the forest. Seeing the print later he firmly demanded the negative and destroyed it, saying: "Never without my consent." No photographs of himself were allowed, lest any smouldering pride be rekindled. In 1911 he instructed the Board: "I wish to beg you never to produce a picture of me on a

postal card. It would displease me. The old man in me may be flattered thereby, but I don't want to do him this favor."

In my diary under the date December 9, 1918, appears the remark: "Tried in vain to persuade Rev. Hagenstein to let me take his picture." But two months later he visited Rev. and Mrs. Goetsch in Bisrampur, in whose home we also were living at that time, and the diary reveals a happier item: "Succeeded in getting Rev. Hagenstein to pose for a picture with Ruth and Margaret." Another time I had the camera set up to take a picture of a group of forty patients squatting before the dispensary, hoping to get a characteristic picture of him when he appeared in their midst to dispense medicines. It was not to be; he was too alert for the occasion and quietly slipped into the background behind the door before the exposure was made.

Due to modesty he also kept the date of his birth a secret; no celebrations were to center about his person. Only a year after his death did it become known. A page in his little forget-me-not memory book had been carefully removed by him and a blank page inserted in its place. This led to the clue that it indicated his birth-date. A confirmation certificate later substantiated this.

A friend in America inquired of him if he did not desire to have a motor car to ease his work. To this he replied: "I don't care to have a death-wagon" —not only because he was reluctant to drive one, but especially because he feared intuitively that

many natives would be harmed. They often sleep along the road at night and might be killed. Pedestrians are often deaf or blind and would not know which way to turn. Old men and women, unaccustomed to motor noise and speed would become confused and perhaps be knocked down, or stray animals lying in the road might cause nasty accidents. In short, his solicitude for the people prejudiced him against the automobile. A year before his death he agreed to take the first ride. "Brother D. took me to Raipur in an auto (65 miles one way), and had earlier taken me on a visit to their home in Bisrampur. Such a trip is pleasant, if the driver is good." It was this same solicitude and anxiety for the natives which caused him to send a runner carrying a lantern in advance of the tonga when traveling on the main road at night.

His intimate and valued friend, Mr. W. H. P. Anderson, Superintendent of the Baitalpur Leper Asylum, 1905-1912, and now in London as General Secretary of the Mission of Lepers, gives us a vivid picture of both the man and his hospitable home.

"My earliest recollections of the Rev. A. Hagenstein or Brother Hagenstein, as one prefers to remember him, date back over twenty years. They are not easy to record at this time. I know that they were those of 'the missionary' as I had mentally pictured the true type to be. Brother Hagenstein was not a man whom you knew at once. He was rather one of those men whom one gets to know slowly, but when he had opened to you the inner

sanctuary of his heart it was with a warmth of welcome that was ever fresh and ever true. Behind a rugged exterior and even an apparent austerity, there was a heart of much gentleness. His patience was remarkable and brought its measure of rebuke, but not by any intention of his, to those of us who were younger in years. In his dealings and relationships with the people he served so devotedly, there was something approaching simplicity of mind, but I doubt if he was ever really deceived by those who sought to take advantage of him. Patience as shown by him was but another expression of his love. How often we younger men felt our spirits rising within us as we saw him apparently deceived and his confidence in men seemingly displaced. Whether, had he been spared longer to carry on his work, he would have seen more to cheer his heart and to reward him for his unselfish service and trustful faith in the ultimate good of the people about him, it is not possible to say. Of one thing I am abundantly confident, that the influence of his blameless life has survived him and that only eternity will reveal what it meant to those among whom he served and in the district round about.

"Brother Hagenstein was not what the man of the world would term a tactful man. He was too honest to be a worldly tactful person. His was always the direct method where principle was concerned. It mattered nothing whether the clash was with an official, the headman of a village or one of his workers. There were only right and wrong to

choose between, and his sense of what was right was not something that admitted of compromise. His convictions were too deep-rooted. Here was a man who stood four-square to all that opposed his inner sense of what was right.

"His manner of living was of the simplest. To the stranger he may have appeared to live even roughly, but that was not so. He did live plainly in his manner of dress, in the absence of common comforts and in respect of his food. But no guest was ever received with greater warmth, nor were his physical needs more amply, though simply, supplied than by Brother Hagenstein in the Mission House at Parsabhader. The best of his sheep would be prepared for you. Little delicacies he did not always permit himself to have were brought forth; and above and beyond all there was the kindly generous welcome he so delighted to show. Perhaps the most sacred hour of the day was when the well-thumbed devotional books were brought out for evening prayers. God's Holy Word was reverently read and then an English hymn would follow, not sung but read. Prayer concluded the devotions. It was at these times that one saw something of the light that burned in his high soul during all the long years of service.

"It was a memorable day for myself when, on the occasion of one of my earlier visits to Parsabhader, he accorded me a greeting by embracing me. I knew then that I had been admitted to the inner room of his heart. Henceforth that greeting was

always mine when I reached Parsabhader. His desire to have a missionary colleague was well known to us all, though we all knew that with all his lovable qualities it was not likely that anyone could be just what he desired. Brother Hagenstein was essentially a man who had to live his life in his own way, and I think he came to recognize that. At any rate, he on one occasion suggested to me that I would be welcome at Parsabhader as his colleague. It was, of course, impossible as I had my own definite sphere of work elsewhere, but I recall with gladness that kindly compliment from one whom I came to regard with brotherly affection.

"There were lighter sides to Brother Hagenstein's life at Parsabhader. They were seen perhaps more easily by those of us who visited him from time to time. Due, no doubt, to the fact of my own pre-missionary calling (Mr. Anderson was a chartered accountant) I was struck by the almost crude way in which his mission accounts were kept, if, indeed, they could be so designated. He was desirous of keeping distinct his sources of income from the mission farm. His method was simplicity itself and consisted of a number of empty jam and other tins of different sizes. These had no labels on them but by their position in the box where they were kept and by the size of the tin he knew just what their contents represented. And into these boxes was put the money received from sales of wheat or other farm produce. If he had to buy any supplies, he took from these boxes the amount re-

quired. In the same way he dealt with the money received for medicines, for he had no small reputation among the people round about for his treatment of various ills. For the mission funds disbursed by him he had his own way of accounting, but detailed accounts of what he received and expended, as usually kept by the missionaries, he regarded as unnecessary, as obviously bookkeeping did not appeal to him.

"He had lived so long under almost primitive conditions that what was positive discomfort to others did not affect him. It was just in this connection that his kindly thought for visitors caused him to provide for his guests, on their occasional visits, some of the amenities of Eastern life. Among these was a punkah in the living room of his house. I can see now that punkah as it was operated one very hot day with commendable vigor by the youth who pulled it. Unfortunately the punkah was so attached to the ceiling that instead of swinging, it gyrated. The motion increased in velocity with the enthusiasm of the youth outside, and incidentally nearly caused a collapse to the visitors by the laughter its ineffective aerial evolutions occasioned.

"No visitor to Parsabhader can forget the one article of food for which the station was noted. This was the *chapattis* which were provided.[1] No

[1] Whole wheat flour mixed with egg, water and salt, rolled out and baked in a dry hot fry-pan, very thin and crisp. No doubt, he had learned this recipe from the Mexicans in southern Texas.

bread or pastries were made or used at Parsabhader. Brother Hagenstein's chapattis were peculiarly his own. I once made the almost unpardonable mistake of taking some loaves of ordinary bread with me when on one occasion I visited Parsabhader. Brother Hagenstein was ill and my thought in providing the bread was not wholly selfish, but I knew too late that I had offended grievously. My poor apologies, if not adequate, were generously accepted but I never erred in this fashion again.

"A custom of his was to have the church bell rung early on each Sunday morning. The intention of this was to make it known to the non-Christian villages round about that it was the Christians' day of rest and worship. To what extent its message was understood, I do not know. But certainly those non-Christian farmers round about knew that the Padre Sahib's cattle rested that day as did his people in the mission village.

"My last visit to Brother Hagenstein was made a little over seven years ago. I had been out of India five years and I did not know when I might have another opportunity of seeing him again. The memory of that visit abides. It was apparent to me that the years had told on him and that his physical strength was no longer what it was, and it did not come as a surprise when later on he was called home. His passing was, I am sure, as he would have wished it to be, and others can more fittingly describe it. Those last words of his spoken in the language of the country of his adoption show

how truly he had given himself to India, and, as he 'passed over' the river, all who knew the brother beloved, know that 'all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side!' "

The impatient temper of his youth gradually gave way to a more calm and patient attitude of mind. A steadfastness of character and natural friendliness gave him a dignified bearing in the presence of which one could readily feel at ease. His modesty and humility were real. When a chairman was to be elected at one of the conferences, another missionary and he received an equal number of votes. A second vote was taken and again resulted in a tie. He then moved the conference to elect the other person unanimously. It frightened him, he relates, when the Board appointed him president of the India Conference from 1903 to 1907. It was not his nature to rule others, but he agreed to be "one of them" in all respects. His was a thoroughly democratic nature.

At conferences he pleaded for less machinery of organization, for freedom of action, fewer rules and resolutions. Those which were consistent with and adaptable to his work he abided by, others which called forth his disapproval he met with the usual calm remark: "I'm opposed to it, but do as you wish." He did not lack a sense of humor. "I am not opposed to fun, but please don't send foolish pictures of Easter rabbits, valentines, hallowe'en folly, etc.; such pictures are useless and do not further holy thoughts."

When once he had decided upon a line of action, after all factors had been duly weighed, it was difficult to induce him to alter the chosen course. In most instances his experience and wisdom led him in the right direction. He consistently opposed early marriages, the giving of loans to those whose income was sufficient for their actual needs, hurried baptisms, the use of non-Christian readers in mission schools, employment of evangelists on full-time pay. "Let catechists and evangelists do manual labor, or gardening, or farming, one half day and religious work the other half. Thus they can earn most of their upkeep, remain modest, more useful, an example of thrift to others, and at the same time save mission money." He did not wish his employees to adopt the western mode of dress on account of the excessive initial cost and the recurring laundry bill which most of them could not afford. They were told to be satisfied with native sandals rather than to waste money on expensive European shoes. Moreover, it was his strict policy to adhere to and to preserve all native customs in regard to food, dress, living and dwellings, in so far as they are not antagonistic to the Gospel or the welfare of the people themselves. Not even an extreme Indian nationalist could accuse him of denationalizing those in whose midst he labored. The natives, he felt, should remain Indians, but become Christlike Indians.

He was not a voluminous reader, but this does not imply that he was intellectually idle; nor did he

become contaminated with the highest ambition of a Hindu, whose ultimate pious aim is to think "nothingness." On the contrary, his unfaltering independence of thinking came from the fact that during his many quiet evenings he took time to go to the root of thoughts, many of which are noted in permanent form in a collection of "Thoughts as they came." He thus sharpened his mental faculties by thinking and meditation, rather than by study and reading. Much of his thinking was done in his tonga (oxcart with springs) when making inspection tours to his schools or while traveling otherwise. During the thirty-one years in India he traveled no less than 15,000 miles by such a conveyance. No man of his type and energy could let his mind be idle those four to five thousand hours "enroute." Because he lived in isolation like a hermit away from the rush of the world (only once did he visit outside the Chhattisgarh area), one has no right to conclude that he had severed relations with it. A book of clippings from magazines, newspapers and church periodicals, and especially his conversations, revealed the fact that he not only knew what was happening outside India, but that he had occupied his mind with it and reached very definite opinions. Among the lasting impressions which my first visit to Parsabhader left with me, was the fact that he was so well informed regarding all late important events in Europe and America, and the thorough and deft manner in which he had co-ordinated and interrelated them with each other. One could feel

modern political and church history pulsating in distant Parsabhader. His knowledge of world affairs would never have led one to conclude that he had been absent from the homeland so many years.

"Are you lonesome?" inquired an intimate friend in America. "Lonely?—Yes, frequently. A coworker who could actually love me and I him is welcome. Then only is co-operation possible; otherwise I prefer to remain alone." And ten years later (1910): "I'm often lonely in this roomy house; a fellow missionary or a wife of the right kind would be welcome." Then why didn't he marry? In Texas the daughter of a wealthy Lutheran farmer was willing to do so, but for some unknown reason he gave her no encouragement. Her father blamed Lutheran interference. The more probable reason is that at the time he was inclined to lead a celibate life as the more feasible one whereby he could devote himself unstintingly to Kingdom work. That he may have decided never to marry is possible, but it was not a rigid vow, as some are inclined to think. When visiting in Bisrampur he invited a friend to call on him soon. The friend promised: "When there is a memsahiba (wife) in Parsabhader, then I will come." To which he replied: "Then you shall never see Parsabhader." When an English official asked him why he did not marry, he answered: "I have married the cause of Christ, to him only belongs my devotion." He satisfied another inquisitive friend with the non-committal, even humorous reasons: "If I marry, she will say, 'Now dress bet-

ter, now eat more—don't go out into the sun so much —we had better take a trip to the hills, or, take more rest'; then how can the work go on?" Even the orphan boys reminded him that a "mother" would be welcome to them, to which he remarked: "And she may want to go on furlough, then who will care for you?" A more serious answer was given to Dr. P. A. Menzel, a friend for whose correspondence he was very grateful: "You advise me to marry. No, I'll never leave my work to seek a wife." In later years he frankly remarked that his life would have been more comfortable had he married, but it did not happen, as opportunities were limited.

He always had a very high regard for women, excepting the forward, masculine type. He repeatedly expresses his fear that American husbands with shaven faces were beginning to look like women, becoming effeminate, succumbing to petticoat government; while women, rushing to the forefront in all phases of public and business life, were losing their charm and womanliness. Thus he judged from the distance. For this reason he was not enthusiastically in favor of having woman missionaries attend the business sessions of mission conferences. "I favor their work and encourage it in every respect, and even though I admire them personally, it is repulsive to me to see a woman become manly. The work they now do is so intricately interwoven with all other mission work, that the men can very well represent them in all business matters. I deeply

respect and admire a noble, modest, lady-like woman, but consider it wise to steer clear of any mannish woman." That was in 1901, when the pendulum of woman emancipation was swinging to some unwholesome extremes due perhaps to pioneer suffragettes. Later he became reconciled to the participation of women in the business meetings of the Conference.

His celibate life, the purity of which was never doubted even in suspicious India, his self-imposed poverty and detachment from worldly possessions, his sincere modesty and disinclination to seek honor or to worry about prestige, his ceaseless unselfish service to high and low, poor and rich, non-Christian and Christian—all these virtues called forth the admiration of Indians and caused them to consider him one of those whom India delights to honor. His life was open, exposed to servant, employee and visitor alike. He had no privacy, no private life distinguishable from a public life. There was little about him which was left unexplored. The Indian is quick to gauge the character of friend or foe. Defects can not long remain hidden. The totality of his life and activity called forth wonderment, for Chhattisgarh had never seen religion interpreted in just that combination.

It need not, therefore, surprise us that the Indian who readily recognizes and admires a life devoted solely to religion, soon found the correct appellation of honor for its foreign exponent in their midst: SADHU. This was to distinguish him from

and above others. They could give him no higher title of honor and respect, for in India the religious devotee receives highest honors, after him the kings. At heart the ambition of India still is to be *sadhu* rather than king. The word *sadhu* is derived from the word "*sadh*," the original Sanskrit meaning of which was to accomplish, to perfect, and, with the termination "u", signified one who was perfecting himself. Later Hinduism defined it as meaning a man who in his heart was free from the five sources of evil: action, anger, pride, avarice, and desire.

Sadhus are numbered by the millions in India, and represent, inferior though some may be, the highest expression of India's search after the eternal. The sadhu is a man devoted exclusively to religion, is usually unmarried, an ascetic mendicant, leaving home and renouncing the world and all material things—enduring, yes, even creating and seeking physical torture, passing through series of austerities in search of the *real*, union with God. He is oblivious to the world about him, eating only what pious admirers offer him, an object of veneration, saluted with divine titles, endowed with mysterious powers, so the faithful believe, a man whose curse people fear and whose blessing they implore, avoiding contact with women, searching for emancipation from all desire, casting out even affection, indifferent to joy and sorrow. Such is the ideal sadhu, or holy man of India.

In several respects Hagenstein transcends even the noblest type of the Hindu sadhu. While the na-

tive sadhu selfishly concentrates on his own inner life and seeks release for himself only from all that fetters him to this world, Hagenstein Sadhu concerned himself primarily with the task of sharing with others the spiritual enlightenment he had received and aiding others in their search for salvation. Whereas the Indian sadhu's ideal is to spend years in blissful inactivity despising the material world in all its manifestations as antagonistic to spirituality, Hagenstein Sadhu expended his life in cheerful activity serving others, not by despising, but by controlling the material of the world and making it submit to a spiritual will. The Hindu sadhu strives to reach the climax on his upward road to perfection by becoming free from all desire, by crushing all passion, being indifferent to everything. Hagenstein Sadhu, on the other hand, strove to sanctify all passion and desire to the end that they supply the impelling motive and sustaining power in all uplifting work. The Indian sadhu stifles all natural, human affection. Hagenstein Sadhu purified and utilized his affection as a means to attract and point others to an affectionate and loving God. He demonstrated that a holy man can remain in contact with the world and yet not be of the world; that a life of unselfish activity can become a means of getting closer to God and need not necessarily lead one away from Him. His life taught the Indian that a man need not spend a lifetime on pilgrimages seeking after God and holiness, but that he may find both where circumstances have

placed him. Thus did he expand and elevate the true meaning of sadhu. His life and example gave the sadhu-conception a new and enriched content, significant of what Christ may do for India in other fields also.

Unconsciously Hagenstein taught Chhattisgarh a new lesson, not unlike the two Salvation Army lassies in Les Barandours, France. Villagers proudly told them: "We have the relics of two precious saints in our church." To which the "War Cry" sellers replied, "Well, now you have four saints; two dead ones in the church and two living ones here before you." It was now unnecessary for the Hindus of Chhattisgarh to make the long, tiresome trip to Kashi, their holy city, Benares, on the banks of the holier "Mother Ganges" in order to have a *"darshan"* (adoring view) of a saint. A true saint lived in their midst.

A Brahmin found him in the village one day planting a tree with his own hands. Such activity was not honorable in his estimation, not at all proper for a pious man like Hagenstein. "Why do you labor thus; have you no servants?" he asked. Hagenstein answered: "To supply shade and fruit for others who come after me; moreover my guru (religious teacher) Jesus, said of God: 'My Father worketh hitherto, I also work,' and the disciple is not above his teacher." Another time when a Parsabhader non-Christian married two women, Hagenstein called and warned him: "Punishment follows wrong." Several days later the man died. His su-

Singarhi malguzar who learned to read the Bible

Hindu malguzar (center) witnesses for Christ

perstitious relatives became extremely excited and accused Hagenstein: "Your curse caused his death."

The following are some of the tributes paid him even before his death:

A Parsee official was happy to visit him: "Because he looks very much like the high priest in our Bombay temple."

A Brahmin: "If he were not a sadhu, then whence comes his wide-spread influence?"

A Hindu sadhu: "He has indeed found complete union with God."

A Hindu government school teacher: "Hagenstein is a muni (saintly) sadhu; I never saw or heard another like him among our holy men."

Several Hindus who paid him a visit: "We came to speak with him, because we will be purified by his 'darshan,'" (namely by having only a view of him, an interview with him. The word is used primarily in connection with religion).

A Muhammedan: "I want you, and not your helper to give me medicine," and later he told the reason; "there are special healing qualities in the medicine if received from his hands, because he is a sadhu."

An Indian official: "Verily, he is Chhattisgarh kideepak" (the lamp of Chhattisgarh).

At a recent celebration in Raipur, one of our Indian pastors referred to him before an audience of over 800 Indian Christians and non-Christians as "Sadhu Hagenstein," as if it were the most natural thing to do.

Hagenstein was elevated to sainthood long before his death, not according to the multitudinous stringent rules and canons of a priestly organization, but by common consent of thousands of people whom he served. Secretly several Christians tried to assure others: "If we pray for something at his grave, it will surely be granted us." At different times non-Christians were found making obeisance before his tombstone. Of course, such ideas and practices were forthwith discouraged.

This chapter can be closed with no better tribute than the following description of a true saint: "The distinguishing mark of the Christian saint, though this may seem surprising, is labor. . . The chief function of the Christian saint was to manifest brotherly love to his fellows. This love is a matter of the will, and triumphs over our impulses, and even our dislikes of other men. This brotherly love was the fundamental rock upon which Christian saint-hood was built in the midst of a pagan society. The saint made women equal to men, ennobled the position of children, redeemed labor, freed the slaves, and . . . distributed riches to the poor. The saint supported widows and orphans, uplifted the oppressed, comforted the captives, the sick, enemies, criminals."—*W. L. Hare,* "The Ideal Man" in "Religions of the Empire," Duckworth, London. Used by permission.

Hindu temple on main road near Raipur

"Violence always breeds violence.

"Retaliation always increases wickedness.

"A soldier's peace is no peace at all, as a murderer's peace is no peace at all.

"I do not want India to rise on the ashes of another nation.

"Violence, which includes war, is of the earth, earthly, merely material, and can be no guide for a human being who at all believes in the existence of the soul."

—*Gandhi.*

"Real peace can be only where there is truth and love. The only author of love and peace on earth is Christ. Every church should be a peace-temple in which people are admonished and taught to love—not a place where hate and envy are proclaimed."—*Hagenstein,* in "Thoughts As They Came."

CHAPTER XVII

THE GREAT TRAGEDY
1914 - 1920

"What a tragedy for non-Christians to behold! I write with a sad and heavy heart. If only nations, like individuals, entertained mutual good will toward each other based on Christian love, it could not have taken place. I long to be there to bind wounds on both sides. Please take $20 from my salary and send it to the wounded soldiers without mentioning my name." These brief and pregnant sentences from a letter to the Board epitomize his whole attitude toward the World War. It was the most terrific shock his Christian idealism had to suffer. Deeply pained, he frequently had recourse to his pen as an outlet for the agony which the revolting events caused his soul. To a large extent this chapter was written by him.

The first shock caused by the various declarations of war which nations hurled at each other with such insane rapidity was followed by a second one—the government order that all enemy aliens, including missionaries, be interned and deported from India. He at once wrote to the American Consulate for the assurance that this blow would not strike him. "I have my first citizenship papers but left the U. S. before procuring the second ones. Making India my home, I never worried about this matter.

In order to remain unmolested during the war, I wish to be declared an American citizen. Having renounced all allegiance to the King of Prussia when applying for my first American citizenship papers in Texas, I am, in fact, not a citizen of Germany. I am either an American, or I am without a country, as some people are without religion. Furthermore, I am well acquainted with American ideals and institutions, having lived there for over eight years." He had gone to Brenham, Texas, for the second papers, but having no witnesses at that place who could testify that he had lived there five years, the matter was dropped. He informed the Board that "The English, more than the Indians, want the Germans interned. Hatred may be directed against us also, as we are a German American Mission. In case Mr. Jost and I are interned, you may be able to get us released. Only pain can result from this unchristian hatred; it must bear bad fruit; it can not be otherwise. I am well, but sad. If the American government will grant a landing permit, allow me to come home on furlough next year."

There is abundant evidence that he loved America. "If any country attacks my America, I'll sell all my cows, sheep and all I have and send the money to aid America." This was an unsolicited, spontaneous declaration to a number of Indian guests—not a stage utterance for the applause of avowed "hundred percenters" in America.

As hostilities advanced, economic conditions in India suffered seriously. Prices rose rapidly and

higher than during famine time. Money arrived less frequently from America, and mission work was carried on with anxiety. He had to pay ten cents for fifteen three inch nails. Such hardware prices made repair work costly and building prohibitive. The cost of an ordinary cotton *dhoty* or *saree* rose from one to three rupees, a hardship on the orphanage treasury. During one three-month period only six thousand in place of the necessary seventeen thousand dollars arrived from the homeland. Such delays, over which the Board had no control, caused embarrassing financial situations. Twice he borrowed money from Hindu merchants. The Bombay firm refused to send medicine until a previous bill was paid. Exchange rates were adverse, one hundred dollars bringing only Rs. 273 in place of the usual Rs. 300, a loss of over 8 per cent. The war years were years of anxiety and financial worries.

June 23, 1915, the newspapers reported that 115 German missionaries, Protestant and Catholic, had been interned; 442 were on parole with limited liberties. Later all men of military age were interned and others repatriated. October 28, of the same year, Hagenstein received a letter from Rev. J. Jost: "Sunday morning while lying ill with fever, the government sent instructions through the police for me to be ready to leave my station, my congregation and India. Only with difficulty could I rise to sign the documents. Now, after thirty years in India, we are forcibly sent home." Two weeks later he, his wife and his daughter were torn away from

their work in a warm country and sent to cold northern Germany in mid-winter. Hagenstein viewed with calm suspicion the possibilities regarding his own probable fate.

Rumors reached him that Evangelical church people here and there in America were so angered at these drastic repatriation orders that a number of them advocated withdrawal of all our missionaries from India. He protested: "May I remind all those who think of giving up mission work in India because three-fourths of the country happens to be under British rule, that Christ does not permit such exceptions to be made. The Gospel should also be preached to those under British dominion. Moreover, we should not hate, but love the English also; do them good, and not return evil for evil. I can not complain, but must say that all English officials always have and still do treat me very kindly."

Because missionaries Nussmann and Nottrott, then on furlough, could not return, and Rev. Jost and family had been deported, he declined the Board's cabled offer to come home early in 1916: "Since our number has grown so small, and there are no newcomers in sight, I can't decide to leave my work. Twice I had tea with the English Deputy Commissioner in his camp at Baloda Bazar. He was very kind and said that he did not think the government would hinder me in my work. When calling on him in his tent, I don't flatter him and, when necessary, I confess colors—a German-American; but in the first place always a Christian. I am

still a member of the Local County Board. The attitude of Indians toward me has not changed." Replying to another Englishman who inquired on which side he was, he answered: "I am a German, would you wish me to be a traitor?"

The war continued. His loved America was being lured into the conflict. "Will the world ever be able to love with the same fervor with which it now hates? If the Christian churches had unitedly withstood the war they could have prevented it. They did not only not do so, but blew in the same horn with blood-thirsty war advocates, and fell below the level of the Socialists and Social Democrats, who were true to their universal brotherhood idea and opposed the war. Even here a prominent missionary openly objected in a conference of Christian workers, when a certain fellow missionary was proposed for office in the organization, saying: 'I don't want a man with such a German name.' We shall endeavor on our part not to act likewise.

"I hear and read much about the great hatred engendered by the war. Here I experience nothing of it. The true Christian of America should take action against this hatred of other races. Even the rulers of Europe should be told that Christianity consists of love and good will. They all speak much about national honor, but nothing about love and forgiveness. No one asks what God thinks of the whole matter. It is beyond comprehension and saddest of all that even Christians are filled with unreasonable and un-Christian hatred. It seems to

me that even our church papers could be less sharp and antagonistic. One should never brand and discard a whole nation as evil—why not rather aid them as we do heathen peoples? I hate no one because he is an Englishman or a Frenchman, even if inimical to Germany. They who hate are to be pitied, for they are blinded, misled, seldom independent thinkers or students, too easily led by biased newspapers. . . From another end of India I received what was intended to be a knock-out blow (tuechtiger Stoss), but it has not harmed me."

This blow was invited by his "sharp" Christian pen. He disagreed with the editor of a Christian paper in North India and wrote him accordingly. The latter promptly reported him to the government for writing the following letter:

"You should have been afraid to agree with the proposal to take missionaries from their work. Woe unto those who hinder His Kingdom and do not repent. What is good for an individual is good for a nation, hence it were better for you to rebuke hatred and encourage love. Even if Germany had caused the war, no Christian editor should use such awful expressions as you use: 'Germany must be crushed, annihilated, exterminated.' This reveals unchristian hatred. A crushed and hated nation will never become a friend, but a loved enemy may change and then become friendly. Yet, as long as men obey man rather than God, wars will continue. . . . Your slogan, 'Help outraged Belgium,' sounds strange when one recalls the recent cries of muti-

lated negroes in the Belgian Congo. When France outraged the whole Protestant mission work in Madagascar by closing nine-tenths of the mission schools—who pleaded for the outraged mission? When Mennonite liberties in Russia were enraged, when Korea was outraged (by Japan), when Armenia pleaded for succor from Moslem oppression, were they not like voices in the wilderness? Who went to their aid? It is true that 'wounds caused these days by the pen will be more lasting than those caused by the sword'—only it is extremely sad that Christian editors also take part in causing such wounds.

"Crushing Germany will bring no peace to the world. This will take place only when Christ reigns supreme also in those who are leaders of nations, and all who are subjects. Until this time comes there will be wars, even if Germany were blotted out entirely. But hatred makes many blind; only real Christian love causes one to see things as they really are. Christ has pronounced his blessing upon peace workers—your articles do not breathe this spirit! Hatred only begets more hatred and tears down, whereas love calls forth love and builds up. There are evil people in Germany—and many good ones, as in England also. When the war is over nations will have to work and live together again. Let us prepare for that now!"

The Y. M. C. A. appealed to him for a donation to aid the work among Indian soldiers. He was reluctant, and doubtful: "It seems you are not per-

mitted to witness for Christ while doing Christian service. To withhold testimony in order to please man is not right. Even though Indian soldiers are sent to fight against the country of my birth, I would be willing to aid you financially if you will assure me that you are allowed to do evangelistic work of one kind or another, otherwise not." He rightly held the conviction that silence regarding the motive and source of our Christian service is the beginning of disloyalty to Christ himself.

To a relative in Germany he expressed himself no less severely: "How can your Christian Kaiser link up with the Sultan of Turkey, whose government has brought untold misery upon countless Armenians and other Christians?"

November 30, 1918, he was ordered to appear in person before the Commissioner in Raipur. Again his pen of justice was the cause. In a letter to a friend at home, he had branded the government's wholesale deportation of the Basel missionaries from South India as unkind. The censor promptly forwarded this criticism to the intelligence department. The government now demanded an explanation. The said official received him most kindly as a personal acquaintance and advised him to say little and write less about his opinions on the war. He returned to Parsabhader and forthwith, perhaps unconsciously, ignored the official's injunction by addressing a letter to the Governor of the Central Provinces at Nagpur:

"In addition to the statements made before the

Commissioner at Raipur I desire to give this supplementary information. I have been in touch with the Basel Mission for more than thirty years and know their leaders always to have been earnest and true Christians. It is therefore only natural for me to sympathize with them. As far as I remember, their reports always revealed a friendly and favorable spirit towards the British government, hence I could not believe that the whole mission force as such would have done any serious wrong against the government.

"Even though I do not acknowledge everything as good and right which the Germans and their government do, I naturally sympathize with the German nation because I was born a German. I am more intimately connected with America than Germany. There I received my college and theological education; there I held pastorates several years and from there my support has been coming these twenty-eight years. Even though I were a full American citizen I would have sympathy for the German people from whom I come. As a Christian I love the earnest Christians of every nationality. A sincere, upright Englishman or Frenchman is nearer to my heart than an unbelieving or wicked German.

"Christ's teachings are for nations as well as for individuals, hence I believe no Christian nation is justified in waging war against another nation. The widely prevalent hate helps neither the hated nor the hater, but harms both. Soldiers fighting their

fellowmen like devils, or as some papers report, 'rushing into battle with a hellish yell,' are not getting ready for heaven, rather for hell. It has been said that 'war is hell,' but Christians ought not to make a hell. If statesmen thought more of Christ the Lord, the whole world situation would now be quite different.

"I have come to this country with the primary object of helping to spread the Kingdom of God and to do good and to help all with whom I come into contact. I have no intention to harm your government in any way. I am, and always shall be on the side of love, justice and order."

Early in 1918 the conference of missionaries decided to grant his wish that "Brother Davis and family come to share the house and work with me." In March all our heavy luggage, which had come to us across the Pacific, was sent to Parsabhader. He was entertaining strong hopes that a furlough might now be possible, since some one had arrived to carry on his work. In May a cable from the Washington office announced London's decision regarding further missionary recruits: "Application for five missionaries to land in India refused." Re-enforcements could thus not be expected to relieve other missionaries, whose furloughs were long overdue. July brought more sad news: the U. S. government would issue no permit for Hagenstein to land in America and the British government would grant no permit for him to return to India. Indeed, a man without a country. The long desired journey for a period

of necessary rest in America could not be carried out. With his permission the conference reversed its decision and decided that "Davis is to take charge of Bisrampur, so that Brother and Mrs. Goetsch may go home on furlough." Repairs and alterations in the Parsabhader bungalow were stopped, the boxes were removed to Bisrampur, and the Parsabhader home again resumed its familiar quietness and solitude.

For several years his movements away from Parsabhader were restricted. He received orders from government not to leave the area without first sending them notice to that effect. But this order in no way interfered with his usual touring in the course of regular mission activities and school visitations.

Events now moved swiftly. October 16, 1919, almost a year after the armistice was signed, a general order for the repatriation of the few alien subjects of the Central Powers still remaining in India was issued from the Viceroy's headquarters at Simla. Hagenstein came under this class. December 1, five months after the peace treaty was signed, a telegram to the Baloda Bazar court house instructed the judge to inform Hagenstein to be ready to sail December 17. An official letter followed intimating that he would be allowed to take six hundred pounds of baggage and would be granted the privilege of traveling to Bombay without police escort. When these messages were delivered to the bungalow, the news soon drew sympathetic friends from round about. Weeping and wailing broke the peaceful at-

mosphere. He consoled the many who came: "Why do you make such a noise and commotion? If God wishes me to remain then who can take me from you?" He dreaded the ordeal and wrote me: "Thanks for the overcoat you sent. But I am physically unfit to travel into a cold European winter. I'll die if they take me now. Can't they even wait until the warm season comes? Let the police take me by force if they will."

His petition to the Governor of Central Provinces is pathetic. He was now sixty-one. "A severe case of heart trouble a year ago has left me quite weak. Including several years in Texas, I have lived in a hot climate about thirty-five years without ever taking leave or a vacation. Kindly grant me permission to stay a little longer. The Civil Surgeon who attended me personally knows of my illness. I understand that provision is made for treating exceptional cases separately when it would be inhuman to do otherwise. I shall try to leave India soon. Only grant me more time to make arrangements. If I must be sent out of the country at once, can you not arrange to send me to a warm climate, perhaps to the Dutch Indies, where I might remain a few months until the climate is more mild in Germany?"

Mrs. Gass had a warm suit of clothes made for him. Indian friends contributed money for him to purchase new shoes and more woolen clothing. The "Main" was scheduled to leave Bombay the seventeenth of December, with the last shipment of repatriated victims. Time was passing fast. An In-

Above—Tonga and animals used by Rev. Hagenstein
Below—Hindu teachers who studied life of Christ

Kawardha temples

dian doctor had reported to the government that in his estimation Hagenstein was physically fit to travel to Europe. He immediately appealed to his ever faithful friend Dr. Gass, who at once complied with his wish by going to the English Civil Surgeon at 10 o'clock at night. The latter kindly and willingly consented to make the 65 mile trip early the next morning. Dr. J. Gass rushed to Parsabhader by automobile with the doctor, who issued a certificate declaring Hagenstein unfit to travel. Thus the decision of the Baloda Bazar Indian sub-assistant doctor was reversed, who was, perhaps, under the impression that he was expected to report the opposite. The excitement among the saddened population would not subside. Hindus and Muhammedans signed petitions requesting the government not to remove him from their midst. They would go security for him and vouch for his good behavior. It was a touching scene both for the British Surgeon and Dr. Gass to see these demonstrations of affection.

Due to his application and the surgeon's certificate of ill health, he received reassuring news from the Raipur Deputy Commissioner on December 19: "With reference to your letter of the thirteenth of December, 1919, I have the honor to say that I have recommended to the local administration that you should be allowed to remain till such time as your health improves to undertake the journey to Europe. Orders are awaited."

In addition to the prolonged excitement caused

in Parsabhader by the repatriation orders and repeated visits of officers regarding deportation arrangements, there was an increasing amount of political turmoil taking place in the neighborhood which had come from the more restless outside to the backward, rural areas of Chhattisgarh. In many ways the outlook for Hagenstein was still gloomy. He gives a vivid picture of the disturbed conditions:

"India is excited as never before. Meeting follows meeting. 'Withdraw from those wearing hats' is their slogan, meaning of course Englishmen. Some leaders even advocate non-payment of taxes. My village peon was told to destroy all census papers. I advised him to refrain from such folly. Pupils are enticed to leave the public schools; mission schools are less frequently approached. In the smallest hamlet one hears three expressions: Gandhi, swaraj (home-rule) and non-cooperation, a word which few can pronounce, yet millions understand to mean opposition to the present government. They call Gandhi the uncrowned king of India. Much of what he advocates is very sane: simple living, service to fellowmen, abstinence from alcohol and opium.

"My standing among the people is as ever, one of respect. The number of those coming for medicine is not decreasing.

"Home rule agitation is combined with a peculiar attempt to revive old Hinduism. A most crude method was resorted to in a recent Baloda meeting to which I was invited. Indian county officials, Hin-

dus of all types, were present. A so-called sadhu, or holy man, was the speaker. His primary thought was cow veneration and cow-protection. As a climax he arranged to have his disciple bring the five products of the holy cow, including its urine, before the audience. This he ate and drank in their presence.

Completely disgusted, I left at once. The promoter followed me out and apologized. I told them, and continue to tell all who refer to the matter: 'budhi gai—buddhi dai,'—it rhymes so nicely and means: for each old cow, an old woman as nurse—and both will be cared for."

He held the firm conviction that it was not the class of British officials in India, nor even the leaders in London, who had advocated the deportation of German and Austrian nationals, but that it was rather the European Business Men's associations of India, who, if they did not actually originate the move, strongly pressed for action in the matter. He surmised their motive to be elimination of trade competition, and based his conclusions partly on a paragraph of a report submitted to the above organization in Calcutta by its secretary as follows:

"It is satisfactory to know that the government of India are repatriating all enemy aliens except in some special cases (I understand we shall be informed of these cases) and that for a period of three or five years no enemy alien will be allowed to come into India, the matter being further considered on the expiry of that period. . . I have just seen a

complaint from Bangalore, some Germans having been sent back there. I have asked our Madras Branch to look into the matter at once and advise us as to the position."

Such reports were not consoling. Finally, after two months of anxious waiting, a definite and final answer was received through the Raipur office on February 3, 1920. The telegram read: "Government of India have decided not to repatriate you." Ten days later the written order was received: "On further consideration the government of India have decided not to repatriate Hagenstein. Inform him accordingly."

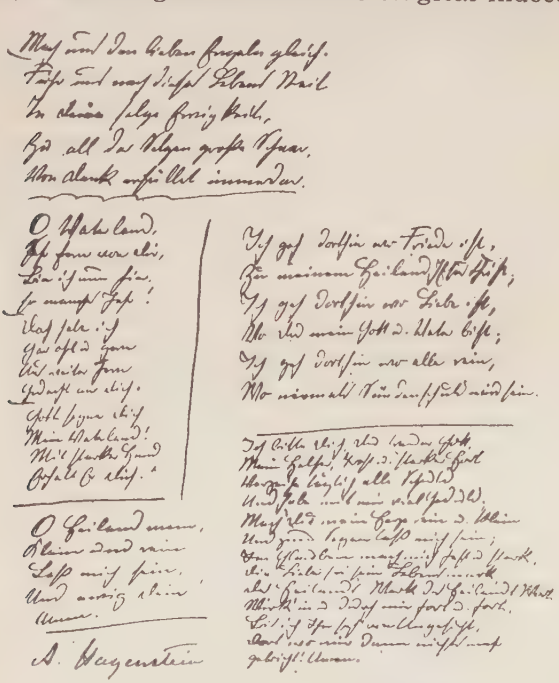
Personal inquiries indicate that Hagenstein was perhaps one of two or three "enemy aliens" who were granted the exceptional permission to remain in India. For the present he gave up the idea of a rest in America.

Shortly before receiving the news that he would be allowed to remain in India the following letter was penned to Dr. Menzel:

"In December I received intimation that repatriation would take place. We prayed much. People showed me so much affection that I felt deeply embarrassed (ganz beschaemt). Baloda Bazar people sent a letter to the government requesting that they might be held responsible for any wrong act on my part, as they would vouch for my integrity. They also sent me Rs. 52. They and the Parsabhader friends wanted to send a second petition to the government. I said: 'No, we'll pray.' Many others

brought individual gifts which I did not wish to accept, but they would not allow me to refuse. They are all confused and can not understand why such an order should have been passed so long after the end of the war. The repatriation order has done me no harm at all; on the contrary, it has been a blessing to me and the work."

Thus was one tragedy as a part of "the great tragedy" averted, only to make possible a later event, which might have become tragical indeed.



Sample of his writing and poems

"The more I win Thee, Lord, the more for Thee I pine;
Ah, such a heart is mine.
My eyes behold Thee and are filled, and straightway then
Their hunger wakes again!
My arms have clasped Thee and should set Thee free, but no,
I can not let Thee go!
Thou dwell'st within my heart. Forthwith anew the fire
Burns of my soul's desire.
Lord Jesus Christ, Beloved, tell, O tell me true,
What shall Thy servant do?"

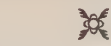
—*N. V. Tilak,* India's Christian Poet.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

"In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learned at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me to the secret place I go.
Would you like to know the secret of the sweetness of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your reward;
And when e'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

—*Ellen Lakshmi Goreh,* of India.

CHAPTER XVIII



ALONE

How could he be alone when surrounded by people from early morning until after sunset? Yet he was alone often—and lonely. This loneliness was also part of the price he paid for rising above others. There were hours during the heat of the noon day when he was able to withdraw to his room and enjoy privacy with no one to disturb him but his own thoughts. There were rainy days, when man and beast were held indoors. There were quiet evening hours, when only hooting owls and shrieking jackals interrupted his flow of thoughts.

No one who knows the low spiritual level of Chhattisgarh would venture to claim that in their contact with him people were able to contribute positive elements to his spiritual growth. The slowly growing Christian community could not actually further his advance along the soul's upward climb, far less so the non-Christians. On the contrary, for him it was a constant drain, lasting thirty-one years, since it was he who was always and ever the giving one, with only three human sources for replenishment: occasional conferences, the printed page, and casual visits of friends, the nearest of whom lived twenty-eight miles away.

Alone—and yet not alone, for he always knew himself to be in the presence of Him whose friend-

ship the Indian poetess so beautifully describes in the foregoing verses. His spiritual life can not really be separated into an isolated compartment apart from his daily, routine life. They were inextricably interwoven with each other. And yet one can say that the former was a foundation for and conditioned the latter. Even his friends could not know all details of the depths and heights of his spiritual struggles and religious growth. These occupied him when alone; of these he made notes in the quietness of his solitude, they were not for the ears of men. He thought his best and highest thoughts when alone with God. It was for men only to enjoy the results of this communion, for both his countenance and his contacts revealed that his habit of being alone in His presence was not in vain. In this fellowship with God, he also exemplified what he impressed on the young Texas congregation: "One can not afford to play with religion."

After his death two large note books were found in which he had entered the thoughts which occupied him when alone. They reveal his deeper self. On the outside cover of one book is written: "Meine Lieder" (My Songs). The other one contains several conference addresses and a hundred longer and shorter paragraphs under the title: "Thoughts as they came." In the former he entered the poetry he wrote, forty-eight poems comprising 889 lines, most of them in German. The content interests us more than the style, which is that of an amateur. Six poems refer to Christ, twelve to virtues of God,

a number treat of prayer, praise and worship. The following are first lines of several poems: "Seek, O man, Christ's honor," "Teach me humility," "Must I give up in trials sore?" "Alone with God is peace," "Full of beauty is the earth," "I know a home so pleasant," "I'm far from thee, my native land," "I'm going there where peace prevails," "Jesus only satisfies my longings."

The forty-three pages of "Thoughts as they came" lay open his spiritual life and show not only his religious growth but also a keen insight into the essentials of the Christian religion. His starting point was this: it behoves me that I first become better, improve, grow, get close to God and recognize His will—and then to live it irrespective of the cost. Nowhere does one meet with the idea that he considered it his primary task to convert *other* sinners. It was his own process of development that worried and concerned him. In this long upward struggle he learned and stressed one essential truth: Only with the aid of God's divine power in Christ can victory come and remain.

One can now appreciate a certain entry made in his book toward the end of his life: "All that is highest, holiest, noblest takes place in secret prayer, loving thoughts, altruistic plans, resolutions to give gift anonymously, and repentance. But also most dastardly devilish things go on in secret." The following are a few titles of "Thoughts as they came": "Encouragement," "Consolation," "Victory," "Sin," "Faith and Works," "Forgiveness," "What is Jesus

to you?" "Tears," "True Children," "The Greatest Knowledge," "Satan's Trickery," "Heavenly Longings," "Finding Help."

Some sentences are epigrammatic: "Evil and pain are ever companions; the latter always follows the former." "To love is to live." (Raymond Lull said: "He who has not loved has not lived.") "To remind others of the kindness one has shown them makes the deed appear wormy—rather be silent and thankful to have had the opportunity." True piety is greater than wisdom and wealth; without piety the latter become harmful." "Love and humility make strong Christians." "Justice breeds love." "To say: 'There is no God,' is as foolish as to say, 'I have no parents.'" "Love and honor not based on truth are blind and transient." "Man alone, being impure, can never himself establish a religion of holiness." "Without prayer no one can be victorious." "To have sinned is not the greatest crime; not to repent is the greatest sin." "It is well to hate deceit, hypocrisy and sham, first in yourself — then also in others." "Humility is a precious ornament for young and old."

A few paragraphs are worthy of being quoted in full.

"You proud, Christian pharisee, you know nothing about the agony, suffering and struggles of a sinner. It is not an easy matter to gain victory over inherited evil tendencies, or evil habits acquired from the examples of others. You have not chosen your own pious, loving parents and sheltering Chris-

tian friends before your birth. Remember this also. Have sympathy and mercy with those who are struggling against sins which are not of their own choice or guilt."

"Entertaining evil thoughts against a neighbor is like gathering stones; to utter them is like throwing the stones. Discard all evil thoughts about others, and then, when tempted, you will have no stones to hurl at your neighbor to harm him."

"There are some people whom you can not love as you would like to: you can not even get close to or approach them. They may even possess a certain trait of character which is repulsive to you, and yet you desire to have them as friends to love. Console yourself. Not only may they feel the same toward you, but remember also that there will be a place beyond where you can love each other because both will be free from all defects."

In a little private notebook, brittle and brown with age, were found two significant references to his inner life. One a short clipping from the "Friedensbote", another a personal confession. The former relates the story of a youth, who, like Demas, "loving the world," went to a big city, strayed from the straight path, forgot his confirmation vow, lay dying far away from home, and repenting, cried out: "Like Noah's raven I found cadaver and never returned to the ark but satisfied my cravings with foul things. Will I ever again land on the mountain of safety?" Is it not possible that the future sadhu found in this story a reminder of his former self?

The confession referred to is written in clear German script and dated, "Maundy Thursday, 1884, Gettysburg," when he was twenty-six years of age, ready to graduate from the seminary. Because it is partly a re-statement of his Minden experience and because thirty-seven years of consistent growth followed this confession, verifying its sincerity, this meditation and introspection deserves to be translated and quoted in full. He calls it:

"Thoughts about the Past"

"Great is God's mercy which has brought you thus far. You had fallen into the depths of sin's mire, deeper than man can imagine. And you were too blind to recognize it. God reached out mercifully to aid you. Never again leave Him who came down to save you. God's hand had guided you since childhood. In your breast He planted desires for all that is noble and good. Much evil and injustice have you seen, but His presence assured you: This is not what I desire. And you listened and strove with what little strength you had. Your pride prevented you from fully seeking the Fountain of Grace. You attempted to mingle piety with worldliness, which led you away from God's presence.

"Then came that fatal hour, the blackest in your whole life, the hour of temptation, and you fell! This hour was the beginning of a series of vices (Laster). God's guiding angel left you and Satan's angel led you. You sank low, very low. Alas, how powerful are the desires to sin, and how quickly they

lead downward! Where would you be today, but for the intervention of Eternal Love? Thank Him, rescued soul! Warn others and tell of Him who saved you from spiritual death. Oh, if you could only fully recognize what you once were, what you now are, and should really become.

"Jesus is strong, and what He has begun in you, that will He also complete. In all eternity you will not be able to give Him adequate thanks. Oh, the heart is still cold, the tongue so silent—give them warmth and life, oh, Christ! Thy strength is powerful in weakness. Thou selectest that which is lowly in the eyes of the world and makest something out of it. Though others may not understand me, only let me follow and never be parted from Thee—that is enough for me."

This unrelenting, severe judgment of himself reminds one of Prof. Harnack's description of St. Augustine: "He knew his heart to be his worst possession, and the living God to be his highest good." Like other saints before him he was relentless in discovering the dark corners of his own heart. In this respect he has much in common with the spiritual experiences of a Bunyan, Thomas à Kempis and Francis of Assisi, who at times showed an abject underestimation of themselves and their goodness.

After about fifteen years of work in India he again reveals not only his continued sincerity, but also the fact that the struggle is not yet ended.

"Again I have failed; again sin has thrown me down. What shall I do? Despair? No! I shall

seek forgiveness. I shall plead and pray until peace is obtained. I shall ask for strength and grace. Can I do anything better? No. Two things a sinner can do: repent and believe the Gospel's promise."

Another time he expresses regret that his temper has not yet been brought under complete control.

Several years before his death he wrote a confession of faith, also in German, which is in harmony with his whole inner growth and life as known to us, a re-statement of the one made thirty years previously in Gettysburg.

"I am a sinner and have often failed miserably; frequently I have harbored perverse and carnal thoughts, I was not always as I should have and could have been; I did not always fight against sin as I should have done. Years of my youth were spent in carelessness and indifference. It pains me to think of my sins. My consolation is Christ and His blood. May He help me to His eternal home. The most insignificant place there will suffice for a pardoned sinner."

(Signed) *A. H.*

Though his terminology may seem old-fashioned to some of us, yet his sincerity and the reality of his experience can not be questioned. To view his own condition of unworthiness in the mirror of Holy Scripture and in the light of God's holiness was no hindrance to his inward life, as we are asked to believe by modern voices who decry the preaching of sin as a myth that causes a depressing

retardation of human progress. In his case the concept of sin did not, as Harry Elmer Barnes falsely contends, produce an inferiority complex from which he needed to be freed by science. His many years of cheerful service, of happiness and contentment completely refute the idea that a conviction of the dreadfulness and awfulness of sin creates a degrading underestimation of oneself, unworthy of man. The keen awareness of evil lurking in his heart not only made him sympathetic with other struggling souls, but also caused him to subject himself the more to rigorous self-discipline—a virtue too often neglected by man. This sense of personal insufficiency did not make him less manly, but spurred him on to seek ever closer fellowship with God by which he might become the more manly.

As there are various types of photographic films or plates, graded according to their sensitiveness to light: slow, ordinary, fast, speedy, supersensitive, so also may man's conscience be sensitive in various degrees to spiritual light. Intensity, density, sharpness and clearness of impression depend on the degree of sensitiveness as well as on the time of exposure. Hagenstein's Christian conscience became the supersensitive type, quick to record when exposed to divine light. Training, introspection, "Selbstseelsorge," submission and reaction to the laws of light, added to the Minden experience, raised the slow recording film of youth to the highest, most sensitive type. He had time, nay, he took time to be alone to quicken the process. Hence it happened

that this impressionable conscience became so responsive: injustice at once called forth resentment and indignation, which in turn led to action. It was this same finely developed grade of conscience-sensitiveness that recognized and resented flattery and warded off praise. "Had I seen your report," he wrote the Board, "before it was published, I would have objected that you pay such high tribute to me and my work."

His written confessions should not lead one to conclude falsely that Hagenstein was a long-faced joy-killer. Fortunately for himself, his fellow-missionaries and Indian co-workers, religion with him, though intensely sincere, never became morose; nor did it assume the "holier-than-thou" attitude which is always shocked at the behavior of other Christians. He remembered his past too well to fall into this danger. His was a healthy, sane type of piety that took on a very practical, big-hearted and happy complexion, in which an attractive, contagious sense of humor was not lacking. Without this latter element his religious life would not only have become distortedly one-sided, but his long sojourn in that land of depressing fatalism would have assumed the character of life imprisonment in a penal colony.

In his book, "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," Dr. Albert Schweitzer states very clearly and concisely what seeking men like Hagenstein gain when alone, and pursuing their sincere quest:

"He (Christ) commands, and to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal

himself in the toils, the conflicts, the suffering which they shall pass through in his fellowship, and as an ineffable mystery they shall learn in their own experience who He is."

Village boundary stone, revered as idol, on road to Raipur

"After honest and diligent work, rest is sweet."

—*Hagenstein.*

"Wer sich selbst nicht vom Himmel abhaelt, den haelt nichts ab."—*Hagenstein.*

"Ohne Kummer, ohne Klage schlafe ich in Vatersarmen ein."—From Hagenstein's Collected Quotations.

"Singt zu allen Zeiten von des Vaters Huld!
Singt: an keinem Leiden ist die Liebe Schuld!
Was sie gibt zu tragen, ist dem Menschen not,
Dass er lerne sagen: Sterben ist kein Tod."

—From Hagenstein's Collected Quotations.

"In a journey up the Ganges, Alexander Duff visited the old city of Fatehpur-Sikri, where stands one of the largest mosques in the world. On the right, as he entered, he observed an Arabic inscription in large characters. To his amazement it proved to be a saying, attributed to Jesus, which rendered into English, reads thus:

"'Jesus has said: The world is merely a bridge, ye are to pass over it, and not to build your dwelling on it.'"

—*Indian Witness.*

CHAPTER XIX

"WHAT WILL THE POOR SHEEP DO NOW?"

"Everything Is Ready—All Is Well!"

Dr. E. Tillmanns, who knew Hagenstein for six years, says of him: "His constitution was rugged. I wonder however that he endured as long as he did, because he, the infinitely patient and considerate one, had little patience and consideration for himself."

In a letter to a friend at home, he describes a severe case of malaria which interrupted his work in the midst of the first famine, November, 1897.

"Four weeks I was very ill in Raipur. Rev. Stoll had much trouble on my account. As a result of fever I was delirious almost a week. It was providential guidance that I went to Raipur in time. Rev. and Mrs. Stoll nursed me very tenderly. Surely God was merciful. This illness was a period of judgment and grace—a time of blessing. God showed me my sinfulness. At times I sought my own pleasure, was unkind and impatient, and did not spread God's word as loyally as I should have. I feel unworthy of being his servant. But God has strengthened and reassured me of His kindness. I felt unworthy of the affection villagers showed me upon my return."

An eye trouble of Brother Hagenstein began before he came to India. During 1908 it pained him exceedingly. Only one or two intimate friends knew of the angony it caused him. In May of that year he wrote: "My one eye pains me when I write much. The Civil Surgeon warns me that it is serious and that I must avoid light, but how can one do so now in the midst of the hot season when the sun is more intense than at any other time of the year." And in July: "The Doctor advises rest and avoidance of light to relieve the pain in my head and especially in the one eye, lest the ailment become dangerous. But how can I remain indoors without a sympathetic person to do my work?"

Three months, August to October, he was tied to the station and remained indoors most of the time—but it was in vain: "My right eye has become completely blind, it was always weaker than the other." Pain continued in the blind eye a long time. Thirteen years he had to use a reading glass, as the left eye also became weak. One must marvel at the amount of reading and writing he did in spite of this handicap. "During these trying months one could also learn to know the people better than usual. Faithfulness and love, indifference and enmity were more pronounced than at other times."

He again advised the Board: "You may send any co-worker whom I can learn to love and who can love me. It is my sincere determination to quarrel with no one; if one could not live and work in peace, he or I will leave. It takes some a long time to wear

down their horns. Only when a congenial supply comes, will I take a rest; not sooner. It is my sincere wish to have another missionary here." To a friend he confides the difficulty: "I approached three men on the field to join me at Parsabhader; one gave me an insulting answer, the other said he did not fit in the country but was intended for the city, and the third preferred to be in charge of a mission station alone."

In 1917 he could hold no services for five months as palpitation of the heart made him weak and nervous. "My heart trouble has not completely disappeared. Had the war not come I would now be in America on furlough. As matters now stand, I have no desire to go anywhere. Even a trip to the mountains would be too cold for me. God will do all things well. My suffering is little compared to that of millions of others. I do not care for many or frequent visitors, it excites me. I am more accustomed to have Indians around me. Other missionaries press me to come to them, but it is more quiet here. Moreover, there is no place like home when one is ill. The teachers collected twenty-eight rupees as a gift so that I might purchase the best possible medicine. I told them that I would accept and distribute it among those who are more needy than they and I. But they took it back again, saying that it was intended for me only."

The Board frequently invited him to visit America and used persuasion to have him do so, but circumstances and loyalty to duty kept him on the field.

Friends in Germany desired that he spend a vacation with them. His old cousin reminded him of the days enjoyed in his company and expressed amazement regarding his resolve to remain in India always. Another friend wrote: "We admire your determination to seek the true and lasting values in life rather than to pursue the vain hunt after passing riches. We can only wish you strength to attain your goal in India." Another writes: "We can not believe that you will always remain in India. The time will come when your conscience will bear you witness that you have done enough in the Lord's vineyard—then, thankful to God, your Protector, you will return to where your cradle stood.

Undoubtedly he often thought of the lands of his youth, both Germany and America. He wrote a touching poem to this effect which probably refers to the country of his birth.

O Vaterland,
Sehr fern von dir
Bin ich nun hier
So manches Jahr!

Doch habe ich
Gar oft und gern
Aus weiter Fern
Gedacht an dich.

Gott segne dich,
Mein Vaterland!
Mit starker Hand
Erhalt er dich.

My own, my native land,
So far from thy fair strand:
Full many a year
Have I been here!

Oft have I thought of thee.
Thou art so dear to me!
'Cross miles of space,
I love thy face!

God's blessing rest on thee,
Thou art so fair to me—
May His strong arm
Keep thee from harm!

(Translation by F. R. Rueggeberg.)

Why then did he not go? In his collection of "Thoughts as they came," he asks: "Why does a real missionary on the foreign field not desire to leave his work? Because as a follower of Jesus Christ he is a real soldier who carries on until the victory is won." Again: "Never do I wish to leave India as long as God gives me health and strength. If God wants me here—and I'm sure that He does, He will then supply all my needs."

Had the way been open in 1918 to land in America, and a permit granted to return to India, he would surely have gone to enjoy a furlough. Only once had he taken a short vacation to visit the German missionaries at Ranchi. Otherwise he never left Chhattisgarh during his thirty-one years of service. In 1920 the Board again requested him to

come home, only to receive the answer: "I am compelled to postpone my furlough for several reasons, the chief of which is the lack of new missionaries."

The temperature during the 1921 hot season was higher than the average for that time of the year. It was so unusual that even the birds and trees suffered from the intense heat. May 10, he addressed a letter to his loved and faithful friend, Dr. Menzel:

"It is extremely hot. The punkah (fan) stirs the air and gives a little relief. I am writing this at night under the shining stars of heaven. Because it is far too hot to travel during the day, I took a night trip in the oxcart over the field roads to see the Aurassi school. It made me very tired. It will be my last trip before the rains break, five weeks hence. (It was his last trip on earth, three weeks before his death.) . . . My heart is sad. Both heathen and Christians have caused me much trouble lately: lying, stealing, quarreling and a case of immorality occurred. Farmers steal trees and shrubs, they enlarge their fields at the expense of a neighbor, or encroach on public grazing lands. We are in great need of a spiritual awakening, so that they may recognize their sins and repent. . . Please send more ordained missionaries, and not so many zenana ladies. . . . This terrible heat makes one tired, sleepy and languid."

The circumstances of his death were indeed pathetic. In his modesty he said little about his actual condition to other missionaries. At this time there were few on the field. The war had depleted

their number and overdue furloughs took several of them, including his most valued friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gass, to America. His death was sudden. Sunday, May 29, 1921, he did not preach, but gave his prepared sermon to the head catechist. Monday he complained about having a headache. The thermometer registered 103 degrees Fahrenheit indoors, 114 in the shade out of doors, and much more in the sun. In a letter to me he referred to the fact that certain trees and ponds had dried up, which was exceptional. He gave medicine that day from his office stock, thus avoiding the greater heat of the dispensary a short distance away. But he spoke little to the patients, saying merely: "Ab tum jano" (you know what to do). It was also pay day. Many teachers were present from the outstations to call for their salary. During the noon hour he rested longer than usual. About 4 P. M. a villager and the oldest boy in the orphanage found him lying on the south verandah and asked him why he was sleeping there. Apparently he had fainted for he was still unconscious. They at once carried him indoors under the punkah where he regained consciousness. He ordered his servant to lock all boxes, especially the cash box, and the office door. He complained of pain in the chest, and of the heat. Frequently he asked: "Has the sun set?" He spoke and prayed much in German. Turning to one of the teachers who had worried him much, he said: "Harun, when I am gone you will be the first who will have to leave Parsabhader." (He died a few months later in Cal-

cutta.) Teachers and others realized the seriousness of the situation and gave free expression to their feelings. "Don't weep," he said, "when a shepherd dies, his herd disperses—my time has come." Thus he spoke to his flock, remaining conscious almost to the end. The Indian doctor was called from Baloda Bazar. He spoke once more: "Sab kuchh tayar hai, sab tik hai" (everything is ready, all is well). The doctor entered. The shepherd had passed away. His body was still hot. The doctor took its temperature, 110 degrees. It was about 11 P. M., May 30.

What havoc the heat of tropical India plays with the white man! Like other great missionaries of India before him, Hagenstein died during the height of the hot season. Judson, Dr. Fife, Pennell of the Afghan frontier, Oscar Lohr, A. Stoll, all passed away during the hot season. Even among the great Indian Christians Tilak, Chatterjee and Pandita Ramabai were cut off from their successful life's work in the midst of the hot season. In the Bisrampur cemetery are the graves of eleven white people, eight of whom died in the hot season.

One of the last poems he wrote might lead one to believe that he had a premonition that his final homegoing was near at hand:

"Ich geh dorthin, wo Friede ist,
Zu meinem Heiland, Jesus Christ;
Ich geh dorthin, wo Liebe ist,
Wo du, mein Gott und Vater, bist;
Ich geh dorthin, wo alle rein,
Wo niemals Sündenschuld wird sein."

(I go where peace, in happy tryst,
Is found with Him, my Lord and Christ,
Where love alone abideth clear;
In God the Father ever near,
Where every sin is washed away,
And guilt no more can win the day!)

Translation by F. R. Rueggeberg.

Hearing the telegram read aloud which Rev. Seybold sent us to Darjeeling, announcing the death, our Ruth, then six and a half years old, said: "Mother, we'll not cry, he has gone to Jesus," to which her younger sister Margaret added: "But what will the poor sheep do now?" She remembered his large flock of sheep from which he presented her with two pet lambs. But there were other sheep who were not sure what they would do. They became bewildered, wondering what would become of them now.

The news of his death spread fast. Many non-Christians came to weep with the Christians. Among others there came a Brahmin, who pressed through the crowd and did what no Brahmin likes to do because it defiles him and necessitates going through the ordeal of a cleansing and purifying ceremony, and also involves the acquiring of a new sacred thread over his shoulder—he lifted the sheet from the corpse to uncover Hagenstein's face, stroked his cheek, and wept, saying: "Indeed a sadhu from God."

Rev. Seybold, who was the first missionary to arrive on the scene the following evening, found

that for twenty-four hours the flock had been watching beside their silent shepherd. Most of them had taken no food during that time. Rev. Seybold's letter to the Board follows:

Raipur, C. P. India,
June 7, 1921.

Dear Brother Menzel:

On May 31st I sent you a cable bearing the sad news of the passing away of Brother Hagenstein, I now want to give you detailed information regarding all that happened.

Just a week ago today, I delivered greetings to Mrs. Stoll from Brother Hagenstein who wrote his last letter to me May 25. Upon my return from Mrs. Stoll's bungalow, a telegram was delivered to me with this message from Mr. Shah, headmaster of the English Mission School at Baloda Bazar: "Rev. Hagenstein expired of sunstroke last night. Come at once." You can imagine the sorrow that came over all of us when this message arrived. I at once informed all the other missionaries and hastily made all preparations with a sore and heavy heart. Rev. Ramnath Bajpai and I went to Bhatapara on the afternoon mail, taking a coffin along with us. A motor car soon brought us to Parsabhader. How sad out hearts were as we turned into the village that evening, knowing that our brother would not stand at the entrance to greet us with his "Gruess Gott" as he was wont to do when one visited him. Instead of this greeting by our brother we were greeted by sounds of loud weeping and wailing. En-

tering the bungalow, I met a sight that reminded me of David Livingstone's death. Our brother's body was lying in the dining room under the punkah (fan) surrounded by a large crowd of village people and workers, who sat weeping and stroking his head, face and hands, the only way they could now show their love. I was much touched when I looked on his face. There he lay as though he had fallen asleep. Peace, perfect peace, was on his face. There was a face bearing not the signs of sin, but of holiness, and there was no doubt in my mind as to the whereabouts of our dear brother. How thankful I was for the privilege of looking upon his face once more. To my surprise I was told that he had passed away Monday night, May 30, at 11 P. M., and it was now Tuesday, 9 P. M. I was more surprised to find his body so well preserved in such terrible heat, but realized that it would be necessary to hold the funeral at once, so all arrangements were quickly made. We clothed him in the suit which Mrs. Gass had made for him when he was to be sent home. Clad in our robes, Rev. Ramnath and I had a brief ceremony of prayer and blessing. Going to the cemetery we were followed by teachers and several members of the congregation who carried the coffin on their shoulders. Other church-members followed, joining us in singing on the way to the cemetery. Here I spoke a few words on Rom. 14:8: "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." That I said, was

the one object of our brother's life: to be the Lord's, and that is what he wanted his people to be, always the Lord's. And it now behooves us to clasp hands over his open grave in solemn promise to live henceforth, like him, only for our Lord.

Rev. Ramnath told them it was now understood why his desire to see America again was not fulfilled: God wanted his grave to continue as a silent witness in that place where he had spent almost half his years on earth. The whole burial ceremony was "ergreifend" (most impressive). It was dark, almost midnight. Weeping people stood around the grave. Lanterns lit up the grave and the sad brown faces of his many mourning friends. The grave had been dug in the center of the cemetery, in practically the only open space left, as new graves were being made outside the wall. Why had this space been left vacant? Who can tell? But it is a beautiful thought that the pastor's body is resting in the midst of his people. The following morning we had a memorial service in the church, singing among others the song in Hindi: There's a land that is fairer than day."

"Everlasting dirges moan around him?
Out of the deep he calls, out of the deep
His valiant voice rings like a clear sea bell.
Out of his sleep he calls, out of his sleep:
Go forward! forward! *All is well!*"

Anon.

Mud statue of Rawan, near Mahasamund

"It is a high estimate that I have found of the character of many native Christians. I recognize the power of the Christian religion to elevate in the East as it has done in the West, and I see a future for the native Church, the importance of which it seems to me impossible to exaggerate. For myself, I have Indian Christian friends for whom I have as high regard as for my friends in the West, and whose characters I have recognized as becoming more and more Christ-like as they submit themselves to His teaching and to the influence of His Spirit."—*Sir Andrew Frazer, K. C. S. I.*

"Christ has been my study for a quarter of a century. That God-Man walks daily all over this vast peninsula from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, enlightening and sanctifying its teeming millions. He is a mighty reality in Indian History. He is to us a loving and moving Spirit. We see Him and commune with Him. He permeates society as a vital force, and imbues our daily life, speculations and pursuits. . . . He comes to fulfill and perfect that religion of communion for which India has been panting, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. Yes, after long centuries shall this communion be perfected through Christ."

—*K. C. Sen,* Hindu Christian Convert, 1838-84.

CHAPTER XX

THE BEGINNING AND MORE BEGINNINGS

As a result of lecture tours in America among our Evangelical churches (1925-27), I may be pardoned for voicing an opinion regarding the upsetting effect among so many young people, teachers, and even some pastors, of certain modern theories of psychology on the conception of religious experiences. A long saintly life, following upon an experience of conversion is a manifest fact which still speaks louder than theories. It appeared to me at that time, that the average teacher of psychology propounded his theories with such a determined dogmatic finality that it breathed threat and destruction unto all who failed to say "Amen" to their pet theories—a presumption of which real experts in the realm of psychology in their usual modesty would never be guilty. Amateur psychologists seem to forget that their science, which is not yet an "exact science," is still in its infancy, advancing with tottering, uncertain steps, now in this, now in that direction. Theories held and advocated a few years ago will have undergone great changes before these words appear in print, and modified theories which retain the abiding elements of truth of yesterday's theories will take their place. Were psychology to become static at this early stage of its development,

it would be equivalent to stagnation. There are still spheres of the human soul and depths of soul-experiences in the realm of religious life which have not yet been completely fathomed by either psychology or philosophy, or even theology. There are still countless religious experiences taking place on the wide expanses of foreign mission fields, for instance, which will add many valuable contributions to the wealth of material required for a complete comprehension of the subject. India will also have a word to say before the white man can afford to close his arguments on this subject.

It also remains a question in my mind to what extent a person can assert the claim to be able to make a complete diagnosis and analysis with regard to the true origin, process and final result of an experience through which he himself has not passed.

I may understand the germ theory, but can never presume to understand fully or to experience within myself the abysmal fear through which superstitious villagers pass when the dreaded "cholera goddess" stalks through their midst taking victim after victim, eight, ten, fifteen a day, on a few hours' notice—causing the terror-stricken relatives to forsake the dead, the sick, and valuable possessions in order to flee and escape frantically in all directions. Never having experienced within myself their terrible fright, shall I contend that they do not have the experience? Even a phychologist's learning may outstrip his experience.

Furthermore, one waits patiently for those who

imply a denial of the Holy Spirit's part in changing lives to come with the glad news of their heralded discovery and demonstrate the claim to "transmute imps into angels." One can only welcome the constructive help of such idealists. Self-dedication and sacrifice in self-consuming, altruistic service have not yet been replaced by theoretic panaceas for human progress God-ward.

A British magazine reports that recently discovered invisible rays of light reflected by the moon actually react on the growth of plant life here on earth; and the author adds that the peasants' "superstition" about planting certain seeds in certain phases of the moon is not so unscientific after all! Likewise the day may come when psychology itself will ascertain and proclaim that the religious experience of a "Saint" Hagenstein, substantiated by fifty years of consecrated living, as well as the spiritual experiences of countless greater saints before him, and more to follow after him, are based on fact and reality, not on illusion. Dr. J. A. Hadfield, of King's College, London, is apparently one of those pointing the way.

"The mysteries of psychological rebirth," he says, "are as strange as those of natural birth; we know not whence it comes nor whither it goes. . . . But while the idea of rebirth is thus universally portrayed in myth, custom and dream, it was not intellectually conceived as a psychological fact until Christ insisted that there was not only physiological birth—born of water, but a psychological re-birth,

born of the spirit. The importance of psychological re-birth, nowadays virtually lost by the Church, is being rediscovered in psychology." [1]

Hence we are not at all inclined to accept as final the opinion of extreme modern psychologists who have various kinds of mechanical, behavioristic pscho-analyzing explanations to account for the *beginning* of one "born anew in Christ." Hagenstein well knew the originating cause of his self-surrender and dedication act while standing before the florists' flower-covered table in Minden. Not once during the ensuing half century of his life does one find a trace of doubt in his mind regarding its source, either in his own life or those of converts who claim similar experiences. It would be untrue to facts, and wholly untrue to his own experience and testimony, if one failed to place his acknowledgment of the motive power that lay behind all that he was and did anywhere else than in the forefront of this record of his life. His thirty-one years of contact with a nation whose thirty centuries of religious passion and search had resulted in only a *beginning* of finding God never shook his conviction and belief in Him, who revealed not only God, but also completely revealed Him as *The Loving Father.*

Very appropriately does the first page of Hagenstein's life open: "In the *beginning, Christ.*" So real was this experience that he wagered his life on it—and won; on this did he build his whole char-

[1] "Psychology and Morals," Methuen & Co., Ltd., London, 6th edition revised. Used by permission.

acter and work—and it abideth. Hence the *end* of his life and biography is to make known the *beginning,* the starting point for all who would have their boys be *men.* Under no condition need parents, teachers or pastors be timid or reluctant in teaching youth clearly and definitely that he who is in Christ is become a new creature—with a new *beginning.* A daughter may not be elated over mother's old-fashioned, moth-eaten shawl and may therefore feel free to discard it; but she does not therefore disown mother's changeless love and affection. Theological garments may become outlived, but the divine truths they embody remain eternal.

MORE BEGINNINGS

Throughout the centuries the feet of other sadhus have trodden over Chhattisgarh's soil; some may even have sought shelter under the big tree in the center of Parsabhader and delighted the villagers with their religious lore. Numerous were the gifts which they received from the hands of timid worshippers. But those holy men, selfishly seeking their own perfection, have come and gone—in vain does one seek a sign of their having been here. After they departed, there remained the same void, the same unchanged hearts, the same selfish struggle for self-preservation. Not one of them remained to remove the sting attached to the name: "Chamar"; none of them aroused or enlisted the prouder Hindu to help alter the conditions which would have removed the sting. Their coming, their short-lived

presence brought no end to the enslaving fear of unfriendly, evil spirits and goddesses. Their going resulted in no beginning of a new day for those seeking relief.

Sadhu Hagenstein differed from those who preceded him because the source of his *beginning* was different. For many his coming meant the end of superstitious fear, that strangling enemy of happiness; for many his going was the *beginning* of a new life of service, the end and result of which physical eyes may not always be privileged to see.

That spiritual experience which formed the real *beginning* of Hagenstein finds its continuity in an unbroken line in the lives of those who came under his guiding influence and responded to the wooings of the Christ. One could tell of many who, like him, came under His touch and "felt that vitalizing and transforming influence which assures us that we have to do with God."

These words are being written in an atmosphere of depression surcharged with deathly silence. For several weeks a cholera epidemic has been raging in Bhatapara, sixteen miles away, eight to ten persons dying daily. Many have fled and are still fleeing along the highway, not far from our village, to escape death. Among them is the wife of a Parsabhader farmer. Two miles from here she collapsed and relatives carried her to a road-side village. In order to ascertain facts, allay feelings of fear, and dispense medicine, I went to see her. There she lay in a little hut, her abdomen plastered with fresh

mud to reduce the fever. A small vial of country-made essence of peppermint in which they placed their hopes for a cure stood in a small niche in the wall. Four days later, partly recovered, she was smuggled into our village. Five days later cholera broke out among our people. The government doctor answered our call and gave a total of 180 anti-cholera injections. Some people refused to be treated—five of them died and several others were in a precarious condition.

Absolute fear, breeding irresponsibility of action, took hold of the non-Christians. A number of men fled to other villages. Various families of their caste were in dire need of help. Indescribable fear on their part made it impossible to get any one of their number to serve their own caste-fellows. In one case a strong, healthy man refused to aid his own cholera-stricken brother, whose wife and one son had the same disease. Persuasion and threats failed. None of their own relatives or caste-men could be induced to serve.[2] An appeal was made to the Christians for volunteers. Sato, a Bible-woman, was the first, then the teacher, Habil, and his wife, Rakhil. They took turns waiting on the boy, the father and also the mother, who a few days previously had given birth to a child. Malaki, a teacher, also volunteered

[2] Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, describes how gladly and unsparingly Christians ministered to the sick and dying during the great plague of 260 A. D.; how the heathen on the contrary "abandoned those who began to sicken, fled from their dearest friends, threw out the sick when half dead into the streets, and let the dead lie unburied."

for service, and Samuel, also Immanuel, compounder, who was willing to dispense cholera mixture any time of the day or night. Their heroic demonstration of cheerful, voluntary service at a critical time when heathenism failed; their fearless determination to take upon themselves tasks which, according to all traditional customs, were the duty of caste members; this self-surrender on their part to save others is the actual *beginning* of Sadhu Hagenstein's life and work.

There are other *beginnings* in another direction. May 27 was one of the hottest days in 1928. At eleven A. M. the thermometer registered 110 degrees out of doors in the shade and 103 indoors an hour after sunset. Even the dog refused to lie outside on mother earth, so hot was it. That afternoon the orphan boys removed the crude benches from the church and placed them in two equal rows on the open dusty space before the church, built by our sadhu. Native rugs and mats were also brought. Bamboo poles were set into the ground to form a large rectangle; garlands of withering mango leaves supplied the simple decoration. At eight P. M. about 250 members of the Parsabhader congregation gathered for a very unusual meeting, the first of its kind in the sixty years' history of our Mission. Outwardly it was a dark night. Lanterns supplied sufficient light for those who brought hymn books. In spite of the dim light, the gravity and uniqueness of the occasion was noticeable. Hot winds soon extinguished the lamps on the speaker's table. Rev.

Twente, President of the India Mission District, had motored over from Bisrampur after a busy Sunday morning in the church there. During the services appropriate songs were sung by three different groups—the orphan boys, the orphan girls, and the married men who had been in the orphanage during Hagenstein's time.

After the sermon, Ibrahim was called forward to be commissioned as the first home mission worker and representative of the Indian churches. It was an inspiring event. Ibrahim, about forty years of age, is considered by his fellow-workers to be the most matured, spiritual evangelist who has come out of the Parsabhader ranks. It was he whom Hagenstein took into his home and nursed through a very severe illness in a famine year when he was still a boy. His earlier years were spent in the orphanage. He received his instruction, inspiration and example from Sadhu Hagenstein, to whom he pays high tribute. During the past eighteen years he has reflected the spirit of his hero saint. Cheerfully did he accept the call to begin work in the native state of Udaipur, where there are great hopes and signs for new *beginnings* in Kingdom work.

Lately an incident took place which would hardly have been possible six years ago. Ten Hindu teachers employed in Parsabhader mission schools asked that they also be permitted to study a designated book and be examined regarding its contents. This request was most unusual. Since it was the first time they made this proposal, the choice of a book

was left to them. I suggested several books and their choice came as a great surprise: "Who is Jesus Christ?"

Each one of them purchased a copy and studied the book. Later they gathered on the office verandah at Christmas time to answer a list of six questions pertaining to the work and person of Christ. Eight of the men are graduates of our mission schools. Nine of them passed the written examination successfully. Their answers revealed the fact that they have a knowledge of Christ beyond the subject material of the book they studied. The fact that just this book was voluntarily selected and studied is significant. It foreshadows the *beginning* of greater events.

Four years ago, a Hindu malguzar came from Singarhi village along the great Mahanadi river, fifteen miles east of Parsabhader, and requested that two evangelists be sent there. Ibrahim and Peter were sent. After a three years' sojourn in America, I went there on a surprise visit and found the malguzar sitting near his thrashing floor reading aloud from his Bible. Four years ago he could not tell one letter from another. He, the high-caste man, had learned it from Ibrahim, the son of a despised low-caste man. A Bible picture roll is displayed on his verandah where he explains Bible stories to his guests. At the outdoor informal Christmas celebration he accompanied the carols and native Christmas songs on a violin. This also is a *beginning!*

In the Letua mission school village leaders were

present for the Christmas celebration. I spoke to the pupils and assembled Hindu guests about Christ's claim: "If the Son of Man make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The visitors were also given an opportunity to address the group. A young malguzar rose: "I know Jesus Christ of whom the sahib spoke and want to tell you more about Him." He then gave a detailed account of the "great Guru" as he called Christ. It was a bold and daring testimony in the presence of so many other Hindus. Amazed at his boldness, I asked him where he learned so much about Jesus Christ. He replied with pride: "In Sadhu Hagenstein's English school at Baloda Bazar." He has passed the first stage of a beginner.

It was December 26, 1928, when I was invited to attend a private meeting of Hindus eight miles from Parsabhader. Rumors had reached my office that a group of about forty men were meeting periodically, often for a whole day and night, to study and compare various religions. They invited me to attend a session in their meeting room, which is part of the malguzar's quarters at Semradi. Above the door are the words: *Sat Sang Bhawan* (the temple of fellow truth-seekers). According to custom, we all removed our shoes. No idols are permitted in the room. A book case contains Hindu, Muhammedan and Christian books which are consulted when discussing religious truths. On this occasion the leader read from a Hindu book which was saturated with Christian truths; some say that the author be-

longs to the secret order of Christians. They then read a portion of the Gospel of St. John, which has a strong appeal to the Indian heart. Three facts were stressed by them: The need of salvation, the meaning of the cross, and the necessity of a higher standard of ethics to be in harmony with spiritual aspirations. The two latter points are new elements in their thinking and not native to Hinduism. Their leader, who was outcasted by relatives six months for declaring Christ to be *the* only guru, is a former pupil and teacher of a mission school. The majority are graduates of mission schools and admirers of Sadhu Hagenstein. Each one possesses a New Testament or Bible. They assure me that there are more such secret groups of truth-seekers in this area. Several confided that they keep a picture of the crucified Christ before them during the period of daily meditation. Their leader accompanied me to the next school; when he was asked to read the first seven verses from Luke 2, as a part of the Christmas program, he read the whole chapter, fifty-two verses, saying: "Let them hear the complete story." There are more *beginnings* than we are aware of.

In Behala, a suburb receiving part of the overflow of Calcutta's million inhabitants, are large settlements of Chhattisgarhis who retain their language and customs in the midst of their Bengali surroundings. The Scottish Mission desired a Christian worker for these strangers in their vicinity, and especially a teacher for the children. Isudas and

Sarah, his wife, both orphans from Parsabhader and the spiritual children of Sadhu Hagenstein, left friends and relatives for Behala, 500 miles away—not only to teach the three R's but also Christ. Like their orphan-mates in Chhattisgarh, they are establishing now *beginnings* in the tender, plastic souls of Kingdom candidates.

Lest friends accuse me of over-enthusiasm and exaggerated optimism regarding the Gospel as preached and exemplified by Sadhu Hagenstein and others equally faithful in their endeavor to make possible promising *beginnings* in India; lest one be considered prejudiced by the heart's deepest convictions and desires, I close with the verdict of a government official from whose pen and heart one ordinarily does not expect vindication of one's statements. Sir Andrew Fraser, K. C. S. I., served as an official in India thirty-seven years, during the last period of which he was governor of the Central Provinces, where he spent twenty-five years of his service. As the name of his book "Among Rajas and Ryats" suggests, he mingled much with "kings and peasants"; and long years of close, sympathetic contact with them calls forth respect for his opinion:

"My experience (in India) tells me that the power of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus to cheer and purify lives of men and to elevate and transform their characters, is the same in India as in England. There may be flashes of light here and there in exceptional cases, but it is darkness that prevails among the non-Christian peoples whom I

have known; and there is nothing more beautiful than to see the light of the Gospel breaking in on this darkness, not among the educated and more influential classes alone, but among the poor and depressed. I could tell of bright and worthy Christians in the humble homes of India, just as I could tell of them among the humble homes of the villages and glens of my own land." [3]

To lay the foundations for the *beginning* of many such homes in India was the life task of Sadhu Hagenstein.

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[3] "Among Indian Rajas and Ryats," Seeley & Co., London, Publishers. Used by permission.

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